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ALEXANDER MANZONI.

London: Richard Bentley 1848

ITALY

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,

CONTRASTED WITH

ITS PAST CONDITION.

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BY JAMES WHITESIDE, ESQ.,

A.M., M.R.I.A.,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S COUNSEL.

A-2-41-34

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ITALY

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

The Appian Way.—Horace's pleasant Journey.—Contrast between Ancient and Modern Travelling.—Albano.—Aricia.—Velletri.—The Pontine Marshes.—Terracina.—Mola di Gaeta.—Cicero's Tomb.—Capua.—Naples.

"Ah, little thought I, when in school I sate,
A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn,
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the APPIAN."

IN the year 188, after the abolition of the monarchical government, Appius Claudius the censor constructed the road we are now to travel, the first real highway, which was rightly called after him the Appian Way, as by the poets it was named, for its superior excellence, "the Queen of roads."

This ancient road was, in fact, a raised causeway formed of three layers of materials, and paved with flint stones; time could make on such a work little impression. From examining the remains of similar pavements in Rome, we can understand the severity of the fatigue in travelling over so hard and rough a substance. Moreover, although the ancients surpassed us in many things, they had no conception of

the comfort and elegance of our modern carriages, nor indeed would our conveyances have been well adapted to their roads.

We have a description of their carriages by Gibbon, in one of the most entertaining of his essays.

"The carriages, if we may judge of them by subsisting monuments, were small, open, and inconvenient. They had two or four wheels, but not being suspended, must have been very fatiguing to travellers on the paved military roads. These carriages were of various kinds; and what is extraordinary, almost all the different kinds had been borrowed from the Gauls. The Romans adorned them with silver, gold, and sometimes with precious stones—a barbarous and misplaced luxury, indicating more riches than taste. It was reserved for modern times to invent those soft and elegant machines, which gratify at once the effeminacy, laziness, and impatience of travellers."

In a Roman carriage, and on such a road, we can comprehend Horace's remark,—

> "The Appian road, however, yields most pleasure,
> To those who choose to travel at their leisure." *

And therefore it was very natural for our witty poet, remembering he had a most entertaining companion, no doubt, in Heliodorus, the rhetorician, to make his first but a short day's journey.

> "Leaving Imperial Rome, I took my way
> To poor Aricia, where that night I lay."

No greater distance than sixteen miles—enough, as amusement, (I shrewdly suspect,) was more the object of our satirical guide than politics.

Before we reach Aricia, we must traverse one of the most interesting portions of the vast Campagna.

* "Minus est gravis Appia tardis."

Quitting Rome in the early morning, the solitariness of this road, the prodigious remains of fallen grandeur we behold, the associations such scenes awaken, inspire the traveller with solemn, almost painful feelings.

The remains of magnificent aqueducts which span the Campagna with their noble arches and pillars, are the most striking objects in our landscape; but we have on every hill views of tombs and temples, until by a gradual ascent Albano is reached, at the distance of fourteen miles, by a straight road from the Eternal City. We have passed the tomb of Clodius, and we now stand before the remains of the monument raised, it is said, to great Pompey, a massive ruin.

Turning to gaze on Rome over the Campagna, the uninterrupted extensive view is one of the most singular on earth; nor can we hurry from Albano without lounging through the grounds, said to have belonged to Pompey, and by the villa of Domitian to Mount Albano, and around the Alban lake. It is but a small sheet of water, and believed to fill the crater of an extinct volcano; and from the aspect of the ground this seems a natural supposition: but the surrounding objects are highly picturesque,—Castel Gandolfo, the Pope's villa, crowning one summit; Rocca Di Papa, perched on the extreme top of the Alban mount, right opposite to where we stand; the Franciscan Convent at the foot of Monte Cavia; the renowned Alban mount, seat of the national worship of the Latin Confederacy; and the Capuchin Convent on our right, the brethren having secured the most beautiful site in the district, all these objects, with mountains, and wood, the olive, and an occasional cypress, fill up a splendid and impressive scene. Nor

let it be forgotten, should we even feel disposed to be less rapid in our movements than the poet, and be content with such a journey as Augustus would have accomplished in a day, we have in Albano the best country hotel in the papal dominions, wherein to enjoy the satire of Horace and a dish of lean thrushes, which will infallibly be served at our repast.

Resuming our journey, we pass a huge ruin fifty feet square and twenty-five high, being the remains, as the antiquarians have discovered, of the tomb of Aruns, Porsenna's son; an Etruscan ruin it is, and may be what it is described. The road to Aricia lies through a classical country, but the inhabitants have a most unclassical appearance. Horace was here received with moderate hospitality, seasoned, however, by the wit and conversation of his friend; modern Aricia would greet the traveller now with still more humble fare. Its situation is striking, for it is built on the pinnacle of a high hill, and surrounded with scenery which, compared with the Campagna, is rich and beautiful. There is a church here with some frescos, and a large palace built by the Chigi family, like a barrack. A few people move about listless, and apathetic, in the town which gave birth to the mother of Augustus.

It must not be supposed the wise censor Appius ran his imperishable road up this steep ascent. The Appian Way kept the level ground; but the princely family of the Chigi, descended, of course, from a pope,—in order to reach their big palace on the hill, contrived (a manifest job) to get the high road run through their town, to the annoyance of wearied travellers, who are rewarded only with the view, which had Horace seen he might have well described, substi-

tuting such pleasant pictures of country life as he could have drawn, for some reprehensible passages in his lively narrative.

From the heights of Aricia, Monte Giove (on which they say Corioli was built) is visible; the town which gave his surname to the haughty Roman, is sketched to the life by our immortal poet.

We have in traversing this region an incëntive to the perusal of history, classics, poetry and Scripture; a spot is pointed out some miles beyond Aricia, named the Three Taverns (*tribus tavernis*). The verse in the Acts instantly recurs to the memory, reminding us of the mightiest event in the history of the world—of Christianity itself.

The great Apostle who trod this path, helped to found a religion in the west, which has extinguished paganism, and will overspread the world. Empires may pass away, but the truth of God is everlasting.

Catching a view of Genzano, another town romantically placed on a hill, we reached (more fagged than Horace) Velletri, famous for a sound drinking wine, known as the ancient Velitræ, and being the place where that detestable hypocrite, Augustus Cæsar, was born.

The accommodations are here tolerable; a venerable old lady acted with dignity as housemaid—sister, I presume, to the hag at Radicofani.

The invalid must be indeed ill-tempered, who is not soothed, nay delighted, travelling through such a country as this; pleasing thoughts, even school-boy recollections, dispel gloom, and fill the mind with bright hopes. For my own part, grateful for the rational enjoyments I had received, I slept soundly and arose joyfully, to pursue Horace on his journey.

The country around Velletri is agreeably diversified, seems tolerably cultivated, and naturally rich. Gradually descending from the eminence on which Velletri stands, in two hours we reach Treponti, near the edge of the Pontine marshes. Governments change, but the physical aspect of the country remains unaltered; and pretty much as they were two thousand years ago, the Pontine marshes are now. Their dismal appearance is exaggerated; and as to any pestilential malaria, in the months of January and March it cannot affect the traveller. I breathed freely, walked firmly, and ate heartily; and as to smell, give me the Pontine marshes, in preference to many a spot in Rome itself, where the odours do not savour of Arabia. The day, no doubt, was cheering, soft, clear, warm; all nature was gilded by the rays of a sun we felt and beheld with delight. Surely, we exclaimed, this must be June, not January; but January it was, and into the marshes we plunged; that is, drove smoothly along the best road in Italy, well made, well kept, planted with trees at either side, and having a canal parallel to the road for twenty miles, whose ditch-like waters were burthened with few boats. Monotonous the road is; but not disagreeable. From the earliest period in history this vast district was unwholesome, and continued more or less so, notwithstanding the boasted efforts of the Roman emperors.

The prodigious energy of the ancients, assisted by slaves and a numerous population, overcame many obstacles, and reduced to cultivation large tracts then inhabited, now desolate. But whenever their vigorous labours were relaxed, nature resumed her sway, and the Pontine marshes became a pestilential waste.

The ninth and tenth chapters of the fifth book of the French prefet's work describe fully the ancient and modern history of the Pontine marshes.

The extent of these humid plains in length is 42,000 metres, in breadth 18,000. Appius constructed his road right through the marshes, and it is well remarked, the soil must then have had a great degree of consistence, to support the pressure of his enormous causeway; but it was not equally so, as the censor had to turn from his right line to avoid slimy spots; and it is observable, whenever his successors adopted a different line from that of Appius, they went wrong.

There were several stations on this famous road, as the Forum Appii, Tres Pontium, Tres Tabernæ, Ad Medias: these were no doubt market towns. At Forum Appii, Horace arrived towards evening of the second day of his journey, having accomplished from Aricia twenty-seven miles.

> "The night o'er earth had spread her dusky shade,
> And through the heavens her starry train display'd."

The poet went on board the canal boat tugged by a mule, at night, but I can well believe his slumbers were not profound.

> "The fenny frogs, with croakings hoarse and deep,
> And gnats loud buzzing drive away our sleep."

If Horace's canal resembled that which I saw, I cannot conceive a more disagreeable voyage than his, and we can understand the refreshment it afforded our poet after such a passage to bathe in the bright waters of Feronia.

> "Ora manusque tua lavimus, Feronia, lympha."

The place now called Foro Appio in the Pontine marshes is a miserable habitation almost in ruins. There we stopped to refresh our horses; the *padrone*

had gone to mass to a neighbouring barn, and taken the key of his delightful abode (the resort of brigands) with him. Our walk enabled us to catch the character of the surrounding flats; unhealthy they must be, for the people who crawled out of their miserable hovels had a pallid and dismal aspect.

Here again were we reminded of Saint Paul; probably at this very spot the mighty champion of our faith was met by the brethren, " whom when he saw he thanked God and took courage." None so truly great ever trod this path before or since. This place must be sacred in the recollection of Christians.

The road we now travel was the noble work of Pope Pius VI. Napoleon's prefet does ample justice to the great enterprise undertaken by Pius, of reconstructing the road and reclaiming the marshes.

From the 2d book, chapter ii. we discover the pope's plan, which seems to have been a capital mistake, the reverse of that laid down by the great Leopold in his reclamation of the Maremma.

The Pontine marshes belong to the apostolic chamber. Pius VI. before commencing their drainage indemnified those who had the right of pasturage thereon, but he afterwards committed a fatal blunder in giving the drained ground on perpetual leases to a few great individuals. The Duke Braschi, nephew of the popes, obtained an immense grant. The banker Torlonia, Duke of Bracciano, the Duke Fiano, the Marquess Massimo, and the family of Rufrini, the engineer directing the works, divide this immense Pontine territory. Of the 40,000 acres partially drained, 7,000 are capable of tillage, and the rest is fit for rice, Indian corn, meadows, etc. The road, however, was a more successful undertaking; a great, costly, and noble work: along its smooth

surface we safely and pleasantly drove some eighteen miles to Terracina.

The traveller must not be tempted to follow the example of Horace, for the poet after a light breakfast at Feronia pushed on with considerable haste through Anxur* and Fundi, insomuch that he was fagged when, at the end of thirty-two miles, he stopped the third night at Formiæ.

At Terracina the magnificence of the south burst upon our eyes; a lofty rock overhangs the town facing the blue waters of the Mediterranean: on its summit Theodoric the Goth built a palace, showing his taste was equal to his genius in government. Palm-trees, the cactus, aloes, myrtles, flourish in luxuriant profusion. An inviting road stretches along the shore. Sauntering for a mile from the town I felt the delicious climate of Italy, and beheld a sunset so glorious, that the pencil of Claude could but faintly delineate its splendour. The description of this place by the charming pen of Corinne is poetical but true:—

"Toute la montagne qui domine Terracine est couverte d'orangers et de citronniers qui embaument l'air d'une manière délicieuse. Rien ne ressemble, dans nos climats, au parfum méridional des citronniers en pleine terre: il produit sur l'imagination presque le même effet qu'une musique mélodieuse; il donne une disposition poétique, excite le talent et l'enivre de la nature. Les aloès, les cactus à larges feuilles que vous rencontrez à chaque pas, ont une physionomie particulière qui rappelle ce que l'on sait des redoutables productions de l'Afrique. Ces plantes

* "Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur."
The ancient Tarracina stood upon a hill. Anxur was its Volscian appellation.

causent une sorte d'effroi : elles ont l'air d'appartenir à une nature violente et dominatrice. Tout l'aspect du pays est étranger ; on se sent dans un autre monde, dans un monde qu'on n'a connu que par les descriptions des poëtes de l'antiquité qui ont tout à la fois, dans leur peintures, tant d'imagination et d'exactitude."

Unluckily a drawback occurred to our happiness. Returning to our hotel we met the convicts (some hundreds), coming from their daily task; they were chained to each other, guarded by a troop of soldiers: so dreadful a band of ferocious criminals I never beheld,—the spectacle was appalling. The worst convicts are sent to Terracina to labour in the harbour, and if the morals of a prisoner were not corrupted before, they would be so here in the contaminating society into which he is thrown.

The hotel is judiciously built on the edge of the shore, so the traveller may be lulled to repose by the music of the waves as they roll over the beach. The moon lit up the starry sky with her gentle lustre, and more than once we flung wide the casement, to enjoy a view of the Mediterranean by moonlight.

At our modest meal, I opened the delightful volume of Mr. Rogers, and read with pleasure his remarks on the advantages of travel, as kindly and charitable as they are wise.

"It was in a splenetic humour that I sate me down to my scanty fare at Terracina; and how long I should have contemplated the lean thrushes in array before me I cannot say, if a cloud of smoke, that drew the tears into my eyes, had not burst from the green and leafy boughs on the hearthstone. 'Why,' I exclaimed, starting up from the table, 'why did I leave my own chimney corner? But am I not on the road to Brundusium? and are not these the

very calamities that befel Horace, and Virgil, and Mæcenas, and Plotius, and Varius? Horace laughed at them. Then why should not I? Horace resolved to turn them to account; and Virgil—cannot we hear him observing, that to remember them will by-and-by be a pleasure? My soliloquy reconciled me at once to my fate: and when for the twentieth time I had looked through the window on a sea sparkling with innumerable brilliants—a sea on which the heroes of the Odyssey and the Æneid had sailed—I sat down, as to a splendid banquet. My thrushes had the flavour of ortolans; and I ate with an appetite I had not known before."

And then the poet justifies his countrymen thus successfully for wandering over the face of the earth—

"Ours is a nation of travellers—none want an excuse: if rich, they go to enjoy; if poor, to retrench; if sick, to recover; if studious, to learn; if learned, to relax from their studies.

"In travelling, we multiply events, and innocently we set out as it were on our adventures. And many are those that occur to us, morning, noon, and night. The day we have come to a place we have long heard of—and in Italy we do so continually—it is an era in our lives; and from that moment the very name calls up a picture. Our sight is the noblest of all our senses: it fills the mind with most ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues longest in action without being tired—like a river that gathers, that refines, as it runs—like a spring that takes its course through some rich vein of mineral. We improve, and imperceptibly, nor in the head only, but in the heart. Our prejudices leave us one by one; seas and mountains are no longer our boundaries; we learn to love, and admire, and esteem beyond them; our benevolence extends itself with our knowledge: and must we not return better citizens than we went; for the more we

become acquainted with the institutions of other countries, the more highly must we value our own."

5th January.—The road from Terracina winds for two miles along the Mediterranean, which is on the right, then ascends to the left the mountains leading to Fondi, through groves of olives affording a pleasant shade from the rays of the sun.

Fondi, formerly Fundi, is an abominable town, inhabited by fierce people, who resemble, and no doubt many of them are, brigands; and, if judged by their countenances, would stiletto the stranger for a ducat. All the officials, down to the soldiers on guard, extorted their customary bribe. No man, I believe, in the kingdom of Naples, is expected to perform his duty conscientiously. Did modern Fondi resemble the ancient Fundi, I can comprehend why Horace, although loving repose, hurried through it in contempt.

I looked for the pompous prætor ridiculed by the poet—

> "Laughing, we leave an entertainment rare,
> The paltry pomp of Fundi's foolish mayor;
> The scrivener Luscus, now with pride elate,
> With incense fumed, and big with robes of state."

Crossing the lines of hills anciently known as the Cæcubus Ager, we now descended through a beautiful country towards the lovely bay of Gaeta. There are few scenes, even in Italy, comparable with this. Classic associations impart an imperishable interest to the glorious creations of Nature. We have now a full view of the Mediterranean; Gaeta, picturesquely situated on the steep promontory which encloses the bay, is crowned by a circular Roman tomb, called the Tower of Orlando—the ancient Cajeta, memorable as

having received the urn containing the remains of the foster-mother of Æneas. The shore of the bay, towards this bold promontory, is lined with bright-looking villages; the blue waters of the Mediterranean, undisturbed by a breath, sparkled in the sun; the sky above was serene and brilliant; the trees in the orange groves around were loaded with inviting fruit; all nature was luxuriant. To a stranger from the cold North, in such a season of the year, this seems a fairy land.

But the crowning glory of these heights, is an object not to be approached with any feelings but those of deep melancholy and tender regret—Cicero's tomb, a ruined sepulchre, consisting of a circular tower, standing on what is now a vineyard, on the side of the road above the coast, and overhung by a carob-tree, is pointed out as the orator's tomb. This may not be certainly true; but it is probable. The sepulchre is unquestionably that of a Roman of distinction; its general structure is not unlike that of Pompey's, already mentioned; for whomsoever built, it was meant to last for ages. What adds to the probability of this being the sepulchre of Tully is, that we are on the site of the ancient town of Formiæ, and we know that here lay one of the most delightful of Cicero's villas—that he fled from Rome when the cause of freedom perished, and that near Formiæ he was murdered by assassins despatched by Mark Anthony. His head was carried to Rome to glut the tyrant; but his body may not improbably have been buried here, where it lay a mangled corse; and in better times a suitable tomb may have been raised on the spot which Cicero would himself have chosen, as the most beautiful on earth for the purpose. I entered

the vineyard, approached the sepulchre of departed greatness (for I surrendered my mind to the full belief I was beside the grave of Cicero), and surveyed the ruin with affectionate sorrow. I then ascended the outside of the sepulchre—it is broken, so that we may scramble up without difficulty—and mused on the past; hoping the spirit of Tully enjoyed the pure felicity that in life he coveted, for his hereafter, with the great lights of the world, "*Et mehercule tu Catone.*" I plucked a leaf or two from the tree clinging to the ruins, and carried away a fragment of the interior as a memorial.

What an ignoble death did the scholar, orator, patriot, and philosopher, meet! and yet it was worthier Cicero, than the suicide of Brutus, of Cassius, or Cato. Middleton says the orator died with Roman firmness. He ought to have perished, exclaiming to Anthony in his own noble words—

"Contempsi Catilinæ gladios non pertimescam tuos."

The drive to Saint Agatha was through a delightful country, a cultivated plain, southward of the gulf of Gaeta, intersected by one of the best roads in Europe, constructed of limestone, and smooth as a table; nor was this fine country destitute of noble remains of antiquity. About nine miles from Mola, we passed a long line of arches of an aqueduct constructed perhaps 2,000 years ago: a ruin now, but what is left of this great work of utility seems likely to stand for ages. There cannot be a more impressive spectacle than that presented by a long line of these arches stretching across the plain, a memorial of the labours and civilization of a great people. We also passed the ruins of an amphitheatre, with the fragments of a theatre, which indicate (it is said)

the ancient town of Minturnæ, celebrated for the adventures of Marius. I recommend the traveller to avoid Saint Agatha, for the inn is cold and cheerless, while those at Mola and Terracina are excellent for Italy.

To revert to our entertaining companion: Horace slept at Formiæ, and the fourth day was the happiest of his journey, as at Sinuessa, eighteen miles farther on, he embraced Plotius, Varius and Virgil—

"O qui complexus, et gaudia quanta fuerunt,
Nil ego contulerim jucundo Sanus amico."

Dining at Sinuessa, the wits of Rome pushed on to the bridge of Campania to sleep, (which is about the same distance from Capua as Saint Agatha.)

The fifth day, the mules brought Horace and his friends to Capua, where we must leave them to their various enjoyments.

The albergo in Capua is unmatched in all Italy for everything abominable; the odours which assail the traveller in descending to the entrance would discompose the nerves of the firmest Scotchman. This town must surely have contained more luxuries when it corrupted the soldiers of Hannibal than it does now.

There is a railway open from Capua to Naples, which the traveller ought to take, as the road is broken and neglected. The cultivation of the surrounding country continued very superior to that of the Papal States; we saw rich crops of grain, with mulberry or orange trees thickly planted everywhere through the fields. At last we stopped before the gate of Naples; the douaniers appeared to extort, the meaner officers to beg—I bribed as usual, and got on by five o'clock into the city.

CHAPTER II.

Naples.—The Chiaja.—The Villa Reale.—A Walk along the Shores of the Bay.—Strada di Toledo.—A Neapolitan Duke.—His dignified Existence.—Neapolitans and Romans contrasted.—Out-of-doors Existence in Naples.—Lazzaroni Life.—Punchinello and the national Air.—The Monk and the Puppets.—Particulars of Neapolitan Economy.—Character of the People.—Corinne's Description still applicable—Ancient Neapolis compared with Modern Naples.—Classical Recollections.

"Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra."

LET no man be induced to fix his residence elsewhere in Naples than on the Chiaja. If tempted with the dismal streets in the interior of the city, bright summer is exchanged for gloomy winter; while in our hotel, the sun shone so brilliantly, that we resolved to stay in the quarter where we should be warmed and cheered by his beams. The Chiaja is, I presume, as a promenade, or street, or public walk, unequalled in the world. It stretches in a semicircular form along the beautiful shores of the unrivalled Bay of Naples; the street is handsome, and spacious, and adorned with palaces; it is flagged all through and across with lava, and smooth as glass. There are no houses on the side next the sea, and thus the view of the bay is uninterrupted. By the edge of that bay is constructed the celebrated promenade, called the Villa Reale, running from one extremity to the other of

the Chiaja; it is nearly a mile in length, railed in from the streets, the walks are wide and pleasant; there is a grateful shade from every variety of tree suitable to the climate; there are fountains to refresh the air, with statues and temples to adorn this delightful promenade.

A very low broad wall separates the gardens from the shore, and we may walk along this wall gazing at the smoking Vesuvius, or the sunny waters, at the collected beauties of a bay which has no equal on earth. There is a little mole, which projects into the sea about the centre of the walk, provided with seats judiciously placed so as to command the best view of the beautiful objects I have endeavoured to describe. This walk is the favourite lounge of the Neapolitans; the lazzaroni and beggars are excluded by guards placed at every gate; those who are too lazy to walk, drive up and down the Chiaja at the fashionable hour, so that this quarter of the modern city presents a constant scene of gaiety and animation. The interior of this crowded metropolis boasts of one grand street, the Strada di Toledo running from the shore in a straight line to the north; it is an English mile-and-half long, is regular, broad, paved, the houses at either side being lofty and massive, and having flat roofs. This is the street of business, and has an imposing effect in the eye of a foreigner.

There are several piazze, one spacious and imposing, before the king's palace, the others more curious and strange, from the manners, and behaviour, and amusements of the people always assembled in them, than from their construction.

With respect to the rest of the streets in the city, they are straight, certainly, but in general narrow,

and without the least architectural beauty, or even design: they are always cheerless; when it rains, filthy and almost impassable. Let the invalid, therefore, keep to the Chiaja, and the active tourist who wishes to make the most of his time, will explore the shores of the bay, which, for an extent of twenty miles, present a surprising succession of novel and interesting objects, including Herculaneum, Pompeii, and the most astonishing phenomena in nature. On the shore let us emerge, contemplate the glorious scene before us, and consider what is to be visited and when, with most advantage.

Standing on the beach, we perceive Naples lies at the bottom of an amphitheatre, the buildings extending along the shore in the same circular form for a space of five miles. The bay is thirty miles in diameter; two promontories, Sorrento to the south, and Cape Miseno to the north, enclose the bay, which is sheltered with a noble range of mountain, covered with plantations, or wood, and luxuriant vegetation. The breadth of the entrance is about five leagues; it is marked at the north by the islands of Ischia and Procida, and towards the south-east by the celebrated Isle of Capri. This last prodigious cliff, which lies parallel to the harbour and protects it, is about four miles from the point of the promontory of Sorrento; the bay is thus sheltered from all winds except from the south, and south-east.

There lies on our right, concealed from view by Posilippo, the picturesque isle of Nisida and the bay of Baiæ; while on our left Sorrento separates us from another beautiful bay, that of Salerno.

Projecting into the water near the harbour, is the fort of Castel dell' Uovo, a picturesque-looking

object; beyond this fort is the mole, where all the loungers, idlers, fiddlers, and lazzaroni of Naples may be met. If we prolong our walk from the mole by the shore, turning from the fort called Del Carmine, we arrive at the market-place, where Massaniello began the insurrection which made him master of Naples. Vesuvius, with its double summit and fiery volcano, and the various towns, and villages, and vineyards between us and it, fill up our view. We remember the fearful history of volcanoes and earthquakes in this place, and strive to catch a view of the sites where cities once stood, and which, by a terrible convulsion of nature, were overwhelmed in the pride of luxury. The lofty rock overhanging the city on the north, is crowned by the fort of Saint Elmo, and close to it is a very interesting Carthusian convent, which no woman must enter. One of the finest views of Naples and the bay is from this spot. We may fear being distracted by the variety and novelty of the objects to be examined, but one advantage is, that sight seeing within the city may be happily exchanged for wholesome excursions to the islands we have described, and the famous places in the surrounding country.

Before we set out, however, let us glance at the people and their habits, more interesting to some than the brightest scenes in nature, or the choicest works of art. Housed in the Chiaja, in a ducal palace, I was not a little entertained at making my contract with a veritable Neapolitan Duke, wedded to a relative of the unfortunate Murat, and of ancient Spanish descent. His Grace drew up a very long paper of twenty clauses for me to sign. If the windows were blown in by a storm, I was bound to

replace them; and should any of my family die of consumption, the furniture was to be burned and replaced by new:—this last clause is sanctioned by law. The Neapolitans believe the complaint of which the English so often die (consumption) is infectious; therefore they enforce the rule of burning all the furniture in the apartment where the death has happened.

I got an insight at once into the habits and condition of the nobility, so called, in Naples. The old feudal law was not, after the expulsion of the French, restored here as it was in Rome, where the rules of primogeniture still prevail. Almost all the estates in Naples have been split up, and most of the nobility are poor, but, having preserved their palaces, many of them derive a large income by the somewhat undignified practice of letting out in compartments to English families the greater part of the palace, they living in an obscure corner. His Grace of—— occupies the ground floor at each side of the porch, while the entire of the building, up to the very top, is let out in the way I have mentioned. It is to us somewhat unusual to see an old man exhibit all the liveliness of youth. In Paris and Naples the old men are as brisk as the young. The old Duke, when he had secured his tenant, indulged in all the amusements of Naples,—but he had peculiar tastes; in his small saloon he had six canaries and a few handsome cats, a case of books, from which he one day drew forth to me in triumph a French translation of Shakspeare, in order to prove his acquaintance with English literature. He kept a stock of little dogs, some of which he occasionally sold at a profit, and he had several pet rabbits in the court yard; his

daughter, whom he occasionally visited, had her apartments at the opposite side of the porch. Sometimes the porter and messenger were dressed in gaudy liveries, and appeared on a family coach, in which the Duke visited the King, and then capered up and down the Chiaja in holiday splendour. From what I could ascertain, five or six hundred a-year of our money would be a handsome fortune for a Neapolitan nobleman. Some few have still considerable incomes.

As it regards the people, they are in all respects the reverse of the Romans, in look, manner, dress, disposition, and civilization; insomuch that it is difficult to believe them to belong to the same country; an union between races so different would seem to be impossible.

The Romans are quiet in their streets, almost gloomy, naturally grave and serious; the Neapolitans are like a crew of Bacchanalians, in perpetual revelry. Naples seems ever in a carnival: it is scarcely possible to suppose the people we behold appear in their real characters; the business of life is turned into a masquerade. The glorious climate in which they live may have much influence on the habits of the people—their corrupt government more. Populous as Naples is,* to a stranger it appears to possess a population exceeding that of London, for this reason, the whole mass of the population, man, woman, and child, rush with one consent into the streets in the morning, and continue there, shouting, grinning, dancing, or at their trades or occupations, till night. Little real business, all the while, is done. Naples, for its size and importance, has less trade than any such city in

* 400,000.

the world. The people supply the want of business by noise and clamour.

The dwellings of the people are cheerless and wretched; when, therefore, the bright sun shines in the morning, they pour down from their lanes and narrow streets into the broad Piazza, or Chiaja, or the Mole. The men do any little work they get, the women bring their chairs, and sit down and knit, or sew, or wash, or cleanse their hair in the streets,* while the little lazzaroni, of whom I have reckoned one hundred in a short distance, tumble about in the dust, or roll an orange from one sewer to another—or, if on the shore, will dive for a farthing; and so their intellectual day passes, not omitting their enjoyment of the animating exhibition of Pulcinella, a spectacle to be seen in all parts of Naples, and announced by a national air highly musical.† The lazzaroni, in which term I include fishermen, porters, messengers, etc., are, physically, a fine race of fellows; they seem as if preparing to go to bed, pursuing their occupations in linen drawers and a nightcap; they disdain shoes or stockings. Their gait is an ambling, between a walk and a run, and they are equally ready for playing or fighting. I really believe their felicity would be complete, with maccaroni and Pulcinella. Punch is a very important personage in Naples; he dresses up and retails the drolleries of the day, he is the channel of the passing opinions, and could gain a mob or keep the whole kingdom in good humour. The fishermen who drag their nets at the end of the Villa Reale

* Sunday is the favourite morning for this operation; I have sometimes seen three or four young women seated one behind the other engaged in this interesting occupation.

† This national air, which struck me as being very musical and peculiar, I have procured, and inserted in the Appendix.

(dressed as described) will suddenly drop their rather profitless business, (the fish is small and scanty,) seat themselves on the beach, and play with dirty cards; their gravity during this sport being more ludicrous than their merriment. An exact picture of street life in Naples is contained in this graphic passage from the Improvisatore :—

"Close beside this stood a little puppet theatre, and a still smaller one was erected before it, where Punchinello made his merry leaps, peeped, twirled himself about, and made his funny speeches. All round was laughter. Only very few paid attention to the monk who stood at the opposite corner and preached from one of the projecting steps. An old broad-shouldered fellow, who looked like a sailor, held the cross, on which was the picture of the Redeemer. The monk cast flaming glances at the wooden theatre of the puppets, which drew the attention of the people away from his speech. 'Is this Lent?' I heard him say, 'is this the time consecrated to Heaven? the time in which we should humble in the flesh—wander in sackcloth and in ashes? Carnival time is it! Carnival always, night and day, year out and year in, till you post down into the depths of hell! There you can twirl, there you can grin, can dance, and keep festive, in the eternal pool and torment of hell?' His voice raised itself more and more. The soft Neapolitan dialect rang in my ear like swaying verse, and the words melted melodiously one into another; but all the more his voice ascended, ascended also that of Punchinello, and he leaped all the more comically, and was all the more applauded by the people. Then the monk in a holy rage snatched the cross from the hand of the man who bore it, rushed forward with it, and exhibiting the crucifix exclaimed, 'See, here is the true Punchinello! him shall you see, him shall you hear, for that you shall have eyes and ears, "Kyrie eleison!"' And impressed by the holy sign,

the whole crowd dropped upon their knees, and exclaimed, in one voice, 'Kyrie Eleison!' Even the puppet-player let fall his Punchinello."

I may add some particulars of daily life. The cows are driven to the doors in the morning to be milked; nobody would believe he got *milk* otherwise. Herds of goats with bells are also twice every day driven into the city for the like purpose, while the national conveyance (*curriculo*) flies along the Chiaja, with a dozen people hanging on and around, and behind it, all so balanced that one horse can draw it and gallop. No filth remains in the streets, for, unlike the Romans, the Neapolitan gardeners employ lazzaroni to go about with asses, loaded with two deep pockets of strong matting at each side, into which they pack daily the offal of the city: they thus scour the streets effectually. There is gas, but it escapes; there are sewers, but they have no fall, nor water: being open to the bay, when the wind blows from the south-east, they are to some extent washed out; otherwise, as there are no tides, the consequences are not agreeable. There are volumes of dust never laid with water, and raised sometimes by sweeping. It results that the higher your apartment is, the better, as well to escape these annoyances, and the unceasing noise, as to secure the view.

I conceived an unconquerable repugnance to the Neapolitan people which I could not overcome; their savage appearance, wild behaviour, incessant uproar, gross ignorance and superstition, disgust a stranger; while to an invalid the din of Naples is intolerable. A man may occasionally smile at the amusing follies of a light-hearted people, but it is not possible to behold the utter degradation of his

fellow-creatures, and preserve a permanently cheerful spirit.

Possibly the Neapolitans are not more wicked than the inhabitants of other parts of Italy; they are unquestionably more uncivilized, and there is an utter want of dignity in the mass of the nation, which may be taken as decisive evidence of moral degradation. The criticism of Corinne is just as applicable to the people of Naples now, I fear, as when it was written.

"Ce qui manque le plus à cette nation en général, c'est le sentiment de la dignité. Ils font des actions généreuses bienveillantes par bon cœur plutôt que par principes; car leur théorie, en tout genre, ne vaut rien; et l'opinion, en ce pays, n'a point de force. Mais lorsque des hommes ou des femmes échappent à cette anarchie morale, leur conduite est plus remarquable en elle-même, et plus digne d'admiration que partout ailleurs, puisque rien, dans les circonstances extérieures, ne favorise la vertu; ou la prend tout entière dans son âme. Les lois ni les mœurs ne récompensent ni ne punissent. Celui qui est vertueux est d'autant plus héroïque qu'il n'en est pour cela ni plus considéré ni plus recherché."

For this mournful condition, morally, of the people, the abominable government which has so long oppressed and corrupted them, has much to answer. Questions are fearlessly put to a man walking the streets of Naples, at which he starts with horror.

It might be entertaining to compare for a moment ancient Neapolis with the modern city; the contrast is extraordinary. Naples was called originally Parthenope, from a syren of that name who was buried there. The Athenians having fixed a colony here, it was called a Greek city, and the name changed

to Neapolis. It became one of the most favourite retreats of the luxurious Romans, both because it preserved the manners, and, it may be supposed, language of a Grecian colony, and because here they could escape the noise, and bustle, and business of Rome; accordingly, it has been praised by the poets, and selected as a calm retreat, congenial to sentimental minds. Horace refers to it—

"Et otiosa credidit Neapolis!"

Virgil chose it as his residence, no doubt wisely. Statius sings the praises of Parthenope to his wife Claudia.

"Has ego te sedes ——————
—————— transferre laboro:
Quas et mollis hiems et frigida temperat æstas;
Quas imbelle fretum torpentibus alluit undis;
Pax secura locis et desidis otia vitæ,
Et nunquam turbata quies somnique peracti
Nulla foro rabies aut strictæ jurgia leges
Norunt: jura viris solum, et sine fascibus æquum."

We may, however, infer from Tacitus, that Neapolis became corrupt, (although it may not have been noisy,) in the time of Nero: that monster retired thither after his most atrocious crime, and at the beginning of his theatrical career. When he thirsted for theatrical fame, and feared to expose himself in Rome, he selected Neapolis as a suitable place for the display of his vile talents.

"Non tamen Romæ incipere ausus, Neapolim quasi Græcam urbem delegit: . . . . . Ergo contractum oppidanorum vulgus, et quos e proximis coloniis et municipiis ejus rei fama civerat, quique Cæsarem per honorem, aut

varios usus sectantur etiam militum manipuli, theatrum Neapolitanorum complent."

Immediately after the performance, the theatre fell in; and, as the audience had escaped, the event gave Nero an opportunity of declaring he was under the special protection of the gods.

That the Neapolitans would flock to behold a second Nero fiddle, I cannot question, as I have seen the mob in ecstacies at kingly gambols in the carnival. Virgil, however, would not be likely to select modern Naples as the tranquil and fitting abode for a delightful poet. Nor can we behold the lofty rock of Capri without a shudder.

> "Who has not heard of Capriæ's guilty shore,
> Polluted by the rank old Emperor?"

From the fourth and sixth books of Tacitus, we learn that the gloomy tyrant, Tiberius, chose Capriæ as his retreat, when business, the people, senate, Rome, and virtue itself had become odious to his depraved mind. The climate attracted him, the beautiful landscapes (spoiled, however, by the eruptions of Vesuvius) pleased the monster. Capri was then covered with the luxurious villas of the tyrant, which were afterwards demolished by the indignant Romans; and it would be well for the honour of human nature, if the memory of Tiberius could be effaced from the page of history.

CHAPTER III.

NAPLES.

The Climate.—Its Uncertainties.—Sir J. Clarke's Opinion not favourable to Naples.—Excursion to Pozzuoli.—The Lake of Agnano.—Virgil's Tomb.—The Phlegræan Fields.—Volcanic Formation of Monte Nuovo.—Baiæ and its Historical Associations.—Islands of Procida and Ischia.

To awaken every morning and behold the sun shining in a brilliant sky, and all nature gay, is most animating to the invalid. You are cheated into the belief that it is summer: an English January is not understood here. Fragrant violets and fresh flowers are offered for sale at every corner; the orange trees, presenting their tempting fruit, persuade one to believe that grim winter has no power in this favoured region. Then, the people, lightly clad, buzzing about and basking in the sun, and the shops adorned with flowers and filled with fruit, induce the stranger to suppose there is in Naples a perpetual *fête*.

But, if the climate be brilliant, it is deceptive. Allured by appearances, I drove about in an open carriage, safe enough on the Chiaja; but quitting this sunny region and passing the Tufa rock, (the Chiatemone,) which, projecting forward, screens the Villa Reale from the chilling blasts sweeping down from the lower range of Vesuvius, now covered with snow, I encountered a wind which blew keenly while the sun shone brightly, and the consequence

was a sudden chill followed by a severe cold, which checked my rapture and reduced my strength. Alternately well and ill in Naples, I concluded, that whenever Rome suits, Naples disagrees with the invalid.

Sir J. Clarke observes of the Neapolitan climate—

"In its general character it resembles that of Nice more than any other, as at Nice the autumn and winter are generally mild, and the spring is subject to cold, sharp irritating winds, rendered more trying and hurtful to invalids by the heat of a powerful sun. The climate of Naples is much more changeable than that of Nice; and if somewhat softer in the winter, it is more humid. The sirocco is severely felt at Naples. Of Naples as a residence for invalids, it is unnecessary to say much; for consumptive patients it should certainly not be selected. The qualities which have been pointed out in its climate sufficiently mark it as a very unsuitable residence for this class of invalids; and to the list of its defects must be added that of its topographical position, which affords no proper places for exercise without such exposure as would prove highly injurious to delicate invalids."

This opinion requires no confirmation.

Finding the air of Naples unsuitable, I was induced to visit, at an earlier period of the season than usual, the islands in the bay, and the places of most interest in the glorious localities around. I do not believe this to be any injury to the traveller, for I am persuaded, the less time he spends in the city of Naples the better.

Let us roam over the once famous and flourishing district to the west of Naples, known by the name of the Phlegræan Fields. The drive up the Strada Nuovo, a continuation of the Chiaja, begun by the unfortunate Murat, and now completed—stretching

along the bay and ascending the mountain towards Pozzuoli, is one of the most admired excursions. The prospect of the bay, lined with white habitations for miles glittering in the sun, and of the burning mountain, becomes, as you gain the higher elevation, more commanding. At the distance of three miles, an artificial cut, seven hundred feet in length through the mountain, is entered, whose extremity forms Cape Coroglio. Having passed this cut, a noble prospect bursts upon the view: the cultivated valley of Bagnoli, the Gulf of Puteolano, the hills rising behind Pozzuoli, the rocky island of Nisida, conically shaped, with fortified castle on its lofty summit; even Baiæ in the distance.

This portion of the bay, not visible from the city, is only second to that of Naples, properly so called; and the best spot for the view is that whereon we have been standing. It is then very delightful to descend slowly on Naples, and enjoy the wonderful scene,—ruined castles, luxurious villas, in the most picturesque situations, sometimes built on little promontories jutting into the sea, and again seated on the mountain above your head; all the varieties in the scenery even to Sorrento, the eye being seldom long withdrawn from Vesuvius spurting forth smoke and fire, not to be beheld without a sentiment of terror. We may, however, agreeably diversify the route in returning by the lake of Agnano, the Roman tunnel, and Virgil's Tomb. The waters of this lake abound in sulphur, and bubble up at the margin; it has the singularity of being without any streams, either entering in or issuing from it, but is kept in motion by subterranean gases resembling the rise and fall of tides in the sea.

In the neighbourhood, Lucullus and other luxuriant Romans had magnificent villas for the sake of baths, which the waters of the lake supplied. Nothing now remains of these proud edifices but sub-structures of bricks; the country around is desolate. There is in the vicinity of this lake a singular excavation (very ancient) called the Dog's Cave, in which a disagreeable experiment is made for the pleasure of heartless spectators. The door of the cave is unlocked, and the atmosphere being impregnated with the vapour visible to the eye, but the nature of which is not clearly ascertained, an Italian speculator, who keeps dogs for the purpose, seizes an unfortunate animal and thrusts it into the cave, till it becomes, after a few convulsions, apparently lifeless; then, withdrawing the dog, flings it on the ground; in the fresh air the animal speedily recovers, and seems little the worse for the experiment. I saw a party of Neapolitans going to enjoy this spectacle. The owner of the dog dragged the reluctant animal by a cord towards the cave. We turned aside in disgust. The air in this cave will extinguish a light, and prevent a pistol going off. Everything in this extraordinary region is out of the course of nature; and places preferred by the Romans for purposes of health and luxury are shunned by the modern as unwholesome and repulsive.

Returning by a different road, we entered the tunnel bored by the Romans through the hill of Posilipo, which separated Naples from Pozzuoli, to gain readier access to the latter city. This grotto, as it is sometimes called, resembles a natural more than an artificial passage under the hill, being the third of a mile in length; and although lofty, is

very dark. It is alarming to drive through it, for carriages, horses, mules, goats, and all kinds of conveyances going to and returning from the city, pass and repass at the same time; and the Neapolitans keep up a continual shout, which, with the other noises and the darkness, make it most disagreeable. Just as you escape into the open air, you must stop and scramble up a steep height, to reach what is pointed out as Virgil's Tomb. Walking through a vineyard we arrived at what seemed a ruined mound, overgrown with the green plants of the country. This structure is not unlike the Roman tombs already mentioned; one chamber remains entire; we descended into it, and mused over the poet, whose works, composed near this spot, have been the delight of every age. This chamber is stripped of every vestige of ornament; a sarcophagus doubtless stood here, but has long since disappeared. That Virgil was buried hereabouts need not be doubted. The inscription which Virgil wrote, formerly placed on the tomb, and now to be read on the adjacent wall, is in these words.

> "Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
> Partenope; cecini pascua, rura, boves."

The expressions show he was aware his ashes would be removed to this place.

Addison observes: "It is certain this poet was buried at Naples; but I think it is almost as certain, that this tomb stood on the other side of the town which looks towards Vesuvio."

That ingenious writer quotes no authority, and gives no reason for his opinion; and I would not willingly destroy the classical associations connected

with the place.* I therefore adopt the popular belief. We return by the Villa Reale, at the hour when gayest with the votaries of fashion.

Another and very agreeable excursion may be made to the modern Pozzuoli, ancient Puteoli. Prosecuting our drive from the extremity of the new cut spoken of, we descend towards the shore, having exactly opposite the curious Isle of Nisida, and the Lazaretto. A perfect level, on which the road runs by the sea, extends hence to Pozzuoli, which is distant about five miles from Naples, and probably was in ancient times the larger city. It lies on the edge of a little promontory jutting into the water, and opposite the celebrated Bay of Baiæ, a steep hill rising up behind it. The situation is excellent, but the modern town has little to recommend it to the notice of the traveller. What was a flourishing seaport in Roman times, has now decayed into a miserable fishing place, overspread with filth and poverty. The antiquities of the place are the temple of Serapis, a ruin (I may say) in good preservation,

* I found a passage in Gibbon's journal which is opposed to Addison's conception, and justifies my humble opinion. There are different opinions concerning the place of Virgil's Tomb. St. Jerome and Donatus appear on one side; but Cluverius, followed by Mr. Addison, on the other, rejects without ceremony their evidence; and, upon the authority of Statius, transports this monument to the other side of the city, and the foot of Mount Vesuvius. I should with them prefer Statius's information, were it conveyed in precise terms; but this poet speaks in general only of the Chalcidic shores, places which experienced the rage of Vesuvius; and such vague language seems merely to indicate the neighbourhood of Naples. St. Jerome and Donatus, on the other hand, tell us, that Virgil was buried at the distance of two miles from that city, and on the high road to Puteoli. This account is so clear that it cannot be mistaken; it may be reconciled with that of Statius, and is justified by the tradition of the country. Why should it be rejected?

attesting by its extent and magnificence the grandeur of the original building. It was not discovered till 1750; it is said to have been then nearly entire, and might, instead of being despoiled, have been easily restored to its original state. Had the Government possessed spirit and liberality enough to have so restored this temple, it would have been one of the most interesting monuments in Italy.

The Amphitheatre is in a surprising condition of preservation, although ruined by an earthquake; it was capable of containing 45,000 persons, the most convincing proof of the extent and splendour of the ancient Puteoli.

The guide showed the site of Cicero's villa. Unquestionably the orator seems to have possessed a greater number of luxurious villas, than suited the character of a temperate philosopher.

The modern church of St. Proculus, who suffered martyrdom in the same year with the famous Januarius, is pointed out as the temple of Augustus. To reach this temple we must ascend through narrow streets, utterly abominable; the experienced sight-seer, provided with strong shoes and a smelling-bottle, may persevere; those who prefer fresh air and the sea will pick their steps to what is called Caligula's Mole. I must honestly admit that the approach to the bridge is more offensive than even the ascent to the church. When we reach the water's side, we see stretching over towards Baiæ the remains of thirteen arches out of twenty-five originally built, belonging to Caligula's Mole. The ruins are plainly visible, standing in the water which flows in between each arch.

Addison, and it seems correctly, insists that the mole of Puteoli has been mistaken by several authors for

Caligula's Bridge. Possibly on the spot where we are now standing St. Paul landed, for we read in the Acts, "And from thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium; and after one day the south-wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli:"—what more interesting than to trace the progress of the mighty Apostle on his glorious mission, from this place to the Eternal City?

Puteoli was an ancient Greek city, famous for its justice, whence it was called Dicæarchia; and its name was derived from the numerous hot and cold springs with which it abounded. The Romans saw its advantages for commercial purposes, improved the harbour, and made it a great naval station. Tacitus, in his 14th Book, speaks of it as then an ancient city, which received new privileges, with the title of the Neronian Colony.

The same historian informs us, that the monster, Nero, indulged in aquatic excursions near Puteoli, which appears then to have been considered the most delicious region in the world.

It seems the earth around Puteoli had the peculiar effect of hardening in the water, a quality which made it most serviceable in the construction of a mole, or any building whose foundations may have been laid in the sea. So vehement was the passion of the Romans for this now abandoned region, and so valuable the ground, that they thrust the foundations of their villas into the sea, affording an opportunity to Horace, in one of his elegant odes, to lash the vices of his countrymen.

"But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When lo! thy tomb forgotten lies.

"And though the waves indignant roar,
Forward you urge the Baian shore;
While earth's too narrow bounds in vain
Thy guilty progress would restrain."

Virgil also alludes to the practice of casting masses of rock into the sea, near Baiæ, in the line—

"Qualis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
Constructum ponto jaciunt."

It is a pleasing occupation to close the day's excursion by reviving recollections of poets whose works are peculiarly applicable to the scenes we visited.

February 19th and 20th.—Having exhausted the space round Naples and Pozzuoli, we are prepared to explore the extraordinary district which lies between this place and Baiæ, and push across to the islands of Procida and Ischia, which, from their situation and singular appearance, invite a visit. The morning had no resemblance to the bitter days of our ungenial spring; the sun shone brightly in the heavens, the waters of the bay sparkled under its beams, and the air was soft and delicious. Our party consisted of four persons—an English lady, the best companion for such an excursion, ever cheerful and entertaining; her husband, a gallant officer, who had fought through the Peninsular war, and been quartered thirty-six years before in Procida.

The ground we traversed has been celebrated by poets, the chosen residence of patriots and tyrants, and the scene of most atrocious crimes; it is remarkable also as having been torn by terrible convulsions of nature. The recollection of what this district was, populous and splendid, contrasted with its present aspect and condition, teaches an awful lesson. Rome preserves traces of her glory. All the proud monu-

ments of luxury and grandeur in this region have been swept away. Cities have vanished, lakes dried up, hills have been swallowed by the yawning earth, which again, as in wild sport, has shot forth little mountains from her heaving bosom. "The great winding-sheet of Nature" has here encompassed the earth in folds of destruction; earthquake after earthquake has ravaged this beautiful region, changing all things, even the climate.

Poets naturally seized on this wonderful country as the appropriate scene for their lofty imaginations and fancies; nor is it surprising that, untaught by revelation, they should have here placed the entrance to their Tartarus and their Elysium, for here was combined the awful with the beautiful.

Diverging from the shore, near the remains of Cicero's villa, we paused, first before the Monte Nuovo, not far from Lake Avernus. This child of an earthquake, (for such is the mountain so appropriately named,) is nearly round at the base, and narrows gradually as it rises in the form of a cone at the top; covered with verdure externally, it shows no proof of its volcanic birth. This new mountain was flung up in the great eruption of 1538.*

* The following is the account of the formation of this Monte Nuovo, by Pietro Giacomo di Toledo, quoted by Sir William Hamilton in his "Campi Phlegræi." The writer was, I believe, an eye-witness of the phenomenon.

"At last, about two hours in the night, the earth opened near the lake, and discovered a horrid mouth, from which were vomited furiou-ly, smoke, fire, stones, and mud composed of ashes; noise like thunder. The smoke was partly black, and partly white; the black was darker than darkness itself; and the white was like the whitest cotton. The stones that followed were by the devouring flames converted to pumice—the size of which were much larger than an ox. The stones went as high as a cross-bow can carry, and then fell

The Lake Avernus is the next object commanding our attention on this excursion, and beyond it and nearer the sea, Lake Lucrinus. Crossing a field from the road, and standing on an eminence, we look down on the Avernus, which is now stripped of all its horrors, manifestly reposing in the crater of a volcano; the sun shining fully upon its waters, the lake presented rather a light and pleasing view, its base skirted with plantations, its sides clothed with vineyards; nor is it longer deserted by the feathered tribe.

No description could be more unlike the modern Avernus, than that drawn by the poets; no more unsuitable spot in which to fix the infernal regions; nor was there any unpleasant odour to warn us we had arrived—

"Ad fauces graveolentes Averni."

The shape of the lake is oval, and it is hardly one mile across.

With respect to Lake Lucrinus, which lies beyond the Avernus, and nearer to the sea, it is a mere pool of three or four acres in extent; its shores, once crowded with villas, are now in aspect wholly destitute of interest.

Both these lakes were connected with the sea in the time of Julius Cæsar. Avernus is now half a mile distant, by the assistance of an earthquake, and Lucrinus, but a few yards from the beach, is connected with the sea by a sluice. As there is a depth of water in each of these lakes, a good harbour might

down, sometimes in the cage, and sometimes into the mouth itself. The mud was at first liquid, then by degrees less so, and in such quantities, that in less than twelve hours, with the help of the above-mentioned stones, a mountain was raised of 1,000 paces in height." This is the mountain we now see.

easily be formed by cutting a communication between them and the sea. Lucrinus was famous for shell-fish in the days of Horace.

There are few habitations along the once densely-inhabited shore between Pozzuoli and Miseno. To get a view of the place in which Cumæ stood, we must ascend from the shore to an ancient ruined gateway, called Arco Felice, and which seems to have been the suitable approach towards a great city. Scrambling up a steep but short hill to the right of this porch, and crossing a vineyard, a complete view is caught of the plain which was wholly occupied by the city of Cumæ. This city, it is said, was one of the earliest founded by the Greeks in Italy; flourished, then fell, and even in Juvenal's time was called Vacua Cuma. In the days of Horace, Cuma and Baiæ were alike celebrated for their baths.

The rock was in our sight where stood the famous temple and oracle of the Cumean Apollo. Here flourished the Sybil, and the grotto is still visible and visited. To the north of Cumæ stands the tower called the tomb of Scipio Africanus.

The whole country now under our view appears marshy and unwholesome, and is in fact deserted. Cumæ had a harbour formed by a lake which was made to communicate with the Avernus, but by a convulsion of nature the Cumean lake was separated from the Avernus, and having no communication with the sea, its waters have overspread the surrounding lands, changed them into a marsh, and infected the air.

Making a circuit, we descend towards Baiæ by the lake of Fusaro, which represents the Acherusian marsh; and certainly it must have changed wonderfully for the better since Virgil wrote, for a more

agreeable excursion there cannot be than by its sunny shores. This lake communicates with the sea, its waters are salt, and it abounds in excellent oysters, for which reason the enlightened sovereign of Naples has an oyster box built in the water, wherein to feast on the delicious fish.

At the extremity of Lake Fusaro is a pool, which some assert to be the ancient Cocytus—

"Cocyti stagna alta vides Stygiamque paludem."

Nothing terrified by the aspect of the Tartarean regions, we descended agreeably to Baiæ, once a delightful retreat, the abode of fashion and pleasure. Hither came the rulers of the world to recruit their strength and revive their spirits. The warm baths of Baiæ made it a luxurious city. It is now a ruin; even its salubrity has passed away. There are, however, large remains of two temples, the one dedicated to Venus, the other to Mercury, with innumerable ruins; while the fine old castle standing on a little promontory exactly opposite Pozzuoli, is a striking object in the bay, whose beauty cannot be despoiled. Not far from the castle of Baiæ, and on the shore, is pointed out the tomb of Agrippina. Tacitus has told her terrible history; it is connected with this place—we cannot think of it without a shudder—when Nero wished to despatch Agrippina, Ancietus his freedman, in command of the fleet at Misenum, with diabolical ingenuity suggested the model of a ship on such a construction, that when at sea the timbers might fall asunder and crush Agrippina, or plunge her to the bottom; her death would be ascribed to shipwreck.

"Nihil tam capax fortuitorum quam mare."

The stratagem delighted the monster; the infernal

machine was constructed and splendidly decorated. Agrippina was invited to a villa called Bauli, between Misenum and the gulf of Baiæ, and her suspicions soothed by the feigned affection of Nero, who at a late hour of the night attended her to the shore, and fondly bade her adieu. Agrippina, who delighted in aquatic excursions, went on board with two domestics. The night was calm, the stars shone brightly in the sky, "Noctem fideribus in lustrem et placido mari quietam quasi convincendum ad scelus, Dii præbuere." At a short distance from the shore the deck fell and crushed her attendant, but the props of her chamber being firm, saved Agrippina and her companion; the latter exclaiming she was the Emperor's mother, and invoking aid, was instantly beaten to death with oars and poles. Agrippina silently eluded the assassins, plunged into the sea, and struggled towards the shore, was picked up and conveyed to her villa on the Lucrine lake, where the wretched woman was murdered.

The same historian tells us, after Nero's death, by the care of her domestics, an humble monument was raised to Agrippina, on the road to Misenum, perhaps on the spot where we now stand.

It was afterwards proposed to despatch Nero while feasting in the villa of Piso, in Baiæ; but Piso, though hating the tyrant, refused to stain his table with blood, or offend the gods of hospitality.

„ Proceeding along the shore, we arrive at the Cento Camerello, or the Labyrinth—my visit to which I shall not readily forget. Here an ignoble accident had nearly deprived of life my gallant companion, who had escaped "many a moving accident by flood and field."

We were conducted into a gloomy apartment, the dimensions of which it was impossible to perceive by aid of the scanty light admitted through the door. The guide went for torches to show us the subterranean chambers, and, while groping over the earthen floor, I suddenly missed the General from my side, and heard as suddenly a crackling of sticks, as if a heavy weight was bursting through them. Looking intently about me, I saw a foot rising out of the ground while the sticks crackled. The General was sinking into what I conceived to be a horrible pit; he was cool and silent, although prostrate, and going he knew not whither. Seizing the leg, we caught a hand, and with difficulty extricated the old soldier, while the sticks broke under him. But, while thus engaged, his lady rushed over to assist, and vanished at once out of our sight. She reappeared soon, not much the worse, emerging by a flight of stone steps, down which she had plunged head foremost. Then we discovered the cause of our misfortunes. The descent to a subterranean chamber was, by a steep flight of stairs, running from an open space covered at the top by feeble sticks, over which any man might walk inadvertently, as did my friend.

We declined further to explore the Labyrinth, but pushed on to the vast ruin called La Piscina Mirabile. The descent into this reservoir of water is very easy. When at the bottom it presented the appearance of an extensive hall, supported by forty-eight arches. The ancients were most particular in securing a plentiful supply of wholesome water. The vastness of this reservoir does not appear excessive, when the grandeur and populousness of Baiæ are remembered.

Hitherto we have crept along the shore of the

luxurious bay; instead, however, of prolonging our route to the point of the promontory, Cape Miseno, we must scramble across the promontory to visit the Elysian Fields, vivid in our memories by the genius of Virgil. The Mare Morto, a shallow lake, the Lethe of the poets, must first be crossed. I tried to excite some classical enthusiasm in passing over this region, celebrated by the poet; but, although not destitute of beauty, the vineyards and the ground are so far excelled by a thousand other places in this lovely land, that we would wonder why even poets chose it as their Elysium, did we not know how changed the aspect of Nature is.

We were now at the edge of the sea, opposite the Isle of Procida, for which we gladly embarked in a four-oared barge. It will occupy an hour to row to this rocky isle, anciently called Prochyta.

The rock of Procida is densely inhabited. Ours was not a very interesting promenade. The town is dirty, and when we escaped from its long and narrow streets, our walk lay between high walls which closed the view on both sides. The General discovered his old quarters, and marched as gaily past them as he did some forty years ago. Soon we caught a glorious view of Ischia and the bay, gladly re-entered our barque, and pulled for the volcanic isle. An hour's hard rowing brought us under the castle, still fortified, standing proudly on a high cliff jutting into the sea.

There was an appearance of business upon the quay of Ischia. We found the hotel Sentinella, desirable for its situation and supposed comfort, was three miles distant; so mounting mules, and attended by our stout boatmen carrying our bags, we advanced cheerily under as glorious a sun as ever gilded the

horizon by its setting beams. Our ride was delightful; the bridle-path varied and romantic—now presenting scenes of almost tropical vegetation, and again, as we ascended the mountain, scenes of desolation, the lava shot from a volcano 500 years ago, looking fresh, and lumpy as if discharged yesterday. The delicious air, novelty of the scene, and magnificence and variety of the prospect, made us forget all fatigue, and exult in our enjoyment. Bare existence here is bliss; moreover, to be permitted quietly to enjoy what we beheld (a thing utterly impossible in and around Naples) was no slight addition to our happiness. I should observe, the people of Ischia, whether they preserve anything of their original Greek extraction or not, are wholly distinct in behaviour, dress, manner, and conversation from the half-savage lazzaroni of the capital, or the detestable race which block up the avenues to Vesuvius; there was a quietness and decency about the Ischians peculiarly pleasing; moreover, they are a handsome race, virtuous, and industrious.

We were rewarded for our fatigue, the situation of the hotel being in the most beautiful spot in the volcanic island. We were unexpected guests at this season. There were beds and maccaroni; little else. Beef had seldom been seen in Ischia; mutton or veal never in Lent. There was a fowl; I asked, was it alive or dead? Living, was the reply. In an hour we tried to eat him, but were forced to revert to the maccaroni. But when did I before sleep so soundly! our fire was lit with myrtle wood, the door was swept with brooms of myrtle; the vegetation was fresh as might be expected in gentle summer.

A glorious sun-rise summoned us from slumber;

having feasted on fish and coffee, we remounted our mules, and rode away through the island; our guides conducted us by bridle-paths over mountains fragrant with myrtle, heath, wild violets, and other luxuriant products of this delightful climate. We were then obliged to descend towards the coast guarded by the old castle. We now passed whole fields of lava six centuries old, the land still suffering from the withering destruction of an eruption now so ancient. The soil is as completely ruined, the lumps of lava look as fresh and hard, as if just cooled from a volcanic eruption. In one spot only did we see smoke issuing from the suppressed volcano, but the whole island looks as if shot up into the waters by a convulsion of nature from which it may again suffer.

This volcanic isle, anciently called Pithecusa, contains twenty-seven square miles, and is productive of rice, silk, excellent oil, wheat, and fruits. To vary our returning route, we rowed right across the bay, fourteen miles to Pozzuoli. The waters of the Mediterranean, clear as crystal, sparkled brightly in the sun, and we enjoyed the little voyage with a peculiar relish. Passing exactly under Cape Miseno, I failed not to remember him who was the companion of the mighty Hector, whose name the genius of Virgil stamped on the promontory before me, and which it will retain for ever.

> "At pius Eneas ingenti mole sepulchrum,
> Imponit suaque arma viro remumque tubamque,
> Monte sub aerio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo,
> Dicitur eternumque tenet per secula nomen."

CHAPTER IV.

EXCURSIONS FROM NAPLES.

The Royal Museum.—Pompeii and Herculaneum.

We must restrain our curiosity, and before we visit the exhumed cities, devote some days to the examination of the Royal Museum and its rare contents. This museum is the chief object of attraction in Naples, and there is, or can be, no similar collection in the world.

Let the traveller omit the churches, and when he can, visit the *Studii publici*, where the curiosities drawn from Herculaneum and Pompeii are spread before him in boundless profusion, and yet in the exactest order. Omitting all description of the building and its ornaments, we may in general terms describe the arrangements of the rooms and their precious deposits. There are a number of apartments, each under careful superintendence, appropriated to the reception of different subjects. The visitor may enter which he pleases, between the hours of eight and two. The gallery of ancient paintings formed in Herculaneum and Pompeii, is invaluable; the critics say, as to some of these paintings, the composition is superior to the execution, while others assert

that Raffaelle did not excel the frescoes more recently obtained in Pompeii. This latter assertion I disbelieve. It appears the collections got in Herculaneum are the most numerous, and certainly it is not possible to behold these frescoes without astonishment. They are fresh and vivid, in outline, figure, and execution, almost as when thrown off by the artist before the Christian era. It is impossible to describe the variety of the paintings, or to dwell on their peculiar excellence. I believe they reckon nearly 2000.

The galleries of ancient sculpture also contain many rare specimens of this art, in which the ancients must for ever continue to be our masters.

In the last room of this gallery stands the celebrated Toro Farnese, found in the ruins of the baths of Caracalla in Rome. This is an immense work of splendid sculpture, containing four full-sized human figures; the bull and one or two smaller figures not interfering with the action of the piece. The base on which this great work rests, is adorned with sculptured animals of various kinds; some feeding, some hunting, others in the act of seizing their prey. The representation in marble is that of two intrepid youths holding back a bull with the most extraordinary energy and force; their attitudes are full of muscular power and spirit. A woman, supposed to represent Dirce, nearly prostrate on the ground, is bound by the hair of her head to the horns of the bull, ready to be borne along in its mad career—to prevent which catastrophe, the youths, sons of Lycus, King of Thebes, strive to restrain the furious animal. The fourth figure is that of a graceful female (Antiopa), standing behind the bull, and apparently

directing the young men to save by their strength the prostrate Dirce (whose face is full of terror) from destruction. The story illustrated by this great work is, that Antiopa having cause to be jealous of Dirce, commands the youths to avenge her in the way the artist exemplifies; then repenting her severity she enjoin her obedient sons to save the unfortunate object of her jealousy. This great piece of sculpture is not only larger, but in my opinion much grander than the Laocoon of the Vatican.

There is another, the Etruscan apartment, filled with antiquities of that curious people; vases, and bronze sculpture of animals, and figures of men, and children, in various actions and positions.

The library is a grand apartment containing 300,000 volumes.

In another room we see the Papyri, found in Herculaneum nearly a century ago; a vast deal has been written on these Papyri, but less has been done in their elucidation than was hoped and expected. The volumes actually published of the unrolled Papyri, deciphered by an ingenious but tedious process, have rather lulled than raised the curiosity of the learned. The English government bestowed considerable expense and labour in the task of restoring to light these manuscripts so long buried; but though praiseworthy, the exertions of their agents have not been crowned with much success. The apartment in the museum containing the kitchen furniture of Pompeii is complete, and the examination of it most entertaining; there are saucepans of many shapes, but none very large, resembling those which may be in use for the delicate French cookery of the present day. I was infinitely amused at seeing articles

exactly similar to our Irish griddle, and to the kind of pan used amongst our country people for frying rashers and eggs. The scales for weighing small weights were much like our own, the jugs and other vessels not very dissimilar to ours. There was an immense variety in their lamps and candelabras in form and decoration; some of their small lamps are very elegant in shape, execution, and design, and are copied in the shops of Naples. Their vases were of the shape so commonly seen in every museum on the continent; a fine lady's toilet was discovered, with all sorts of knick-knackery, and a large supply of short broad bottles, containing cosmetics, rouge, and whatever could minister to female vanity. The helmet of the soldier on guard at the gate when Pompeii was destroyed, is also in the museum, and other armour of a weight that men now could scarcely carry.

Having seen the contents of the houses in Pompeii, we must now see the houses themselves. The best account (because that of an eye-witness) of the volcanic catastrophe which overwhelmed the devoted cities, is given by the younger Pliny, in his well-known letters to the historian Tacitus.

The elder Pliny was in command of the fleet at Misenum, and when the eruption broke out sailed across the bay to Stabiæ, the modern Castellamare, to succour the terrified inhabitants in escaping, and was himself near the shore suffocated by the ashes which fell upon him; possibly his corpulency impeded his movement and hastened his fate. The letters were written by the younger Pliny, who remained at Misenum, and graphically described the awful scene. This was not, however, the first disaster which had

overtaken Pompeii. In the fifteenth book of Tacitus it is mentioned—"Et motu terræ celebre campaniæ oppidum, Pompei magna et parte proruit." Many proofs of this earthquake are visible through the city.

There are two modes of approaching Pompeii: one by a railway; this I recommend the traveller to avoid, at least, on his first visit, because it will bring him to the quarter of the city he ought to visit last, in order to apprehend and feel truly the solemn scene which awaits him.

The guide, regardless of the stranger's feelings, conducted me from the railway to the quarter of the city by which we ought to make our exit,—it was most convenient for him. Inquiring for the Street of Tombs I discovered the artifice, and made a circuit very fatiguing to me, in order to enter Pompeii by the Appian Way. What is now called the Street of Tombs is outside the city, according to ancient usage, and forms an approach equally affecting and solemn. There is something deeply interesting in the fact, that the nations of Rome and Greece, in the midst of life, desired to be reminded of death—their respect for the dead was unbounded. We should shrink from making an approach to a great city by a thoroughfare lined with tombs. Yet it seems not inappropriate to present to the public eye the monuments of those who dignified or exalted their country. The Street of Tombs at Pompeii is wholly unlike in aspect the present condition of the Via Appia; in the latter, but a few memorials remain; in the former, although some of the monuments are mutilated, they stand nearly as originally placed. There is a great variety also in shape and construction: we have the cippus,

which could not have had a body; again, a short monumental pillar; then a family tomb; next, such a Columbaria as we have already described in Rome; lastly, cenotaphs, with inscriptions still legible, and, whether owing to the climate or the light nature of the ashes which cover them, these monuments look fresher than those erected one month in the modern cemeteries under our gloomy sky.

This range of tombs has a peculiar, melancholy aspect. It seems strange the gay people of Pompeii should have made a principal entrance to their city by a road lined with the monuments of their dead. But it is most remarkable, that amidst these tombs stands one of the most extraordinary houses in Pompeii—namely, the villa of Diomedes. This spacious habitation is surrounded by sepulchral monuments. It is built on the slope of a hill, the doorway elevated five or six feet above the street, so that there is a space at the back of the house for an extensive suite of rooms between the level of the peristyle and the surface of the ground. The order of the peristyle is very elegant. The columns, their capitals, and entablatures, and the paintings on the walls, are in good preservation; the apartments are numerous. Two rooms, most agreeably situated at either end of a long gallery, looking out upon the upper terraces of the garden, commanded a view of the whole gulf of Naples to Sorrento and the island of Capri.

In one of the apartments appropriated to the luxury of the bath, four panes of glass, about six inches square, were found in the window. There is a large garden, surrounded with a portico or raised terrace, the part next the house being in good preservation.

Under this portico, and on a level with the garden, are several rooms, decorated with refinement and elegance, supposed to have been the summer residence of the family, from their refreshing coolness. They are peculiarly interesting, from possessing vaulted ceilings richly painted, as few ceilings are found in Pompeii. These paintings, and those on the walls, are fast fading. The garden is spacious; near the gate was found a skeleton, supposed to be that of the proprietor, and beside him a bunch of keys and a bag of money—a miserable satire on human nature! In the subterranean vaults, where wine and oil were stored, and to which a staircase led from the house, were discovered, huddled up together, the skeletons of seventeen persons, covered by a mass of ashes of extreme fineness, supposed to have slowly entered by the vent-holes, and thus consumed the victims with lingering torments. This matter retained a perfect impression of everything on which it fell. The breast and neck of a girl, said to display extraordinary beauty of form, and the very texture of the dress in which she was clothed, so fine as to be taken for gauze, were distinctly impressed on this winding-sheet of death. On other fragments were visible the impression of jewels worn on the neck and arms, showing that several had here perished: jewels were also found beside them. Two of the skeletons were those of children.

The city gate, called that of Herculaneum, is not lofty nor imposing—but we must remember, Pompeii was but a second-rate city at best. Here in his stone sentry-box was found the skeleton of a soldier on guard; the spear and helmet have been preserved.

We are now fairly within the walls. The streets we at once perceive are very narrow and gloomy, marks of wheels are still visible, also huge stepping-stones to cross, and a raised pathway. There are not many streets in which it would be possible for two *bigæ** to pass; the widest is not thirty feet across. The houses we visit are named either after the articles found therein, or paintings on the walls, or from the person who directed the excavation, or from some other accidental circumstance: and throughout the streets are seen signs over the shops, indicating the trades pursued within; as, two men carrying an amphora or vase for wine, probably served as a sign for a wine shop—another, a goat, denoted the vendor of milk—and an amusing painting of one boy hoisted upon another's back undergoing a flagellation, was, no doubt, a *striking* illustration of the schoolmaster within.

If one can imagine walking through a street wherein the tops of the houses were cut off, he will have a good idea of Pompeii. The habitations were low, and fronted by a dead wall, which gives them a cheerless and even repulsive aspect, not unlike many to be seen in Italy at the present day. It will require about four hours, examining the principal houses on our way, to reach the opposite gate, in the quarter of the public buildings.

The Forum was more than 400 yards distant from the Herculaneum gate. But we must turn aside, and stop to examine some of the principal dwellings we have named: such as the house of the *surgeon*, so styled from the quantity of surgical instruments found therein, most of them made of bronze. It is an

* Two-horse chariot.

amusing fact, that a box of pills was discovered in Pompeii—strong evidence to show the antiquity of the apothecary's art; a loaf was found with the baker's name stamped upon it. The houses of the tragic poet, of Sallust (so called), of Panza, of the great and little fountain in the Strada Mercurio, both of which are kept locked to preserve the mosaics, ornamental frescoes, and fountains which are fanciful, whence are derived their names—must also be examined; as likewise the house of the *Faun*, where there is a marble sphynx, and some beautiful mosaics; amongst others, I remember that of a dove drawing a bracelet from a box.

There are many more may well be looked at, such as that called after the French general, Championnet, in whose time a good deal was effected by the French in excavating Pompeii.

If we turn our attention to the house of Pansa, we find it occupies a space of some 300 feet. The plan of this building is common to all the rest; a door close to the street leads through a little vestibule into the atrium; a marble hall, nearly square, with a basin of water in the centre. Several small chambers are on the right and left as you enter the atrium, also recesses for seats. Decorations were lavished on this, the public division of the habitation. Frescoes, paintings, and marble pavements, and mosaics, and statues; and we may assume, flowers, with a cooling fountain: a great deal of ornament is here crowded into a small space. We next are conducted through the tablinum into the peristyle, which is exactly opposite the outer door. The peristyle is handsome, spacious, adorned with pillars, a colonnade, and also having in the centre another basin of water to cool

the beholders. On each side were the sleeping rooms, small and dark: the kitchen is at the end of the peristyle on your left. A curious religious painting was here found, representing the worship offered to the Lares, under whose protection and custody the provisions and all the cooking utensils were placed. Another object of interest in the kitchen is the stove, much like those charcoal stoves used in the present day. Nearly opposite the kitchen was the triclinium, or banquetting room. If we passed on, still in a straight line from the door, we came to a portico separating us from the garden, which closed in the whole dwelling. This garden, of course, could not have been very spacious, but it was elegant and ornamental, adorned with statues, a refreshing fountain, the plants and flowers peculiar to the country adding no little to the delight of the luxurious proprietor. It will be seen from this description, the apartments of a house belonging to a person of distinction were all on the ground floor. Around this building above described were chambers let as shops like those we see at the present day, composed of walls with the front open to the streets; also, no doubt, leased to tenants, one evidently to a baker, as the implements of his trade were discovered. These shops and dwellings had separate entrances from the side street, not interfering with the proprietor of the mansion. In examining these shops, we almost expect the artizan to re-appear and resume his trade.

Not inferior in interest to the house of Panza, and even more ornamental in decoration, is the house of Sallust, in the street leading from the gate of Herculaneum to the Forum. Though of small proportion, the several rooms to the right of the atrium

were peculiarly elegant, two of these cabinets were paved with marble, the walls partly lined with the same material, and adorned with admirable paintings still in fresh preservation. A niche contained a small image, a gold vase, and twelve bronze medals of the reign of Vespasian; and near this spot were found eight small bronze pillars, supposed to have formed part of a bed. In the adjoining lane, four skeletons were discovered, apparently a female and her attendant slaves; perhaps the occupant of this elegant apartment. Near her lay several ornaments of gold, and five massive bracelets. A beautiful fresco of Actæon covers nearly the whole wall of the court.

I visited with increased interest a large house recently excavated; the paintings, as might be supposed, were fresh and brilliant. The walls were chiefly covered with drawings of animals, lions, tigers, bulls, horses, and wild beasts in pursuit of their prey. A Neapolitan artist was seated opposite the paintings, and copying them accurately. This is generally done immediately after the excavation of a house is finished.

We next visited the excavations actually making; there was unusual bustle, for the Empress of Russia was expected, and a house was clearing out for her inspection. A workman threw down his spade, wiped with a wet cloth the wall from which the ashes were shovelled, and showed us at once paintings similar to those we had just seen. A little sphynx in *terra cotta*, was dug up in my presence; but it is impossible to purchase anything: all such matters are immediately secured for the museum.

On examining a handful of the stuff cleared away,

we found that it resembled the finest ashes, the particles being small, quite soft, and easily removed. Pompeii was not destroyed by an eruption of lava, but by a suffocating shower of ashes and cinders, and even liquid matter, which in the course of a week covered the city, penetrating every dwelling, and filling up every crevice. The consistence of the matter, and its nature, accounts for the preservation of the buildings and their contents; and the length of time which it must have required to cover Pompeii with twelve feet of ashes, enabled the majority of the inhabitants to escape, although great numbers must have perished. The skulls of skeletons were found in the streets, which had been fractured by big stones projected from Vesuvius, five miles distant.

The public buildings consist of baths in admirable preservation; they are spacious, splendidly decorated, and arranged in excellent taste. The round apartment is specially deserving of attention; paintings, frescoes, and carved figures adorned them, and glass windows were found there, as were glass utensils in the city. Although after the Roman Thermæ the Pompeian baths appear small, still they were in proportion to the relative size and grandeur of the cities, equally elegant and convenient.

The theatres are in form perfect; the seats and stage remain; perhaps the inhabitants, giddy in pursuit of pleasure, were here seated under a brilliant sky when the earth rocked beneath, or the volcano burst upon their heads. One theatre, the largest, was without a roof originally, and may have held about 5,000 persons. There are no remains of the marble which is said to have adorned it. The small theatre in the same quarter of the city was roofed. The

amphitheatre is at some distance, and would contain 10,000 persons.

As might be expected, the public buildings are clustered around the Forum; accordingly here were the temples, theatres, basilica, market.

From the city gate by which we entered, we proceed through the principal street to the Forum, a large space when the size of the city is considered. This area, which was covered with slabs of marble, presents the grandest view to be seen in Pompeii. Here are columns—some entire, others broken, some standing, others prostrate—ruined temples and pedestals, and at the north-east corner was a triumphal arch. Just as you enter the Forum on the right, stand the majestic ruins of the temple of Jupiter. You must ascend a flight of steps, and then, seated on the platform in front of the portico, survey the Forum—repeople it with the votaries of pleasure, or superstition, or the angry litigants pressing to the hall of justice; and gaze upon the volcano which overwhelmed a thoughtless people, busied in the exciting pursuits of life.

Crossing the Forum to our left, we reach a building kept locked, and fancifully called the Pantheon; it is curious in this respect, that in the centre stand twelve pillars around an altar; in the row of buildings within this enclosure were lodged the priests, a numerous body of impostors. Walking to the extremity of the Forum, and turning to our right, we are led at once into the ruins of the Basilica, or hall of justice. The size of this building astonished me; it is 230 feet long and 80 broad, of magnificent dimensions, sustained by splendid columns, with the Prætor's throne still visible. In nothing were the ancients

more careful than in the administration of justice, which was attended with much pomp and dignity. Here we have an example in a provincial town of the empire, of a hall of justice such as exists not in the length of the Peninsula in modern times. Justice anciently did really exist, and was administered with purity, and with external splendour. The thing called justice in modern Italy, (excepting Tuscany and in cases not political Lombardy,) was and is, a vile mixture of corruption and chicanery, and accordingly it is administered in the dark, and in meanness, while those engaged in the fraud are regarded by the rest of society as cheats and knaves, or as disgraced by their occupation. There is not in the British empire such a hall of justice as that which adorned Pompeii. As to the temples, the largest (near the theatres) is that erected to Hercules; the form is traceable, but the pillars and roof are gone.

The little temple of Isis is more interesting;—it is complete in form, divisions, and arrangement. I relished the visit exceedingly, because I got from behind into the secret shrine, where the crafty priests played off their rogueries upon the people. A number of articles appertaining to the worship of Isis were discovered, and the skeleton of a priest, who, true to his craft, clutched in his knavish hand a bag of money—his God—while he left behind the sacred things of Isis, whose virtues doubtless he thoroughly understood. About this temple several skeletons were found, which proves the worship of Isis was popular; her statue was turned up, and it is evident several of her priests met the fate they deserved. From the ornaments, relics, articles of every description of household utility and decoration, down to

the lady's toilet found, we can understand how the flourishing city was overtaken by sudden ruin in the midst of the enjoyment of a luxurious existence. A third part of Pompeii is now restored to light, and wants but the people to complete the reality.

You pass from the theatres into a spacious market, then issue through the gate nearest the railway, by which the visitor ought not for the first time to enter. With respect to the size of Pompeii, its greatest length was not a mile, its breadth half a mile, its area about 160 acres. It was protected by a wall and six gates. The situation of Pompeii was excellent, and close to the shore of the sea. The guide will point out to the stranger rings to which vessels, he says, were moored; it is now half a mile inland, and the river Sarnus is dwindled to a rill. These changes, however great, are not surprising, considering the nature of the soil, and the revolutions it has undergone.

There are now nearly 100 houses uncovered; under any other government the whole city might have been excavated, but from the Neapolitan sway no good thing can be expected.

Upon a review of the city, so far as the habits of domestic life are laid open to our view, we can decide that our comforts and domestic enjoyments are immeasurably superior to those possessed by the buried inhabitants of Pompeii. It surprised me to find so few persons visiting Pompeii, remembering we were near to one of the most populous cities in the world. The Neapolitans would not relish the profound silence of the Street of Tombs. It is the deathlike solitude of Pompeii which impresses the mind with awe. The city of the dead we feel it to be; and in turning each

corner, we would almost expect spectres to present their shadowy forms, and reproach us for intruding on their solitary domains.

It is not possible to enjoy a cheerful spirit in traversing Pompeii ; whatever we behold in this strange place reminds us of an awful catastrophe. We look up to Vesuvius, and lo, the volcano still shoots forth its burning matter. We know not whether the fair cities at its base may not be overwhelmed as Herculaneum was, by a fiery torrent. The natural phenomenon engrosses our attention; we gaze on the brilliant sky, the glorious bay, the voluptuous city. We may force our attention on the curious objects of exhumed Pompeii ; but to Vesuvius we must again and again turn, and we look upon its crater vomiting lava, and fiery stones, and ashes, with wonder and with terror.

Herculaneum presents to the eye of the curious but little, in comparison with Pompeii; yet what we do see in the open air, because not extensive, is more accurately examined and remembered. Descending as if into a square garden, we have before us all on which the light of heaven shines. Even after Pompeii, the remains of the few houses here visible, with their frescoes and paintings, are deeply interesting. I found, when unequal to the fatigue of traversing the streets of Pompeii, this remnant of Herculaneum afforded an agreeable substitute.

The theatre, many feet underneath the town of Portici, is the chief object of attraction. A gallery or subterranean passage has been cut through the mass of matter which overwhelmed Herculaneum; along which passage, by the help of torches, we grope our way till we reach the orchestra. The seats and form

of this vast theatre are visible. Many valuable statues were here discovered, and some admirable pieces of sculpture.

Very extensive excavations were made since 1713, when Herculaneum was discovered; the most successful in the time of Charles, King of Spain. The museum we have described was furnished, chiefly from this city, with a prodigious variety of all the ornamental and useful articles of life; and also, as already remarked, the Papyri manuscripts. When the treasures of antiquity were extracted, the excavations were again filled up, except those preserving the approach to the benches of the theatre.

The mass of matter we actually see, pressing down the city of Herculaneum, is a dark grey stone, brittle, and easily cut through; and as this substance did not adhere to foreign bodies, marbles and bronzes were preserved; and, it is said, exact models of statues were frequently found in this composition.

Herculaneum may have suffered from the eruption which burned Pompeii, but torrents of lava and subsequent successive eruptions have heaped a mass of matter to a depth of from 70 to 112 feet over the unfortunate city, which it is impossible to remove. Sir W. Hamilton asserts no less than six eruptions of lava aided in overwhelming Herculaneum.

Portici is built over Herculaneum, no doubt in ignorance of its site; and when we emerge into daylight, and look above and around us, the conviction is forced upon our minds that Portici provokes a similar fate—that again the earth may yawn, or the tempest of destruction burst from the volcanic mountain, and cities disappear.

CHAPTER V.

Ascent of Vesuvius.—The Appearance of the Volcano from Naples. Ride through Fields of Lava to the Hermitage.—The Lazzaroni Chairmen.—National Manners practically exhibited in a Quarrel. Ascent over Volcanic Ashes.—Base of the Cone.—Experiments in the Molten Lava.—Eruptions.—The Crater as described by Addison.—Projectile Power of the Volcano.—Changes in the Size and Formation of Vesuvius.—A certain mode of checking an Eruption.—Sir William Hamilton's Theory of the Origin and Growth of Volcanic Mountains.

THE ascent of Vesuvius I hesitated to attempt, fearing want of strength for the task; but tempted by a cheerful party on a summer day in February, I set out on an excursion which promised so much pleasure and instruction. During my residence in Naples, I had never one night retired to rest without gazing from the balcony on Vesuvius; it never ceased to vomit forth fiery matter, and at night the volcano appeared in its terrible grandeur, shooting up from the summit a bright flame, while down the side streamed the lava, which in the darkness appeared like molten gold trickling from the crater. The beautiful villas, smiling vineyards, and flourishing towns, near and around the burning mountain, may in a moment be swept away in a whirlwind of destruction, such as must overtake the earth in its final doom.

Vesuvius is six miles from Naples; driving about three miles we meet the horses and donkeys, and begin

the ascent. At first the ride is very agreeable; wherever vegetation prevails in this glorious climate it is luxurious and abundant, and such is the vegetation we behold up to the spot where the lava has reached. The base of Vesuvius is covered by the vineyards which produce the pleasant wine called Lachryma Christi.

The ascent is gradual, and there is time and opportunity to look about—villages, solitary houses, vineyards, are passed, and we turn into what may be properly described as a vast field of lava. Suddenly we are in the midst of arid desolation. The change is startling, the ground we now tread was fertile as that behind us. It has been for ever withered, not a green thing is visible: all the works of man and productions of nature have alike been blasted. The colour of the lumps of lava which lie in ugly heaps over the ground through which our path winds, varies in proportion to its age. The guides announce the period of each eruption, as denoted by the appearance of the lava around. The older it is, the more earthy it is in appearance, but the matter flung out of the volcano a century ago is still what we suppose to be fresh, although, in fact, the colour it exhibits is that natural to this destructive substance.

The activity of Vesuvius far exceeds that of Ætna; there were great eruptions in 1794, 1805, 1813, 1822, 1831; and while I was in its contiguity, smoke, more generally flame, or volleys of ignited stone, were projected into the air. Flashes of lightning vary the darkness of the smoke, while sulphureous vapours are emitted.

Sometimes this lava is poured out from the crater of the volcano; at other times the fiery liquid cannot

boil up to the mouth of the crater, then it bursts forth from cavities in the flanks of the mountain and pours into the plain. This we see at the present moment. The lava moves slowly but with irresistible force. When congealed, as it is in the tracks we now traverse, it becomes hard and heavy like congealed mud. The lava annihilates every particle of vegetable matter it touches, being impregnated with sulphuric and muriatic acid. Thus our path winds through a desolate waste.

It is possible, by a circuitous route, to drive up to the Hermitage, where parties generally rest and refresh themselves on their descent from the crater; but this approach deprives the stranger of the interesting ride through fields of lava, more appropriate in ascending the volcanic mountain; but having reached the hermitage, we must conclude our ride and toil up the steep ascent to the base of the cone of Vesuvius. Here a difficulty would arise to individuals, who, like myself, could not undergo the fatigue; but a simple contrivance has been resorted to, namely, an arm-chair resting on poles, which, borne by four stout lazzaroni, carries up the invalid in safety, though certainly not in ease, to the summit. About a mile from the station alluded to, the chairs await with porters, guides, and poles. Looking up, we perceived the steep sides of the mountain were covered thickly with ashes, and in touching the substance, the foot sank down deep into the soft yielding mass. The labour of ploughing through this stuff is very great; the strongest young men of our party frequently sank down. For myself, seated in the chair, I was dragged up for a time quietly enough, till two half-naked fellows rushed forward, instantly laid hold of the poles of my chair, and tried

to wrest them from my leaders. A fight began, each ruffian had a stick, and they struck one another with the utmost violence on the head; blood spouted forth; I shouted, and laid on the combatants with my cane. No more regard was paid to me than if I were a lump of lava in the chair, which was tossed about according to the fluctuations of the contest. The battle ended, the miscreants bound handkerchiefs round their heads, and proceeded during the remainder of the ascent peaceably.

The contest had been to decide who should be the bearers. They received a dollar for three quarters of an hour's work—a prize in this country—hence the battle, which I was informed was quite a usual occurrence.

When it was possible to look about, I saw the face of the mountain to our right was covered with lumps of congealed lava, lying in broken masses over its surface, and over which one or two individuals slowly picked their way. The lazzaroni prefer toiling up through the ashes, which covered the side of the mountain where we were. As we approached the summit, I saw soldiers with fixed bayonets, being the guard placed here, and absolutely necessary for the preservation of peace, if not of life.

Deposited to my great joy on the edge of the ascent, I felt at once a great heat; perceiving immediately no cause for it. A person thrust into my hand a white stout stick, and demanded a paul; he then took it from me, ran a little way before me, and pressed it into the soil and drew it out on fire. I found myself in an extensive plain of lava poured out, and pouring from, the side of Vesuvius. The colour of the lava near me was black, but thrusting the stick

down, it yielded easily to the pressure, and the red fire appeared through the orifice. A little further on the lava was moving very slowly, like thick mud rolling down the hill. As we advanced, the heat became greater, and it varied according as our path lay along the layers of fresh lava. There was a large, comparatively level plain, before and up to the base of the cone, which led to the crater. To get over to its base, fields of hot lava must be crossed; and in some places the heat was oppressive. There were little elevations scattered over this plain, on which the guides would lead us to stand and look around. A number of professional beggars persecute the stranger, and prevent him enjoying one moment's peace. Some roast eggs in the lava; others dip a coin, and raise it imbedded in the volcanic matter, which soon hardened like a crust, retaining the coin firmly. Others thrust in sticks, and brandish them in the air on fire; some drag the stranger to look through a crevice at the fiery matter underneath. This burning torrent, which produced the appearances we beheld, rushed not from the crater, but from the sides of the conical mountain, and was brightly visible from Naples in the darkness of the night.

Now we got near the crater. The beauty of Vesuvius as a mountain, so conspicuous at a distance, disappears. The ascent to the crater looks as if covered with brick-dust and rubbish; in fact, the sugar-loaf mountain we so admire from afar, when close to it is a heap of dirt. But what a phenomenon was now before us; every instant there shot forth from the crater of the volcano columns of smoke, then flame, then volleys of red stones were hurled into the air! The sound which accompanied

these eruptions was like a thundering underneath the awful mountain. Sometimes I. thought a huge bellows was at work, or an immense steam engine in motion. The fiery matter was projected straight up into the air; there was not a breath of wind, and the greater part of the ignited stones seemed to fall back into the yawning cavern. It is not possible in such a scene to divest the mind of a sensation of terror; thousands have visited in safety this volcano, still might a sudden destruction overtake us where we presumptuously stood, in one instant. The fate of Pompeii recurred to our minds; and the ruin of the splendid cities now lying around the base of the volcano seemed not merely possible but probable. We stood gazing on this amazing phenomenon with mingled sensations of wonder and terror; but none of our party ascended to the crater, nor did the guides then recommend it; not having myself seen the mouth of the volcano, I shall borrow the description given by Addison as he saw it.

"After we had with much ado conquered the hill, we reached the present mouth of Vesuvius, that goes shelving down on all sides a hundred yards deep, as near as we could guess, and three or four hundred in diameter, for it seems a perfect round. This vast hollow is generally filled with smoke; but, by the advantage of a wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and distinct sight of it. The sides all over stained with various colours, and several rocks standing out of them, that look like pure brimstone. The bottom was entirely covered; and though we looked narrowly, we could see nothing like a hole in it: the smoke breaking through several imperceptible cracks in many places. The very middle was firm ground when we saw it, as we concluded from the stones we flung upon it, and I

question not, but one might then have crossed the bottom and have gone up on the other side of it with very little danger, unless from some accidental breath of wind. In the late eruption, this great hollow was like a vast cauldron filled with glowing and melted matter, which, as it boiled over in any part, run down the sides of the mountain, and made five great rivers of lava. In proportion as the heat slackened, this burning matter subsided within the bowels of the mountain, and sinking leisurely, had time to cake together and form the bottom which covers the mouth of that dreadful vault that lies underneath it."

The projectile power of this volcano is prodigious; it is said large stones have been cast to the height of nearly 4000 feet above the crater; and no doubt in the lumps of lava we now see laying about, pieces of stone are often involved and hardened; many of the lumps are so much bigger than the rest as to resemble rocks. The mountain has two tops, one only of which is properly Vesuvius, the other Somma; and many think what we call Somma was the ancient Vesuvius. It is during the ascent we perfectly see the two summits and their relative proportions. Although it is so tedious a task to reach the top of this mountain, its perpendicular height is but 3,700 feet; nor should we forget that the shape, and size, and aspect of this volcanic mountain have changed, and will continue to change somewhat in every great eruption. This is easily accounted for—the mass of lava, ashes, stones, flung out from time to time and thrown down the sides of the mountain must alter its bulk and form, and we must expect it to grow bigger every day.

The descent is comparatively easy, although the fine ashes or powdered lava is the most disagreeable substance through which any man ever walked. Heartily

fatigued, we rested some hours in the hermitage, and returned to Naples after dark; boys lit torches and ran before the carriages, and we enjoyed the awful spectacle of the burning mountain, which appeared from our position to blaze with uncommon fury. It is at night the energetic English youths climb the mountain, and no doubt the volcanic fire then seems to burn intensely; but I should not recommend the invalid to attempt the ascent of Vesuvius either by day or night without the express permission of his physician.

The best description of the eruptions from Vesuvius, and of the nature of volcanic mountains, and the character of the country around Naples, is that drawn up by Sir W. Hamilton* in his splendid work entitled *Campi Phlegræi*, a book very scarce and not portable. In March 1764, Hamilton saw a great eruption of lava from the side of the mountain; large stones thrown on the lava did not sink but floated on the surface. The current ran with amazing velocity, equal to the Severn near Bristol. The same gentleman witnessed the eruption of 1766.

In 1767, a little mountain was formed within the ancient crater of Vesuvius, which in eight months grew 155 feet; it was perforated, and served as the chimney of the volcano. *This, Hamilton thinks, was the way in which the whole of Mount Vesuvius as we now behold it has been formed,* and thus may the

* This gentleman was British ambassador at Naples, of whom Gibbon in his autobiography has remarked:—"I was presented to the boy King, by our new envoy, Sir William Hamilton, who wisely diverting his correspondence from the Secretary of State to the Royal Society, and British Museum, has elucidated a country of such inestimable value to the naturalist and antiquarian" The numerous plates add greatly to the value of this work.

various irregular strata in the neighbourhood of volcanoes have been made. Sir William Hamilton saw the smoke issuing from Vesuvius form into the shape of a huge pine tree, just as Pliny describes in his letter to Tacitus. This column of smoke bent with the wind, and reached twenty-eight miles, to Capriæ. It is curious that white smoke always accompanies lava. In October of this year, 1767, he writes:—

"I was making my observations on the lava, standing on the mountain, when on a sudden I heard a violent noise within the mountain: the sides split open. From this new mouth a fountain of liquid fire shot up many feet high, and then, like a torrent, rolled on directly towards us. It seemed as if the mountain would split in pieces; and indeed it opened this night almost from the top to the bottom. The mob in Naples on this occasion set fire to the Cardinal Archbishop's gate, because he refused to bring out the relics of Saint Januarius. Cinders and ashes fell in quantities in Naples. In the midst of these horrors, the mob, growing tumultuous and impatient, obliged the Cardinal to bring out the head of Saint Januarius, and go with it in a procession to the Porta Maddalena, at the extremity of Naples towards Vesuvius; and it is well attested here, that the eruption ceased the moment the saint came in sight of the mountain; the noise ceased about the same time. The lava ran six miles—in one place two miles broad—and filled the Fosse Grande 200 feet deep. Forked zigzag lightning shot from a vast column of ashes, the smoke of all volcanoes being pregnant with electric fire. Vesuvius itself has risen 2,000 feet in the same manner that Monte Nuovo has risen."

Our author's theory is, that mountains are produced by volcanoes, and not volcanoes by mountains, and that Vesuvius has so been formed by degrees; and this he rests on the nature of the soil that covers the ancient

towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the interior an dexterior of Monte Nuovo,* with the sort of materials of which it is composed.

"The ancients (writes Hamilton in describing Vesuvius) never mentioned two mountains. Monte Somma was of volcanic origin; but that now so called was, I believe, that which the ancients called Vesuvius. Its outside form is conical; its inside is like a great theatre. The eruption in Pliny's time threw down, I suppose, that part of the cone next the sea, which would have left it in its present state; and I also believe that the conical mountain, or existing Vesuvius, has been raised by succeeding eruptions: all my observations confirm this opinion.

"There is no virgin soil in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius; and different strata of erupted matter are to be met with even to a great depth below the level of the sea. In short, I have not any doubt but that this volcano took its rise from the bottom of the sea: and, as the whole plain between Vesuvius and the mountains behind Caserta (which is the best part of the Campagna Felice) is, under its good soil, composed of burnt matter, I imagine the sea to have washed the feet of these mountains until the subterraneous fires began to operate at a period of remote antiquity. The soil on which Naples stands—all the high grounds, Pausilipo, Puzzoli, Baiæ, Misena, Procida, and Ischia—appear to have been raised by explosion. Their conical shape can be traced."

When we consider the way in which Monte Nuovo was formed almost recently; it is difficult to resist the conclusion of Sir W. Hamilton formed an accurate examination, and supported by analogies, that Vesuvius ancient and modern has grown up under the influence of volcanic fire.

* See an account of the way in which the Monte Nuovo was formed, in the chapter on the Phlegræan fields.

CHAPTER VI.

EXCURSION.

Stabiæ, modern Castellamare. — Sorrento, and the surrounding country described.—Capri and the Blue Cave.

A FAVOURITE summer residence of the volatile Neapolitans is built upon the site of the ancient Stabiæ, of which no trace is now discernible. It shared the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and is memorable as the scene of the death of Pliny, who perished on the shore from suffocation caused by the noxious and sulphureous vapours which prevailed during the terrible eruption from Vesuvius. The sea has receded from Castel a mar di Stabiæ as from Pompeii; the modern town is however on the shore, and has, from its situation and the surrounding scenery, much to recommend it. The town is skirted by wooded mountains, intersected by shaded roads, and bridle paths, the rides through which are delightful. Here, while the sun shines too brightly for exposure to its rays, one may ride for hours, along cool and pleasant paths opening out frequently into noble prospects of wood, mountain, and sea. The commencement of the ascent, is by a spacious road lined at each side with magnificent timber, and leading to the summer palace of the king, in a commanding

situation, but very simple in its arrangement. These wooded mountains are studded with villas and villages, and the English who may be condemned to a summer residence in Italy would possibly find exercise more practicable, and as many enjoyments here as in any other part of the Peninsula. The hotel is tolerable, and one hour's drive conducts the traveller to Pompeii: so he has varied and abundant enjoyments within reach. There is a little haven formed by a mole at Castellamare, where they pretend to build vessels of war, but their chief business consists in the cutting and exporting fire-wood to Naples.

But Sorrento invites the traveller to share its delights. Six miles to the south-east of Castellamare stands what was the abode of Tasso, at the edge of a bold cliff overlooking the beautiful bay. What a drive! The road constructed by the Neapolitan Government reflects the highest credit on the skill of the engineer; there is nothing to equal it in this kingdom. It runs along the mountain-side, and is frequently cut through ledges of rock. The structure is excellent, resembling the best of the roads in Switzerland, but unlike them in this respect, that with mountain views on the one hand, upon the other, this road commands views of the loveliest bay in the world. The distance between Sorrento and Castellamare is occupied by romantically-situated towns and villas, which, with the mountains and the bay, and the groves of oranges, lemons, and myrtles, present a prospect which must be seen to be understood, for it cannot in suitable language be described.

This side of the Bay of Naples affords a singular contrast to the loneliness and wretchedness of the districts around Baiæ, and an excursion to the pro-

montory opposite, Capri, exhibits the richness, luxuriant fertility, and fascinating beauty of Italian scenery, more than any other around Naples. No doubt, the charm with which the inhabitant of the cold north beholds nature in glorious perfection spreading before his eyes her innumerable attractions, is enhanced by the brilliant sky above him, which lights up every object with cloudless splendour.

We stopped when it was impossible to drive further, except into the sea. From a terrace on the summit of a cliff, we looked down upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean, towards Capri, shooting its perpendicular sides into the air—the opposite coast—and lastly, towards Naples, shining in the sun. Could we wonder that here poetic genius loved to dwell? Turning into the hotel, we found it called the Tasso, and a good bust of the immortal poet appropriately adorned the saloon. They insist this mansion was the birth-place of the poet, that it was originally built on the site of an ancient temple, and that the chamber in which Tasso was born tumbled over the cliff into the sea. This last assertion is very probable, for some of the existing apartments rest on the edge of the cliff now propped up by buttresses, which, giving way, would hurry the superstructure down with them; but while it stands, let us enjoy the view of those scenes, the contemplation of which fed the youthful genius of one of the greatest of poets. They here tell you that when the father of Torquato Tasso came to Sorrento, delighted with its situation, he exclaimed:—

"L'aria si sereno, si temperato, si salutifero,
Si vitale che gl' uomini che senza provar
Altro cielo ci vivono sono quasi immortali!"

Although I cannot believe the inhabitants "flourish in immortal youth," yet I can well conceive the general healthfulness of its climate, while all admit the singular beauty of its situation. The sea, unruffled by a breath, tempted us to venture, in a "bauble boat, upon her patient breast." The descent to the shore led us along winding passages between high walls, of which character are most of the streets, and even the roads around Sorrento. The boatmen rowed to the cave of what they amusingly designate Polyphemus, a short way up the coast. It is easily entered in a small boat, and spacious within; but, undoubtedly, this is not the cave wherein the artful Ulysses avenged himself on the hungry giant—

> "Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis
> Intus opaca, ingens."

In proceeding along the coast, the ruins of ancient buildings are plainly visible, at the bottom of the sea, through waters clear as crystal. The sea gained on the shore in this region, and ruined many famous temples, as that of Ceres which once adorned the promontory of Sorrento, standing on its edge. There are no classical ruins of any consequence, however, now remaining on the shore. A delightful excursion may be made on mules to St. Agata, on the summit of the mountain a few miles distant. The approach to it gives an excellent idea of this singular country. There is no carriage road, except the excellent one described leading to Castellamare. The passages across the mountains, consist of mule-paths, often resembling flights of stone steps, up and down which these sagacious creatures find their way in perfect safety. The paths leading up to the mountains, and parallel to the town of Sorrento, lie between high

walls, either used as enclosures, or to prop up the soil. Over these walls peep the orange trees, their branches laden with golden fruit, and at intervals we catch glimpses of the beautiful scenery which unfolds itself more fully as we ascend.

From the height of St. Agata there is a glorious prospect of the whole Piano di Sorrento—its villages, churches, groves, are in February rich in foliage. But the peculiar charm of this road consists in the striking prospect of the Bay of Naples at one side, and the Gulf of Salerno at the other. We are sufficiently elevated on the promontory to command both. A view so unequalled in grandeur should on no account be omitted.

A walk of one half mile conducts the traveller to a height, whence looking into the Bay of Salerno, he may behold some rocks, called Islands of the Syrens, where certain mischievous ladies loved to dwell, and employ their sweet Italian voices, to lure the hapless mariner to ruin—

> "Monstra maris Sirenes erant quæ voce canora,
> Quamlibet admissas detinuere rates."

But the true Syrens were certainly not here. I found Sorrento was not all sunshine; on a second visit to it in March, the weather was severe, stormy, and bitterly cold; the suddenness of the change in temperature, with the prevalence of high winds, render the Neapolitan climate one requiring peculiar caution; the invalid will, assuredly, feel the greatest care to be essential.

A principal object on this visit was to see the Isle of Capri and the Blue Cave. An agreeable party were seated at an early hour in a six-oared boat, and started full of hope; but we had scarce rowed three

miles when the sea grew a little rough, and some ladies a little sick; so one division preferred to land at Massa, and return across the country on mules to Sorrento, while the General (who wisely remarked on the absurdity of ladies allowing themselves to become indisposed on a pleasure trip) with my Oxford friend, and his courageous lady, resolutely persevered, and were rewarded for their determination; the wind abated, the waves subsided, and they got into the Blue Cave, returning to Sorrento before seven o'clock, affecting extravagant raptures for the thing their disappointed companions did not see.

I am not sure, however, that the day on shore was not spent quite as agreeably. The author of the *Improvisatore* has described the Witch's Cave in a poetic manner. In the more temperate pages of Mr. Addison, we have an excellent description of the Isle of Capri as he saw it, and of the many grottoes on its sea-washed sides.

"Just opposite stands the green promontory of Sorrentum, and on the other side the whole circuit of the Bay of Naples. This prospect, according to Tacitus, was more agreeable before the burning of Vesuvius—that mountain probably, which after the first eruption looked like a great pile of ashes, was in Tiberius's time shaded with woods and vineyards."

Addison describes a slip of land between the eastern and western mountains, as the pleasantest spot he had seen. Remains of antiquity or art were but scanty, owing to the demolition of the buildings raised by Tiberius after his decease by the infuriated Romans. In sailing round Capri, this agreeable writer saw several caves or grottoes, formed by the breaking of the waves upon the cliff.

"I entered one which the inhabitants call *grotto oscuro*; and after the light of the sun was a little worn off, my eyes could see all the parts of it distinctly by a glimmering reflection that played upon them from the surface of the water. The mouth is low and narrow, but having entered pretty far in, the grotto opens itself on both sides in an oval figure of 100 yards from one extremity to the other. The roof is vaulted, and distils fresh water from every part of it. The inhabitants who have heard of Tiberius's grottoes will have this to be one of them; but many reasons prove it to be natural."

From this narrative it may be concluded, the discovery of the Blue Grotto was not so surprising as represented; nay, that it may have been known before the period in which it is stated, in a note appended to p. 151 of the *Improvisatore*, to have been first thoroughly explored by two German students.

In calm weather, the excursion to Capri and the Blue Grotto, is most exhilarating and delightful.

CHAPTER VII.

Excursion by Nocera to La Cava.—The Convent described.—Salerno, its School of Surgery.—The Temples at Pæstum.—Amalfi and the Pandects.—Conclusion.

"Biferique rosaria Pæsti."

HAVING enjoyed a few days' sight-seeing in Naples, we gladly resumed our excursions; and on a sunny morning started by railway to Nocera, where an open carriage awaited our arrival. Our drive to La Cava was agreeable—the weather rather too warm, the road good, and full of life and bustle.

We had intended remaining the first day in the new and spacious hotel near La Cava. But, although the house resembled a palace, and stood in a beautiful situation, yet, when entered and examined, it seemed as if it had been shut up for the winter, that visitors were no longer expected, and that a fire suddenly kindled would hardly dispel the chilling atmosphere in the tiled, deserted chambers. So we departed for Salerno. Visitors are not expected at these summer hotels so early as February and March; and the traveller had better betake himself to the neighbouring towns, and thence make his excursions.

The extreme beauty of the surrounding country, and the celebrity of the ancient monastery of La Cava, made us resolve on retracing our steps the ensuing

day, in order fully to explore the district. The descent to Salerno, by a capital road recently improved and enlarged, is highly interesting. A spacious, noble bay, inferior to that of Naples only because it wants the islands which lend the latter so great a charm; the shore extending round the base of lofty mountains in a curve, Salerno rising from the coast to the heights behind, and glistening in the sun—combine to refresh the eye of the traveller, although wearied in beholding the glorious scenery, by sea and land, of this wonderful country. We were quickly settled, exactly opposite the bay; the view of which alone repaid the fatigue of our journey. There is constant variety in such a place as Salerno, were it only in observing the costume, manners, and civilization of its mixed population. The old cathedral possesses, of course, pictures and statues, and tombs of the great; but it resembles the churches of Naples, is conceived in the like bad taste, exhibiting the usual jumble of styles.

The next day we enjoyed a delightful ride to La Cava; diverging from the road, we ascended a wooded mountain for two miles, and then reached the celebrated convent. This venerable pile has stood for ages, was respected even by Napoleon—and contains a precious collection of ancient manuscripts and books, the preservation of which was made the condition of its existence by the French tyrant. The ladies of our party were permitted to enter the church only; but a gentleman appeared, who politely conducted me over this ancient establishment. I saw the libraries, antiquities—refectory—in fact, every part of the building. The brethren who occupy this convent are gentlemen by birth, education, and manners; their

dress is simple black, that of the Benedictines: they are not imprisoned for life, but walk out when they please, visit the poor or the gentry, and occasionally the metropolis. These gentlemen are not to be confounded with the fanatics called Capuchins and Franciscans, who prowl about the country and prey on the credulity of a superstitious people.

Returning to the church, I found two of the brethren conversing politely with the ladies of my party. It was proposed we should hear the fine organ of the chapel play; the noble instrument yielded some deep tones, and involuntarily the heart seconded in silent worship, the solemn music of the church.

The gentleman who conducted me over the convent said, he wished to visit Paris and England. I asked, would that be permitted? he replied, permission was occasionally granted to travel. The speaker was a fine young man of thirty-five. I ventured to inquire how long he had been in the convent; he answered with a sigh twenty years. I remarked his was a tranquil life. "True," he replied, "but monotonous." It was evident a listless, apathetic humour possessed him. In this monastery, wasting their existence, were buried a number of fine young men who might do honour to their country, while they secured their own happiness. With all the superior advantages of such a monastery as La Cava, I believe the inmates were and must be unhappy. It seemed extraordinary that one of these gentlemen should venture to express strong patriotic sentiments, and an anxious wish for the regeneration of Italy. I inquired how did he expect that to be accomplished, and heard the reply with sorrow—*by the French.* After a lengthened visit, refreshments were politely

offered, and we departed highly pleased with our visit to the celebrated monastery of La Cava. On our return down the valley by another route, we were enabled to appreciate the beauty of the situation in which this convent stood. A dashing river rolls past its walls; wood, and dell, and pasture, and vineyards surround it, and a mountain rises opposite, covered with foliage, and dotted with dwellings, which, in the distance, forms a bright and charming aspect. There are agreeable walks in every direction—a cool refreshing air prevails; and there are views as various and romantic as could be desired by the enthusiastic lover of nature.

On the morning of the 13th February, we prepared for our excursion to Pæstum. A carriage with four strong horses abreast was procured, and at an early hour we started. The country around Salerno is fertile and pleasant—hills clad with olive groves, orchards and corn-fields, gladden the eye; but no particular description can I venture to give of it beyond the suburbs; for a cold so intense, set suddenly in that it was impossible to look out. The biting wind which now blew, lasted exactly three days; a short period, but sufficient to sweep off a section of the population. There had been heavy rains recently, and the rivers were swollen, with every prospect of increasing, from the melting of the snow on the mountains. We reached the Sele, a turbid river, over which there is no bridge, consequently carriage, and horses, and men, and mules, are carried across in a *pont volant*, a most unpleasant operation. One grim Charon growled forth, if we were going to Pæstum, we had better return quickly, for should the river swell, the boat would not stir.

We galloped away rapidly, the country becoming by degrees more and more desolate and waste: at last it seemed as if we had reached a wilderness; here our coachman, at a distance of twenty-eight miles from Salerno, drew up. What a contrast to the beauty and fertility of Sorrento now met the eye; so far as it could extend lay a dismal waste, seeming as if for ever withered by a scourge from God.

I looked towards the sea, and between us and the ever blue Mediterranean, scarce half a mile distant, stood the majestic ruins we longed so much to behold. Ruins I ought not to call them. Solid, massive temples rose up before our eyes; lodged in the ground so firmly, as to appear likely to stand erect till the disruption of all things. At the first glance I imagined them to be perfect, and looked about for the grand city which they adorned, and the crowds which thronged their sacred precincts. Alas! the city—the people, civilization, health, have vanished! Unbroken solitude, wide-spread misery, and pestilential malaria have succeeded. Here in this place of desolation are the grand and solemn ruins of three temples, perfect except as to the roof; the pillars of such prodigious, yet graceful strength, as to bid defiance to the ravages of time. It is impossible to behold this scene without a feeling of awe; these relics of a religion gone from the face of the earth, stand as they stood 1800 years ago. A sickly guide conducted us; a group of miserable, half-naked mendicants surrounded us. Every body we beheld wore the aspect of famine and despair. We proceeded to an inspection of the prodigious ruins, during which the cold was so intense that no degree of muffling even with exercise could keep the body warm.

The visitor is generally conducted first to the temple of Hercules, the largest, and standing between the other two; having seen with astonishment its majestic grandeur, the others appeared comparatively inferior.

The impression produced by an examination of the front of this temple is that of wonder at the solidity and thickness of the columns, which appear as if curtailed of their original proportions, and crowded too much together. But the style is Doric, and here we have the most perfect illustration in the entire peninsula of the stern simplicity of this order of architecture. The Greek taste must have been severe when it preferred such erections. After a little, the air of heaviness wears away, and the several parts of the noble structure seem to be all in harmony, and perfection, with each other. The impression ultimately produced, is that which results from the contemplation of any object of sublimity.

I believe the columns in front are six in number, each twenty-nine feet in height, sustaining a massive entablature more than twelve feet in height, the diameter of the columns nearly seven feet, the length of the temple less than 200 feet. There is an outer and inner division; the wall of the cell has fallen. Supporting the outer peristyle is a range of the same Doric columns, fourteen in number, at each side running in an exact straight line towards the sea. All these majestic pillars are perfect as when the Greeks in their day of glory raised them. Having walked round the outer range, we enter and behold what is termed the inner peristyle; here we have two stories of little Doric columns, one above the other, with an architrave between them, nearly all perfect. The circuit of

this inner division, while it shows the smaller columns, also by contrast exhibits the strength and solid grandeur of the outer range already described.

The walls and roof have given way, but the Doric columns seem to be immortal. When this temple was perfect without, and filled with all its splendid decorations and shrine within, what a brilliant spectacle it must have represented. The heartfelt wish of the Christian visitor, however, must be, that the glorious fabric could be renovated and consecrated to the worship of Him who brought on earth peace, good will towards men.

The temple of Ceres is also a noble ruin; although inferior to that we have described, it is similar in design and proportion.

The third structure is called sometimes a temple, again a basilica; its precise use does not appear ascertained. It has nine columns in front, and differs from the adjoining temples in this remarkable respect, that it has a row of columns right down the centre of the interior, parallel to those in the side. Why this grand edifice has been named basilica I cannot surmise; it has no resemblance to the shape or form of the basilicas of ancient Rome.

The hours flew in the examination of these amazing ruins, which, whether we regard their extent, preservation, antiquity, style, and grandeur, are certainly not equalled in Italy, and it may be presumed, scarcely excelled in the world. I ought to add the material of which the temples are built:—a yellowish stone, known as *calcareous tufa;* a species of porous lime-stone, generally found in the vicinity of springs or rivers, which, although soft to cut, and easy to extract from the quarry, has the valuable property

of becoming hard from exposure to the air—consequently, lapse of time indurates it more and more; and the situation of Pæstum being remote, carriage difficult, and stone more easily and cheaply procured from the quarries, have tended to the preservation of its time-honoured and magnificent remains.

It is unprofitable to follow the guide in the examination of the city walls, and some other erections which present no definite idea to the mind. Returning to the Albergo, we found it a filthy hovel, occupied by a company of brigands in appearance; so retreating to the carriage we hastily took some refreshment, while the beggars clamoured for food, then escaping while daylight remained, re-crossed the river, and reached Salerno late and heartily fatigued by the day's exertions.

I learned then for the first time, that a guard usually attended parties to the ruins of Pæstum, in consequence of an Englishman and his bride having some ten years since been plundered and murdered while on this excursion. The assassins, who, I believe, were stimulated by a treacherous hotel keeper, were arrested and guillotined; and there is little danger now of brigands, either at Pæstum or elsewhere.*

* The story related is the following:—The landlord of the inn at Eboli, caused the murder of a newly-married English couple on their way to Pæstum from his house, where they had rested the previous night. The landlady related the particulars of this horrid catastrophe to the writer and his friend a few months afterwards, and took them to the refectory to see her murderous lord and master. This man had obtained the king's pardon by making all speed to the Royal presence to convict his accomplices, and happened to leave the palace at the moment when the British Minister was entering it for the purpose of demanding justice upon the perpetrators of the atrocity, of which he had just been informed. The delinquents, excepting this wretch who contrived the scheme, were all executed.

We should not, in quitting Salerno, fail to remember it was celebrated as a school of surgery, in the eleventh century, especially at the memorable epoch of the Crusade, when warriors, passing and re-passing between Europe and Palestine, brought from the east the knowledge of medicine, and afterwards diffused it over Europe.

In Salerno, the healing art fell after a time into the hands of the monks, who ruined it, as they do everything with which they meddle outside their convent walls. But Salerno became memorable for a rhyming composition on the preservation of health, oddly enough addressed to Robert of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror. This poem, entitled, *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*, passed through a variety of editions, and has been recently re-published at Oxford.

We must admit the advice contained in the poem is excellent, and not the worse for being old. Salerno would, at the present day, require skilful practitioners, for it is unhealthy. The harbour is exposed, and never will allow of commerce.

A pleasing excursion may be made hence by boat to Amalfi, the ancient republic, built upon the mountain top, of which Sismondi writes, that it was "illustrious for the foundation in the Holy Land of the hospital and military order of St. John of Jerusalem, for the invention of the compass, and for the preservation of the Pandects of Justinian."

This notion of the revival of the Roman law, from the alleged discovery and seizure of a copy of the Pandects by the Emperor Lotharius, at the siege of Amalfi, in 1127, is now regarded as a fiction; although it was stoutly maintained by many, that all the copies

of the Pandects known in the world are derived from this one copy so surprisingly picked up at Amalfi, then deposited at Pisa, and afterwards carried in triumph to Florence, where it is shown as a wonder.

This story was denied by able Italian writers of the eighteenth century; and, in our day, the history of Roman jurisprudence has been written with consummate ability by Savigny, who has extinguished all belief in what is rightly described by the learned as the legend of Amalfi.

I have thus, in a series of short excursions, endeavoured to take a survey of the most remarkable places around the gay and brilliant city of Naples. My feeble powers are unable fitly to describe a country famous in classic history, and familiar to the scholar through the imperishable creations of poetic genius. Nor is it less difficult to bring clearly and truly under the reader's eye those objects on which Nature has stamped her everlasting beauty. I have, myself, derived no small gratification from retracing scenes which awoke pleasing associations, dispelled gloom, inspired hope, and afforded matter for reflection through life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Disclosures of a Neapolitan Advocate.—The Criminal Code.—Courts of Law and Administration of Justice in Naples.—Ear-wigging the Judges.—Morality.—Crime, and Lawyers.—The Priests and their Practices.—Is a Reformation in the Church necessary at Naples?—Revelations of a Neapolitan Nobleman.—The Tofana Poison.—The Superstition of the Evil Eye.—Account thereof.—Miracle of Saint Januarius.—Religious Toleration exemplified in the Narrative of Facts relative to the Opening of the English Church.—Reflections.

HAVING been taught by experience the advantages to be derived from conversations with lawyers in Rome, I was anxious to become acquainted with an honest and learned member of the same profession in Naples. Without some frank and competent legal guide, I felt certain I should never arrive at a correct knowledge of the virtues or vices of the legal and political system in this country. My Oxford friend had, luckily, an introduction to such a gentleman, of which I availed myself. I cannot readily forget the first evening I passed in the company of Signor Avvocato.—The conversation turned on the originality of Milton's conception of "Paradise Lost." The Neapolitan, in correct, although somewhat antiquated English, maintained that our immortal poet had borrowed from an Italian poem which Milton had read during his visit to Italy; and insisted that not the conception only, but the chief characters of the "Paradise Lost," were taken from the heretofore unknown Italian

author—the truth of which assertion he declared would speedily be seen from the translation of the Italian poem, undertaken by an accomplished gentleman and scholar of our country. The advocate was thoroughly acquainted with our language and literature, and possessed, as might be supposed, a liberal and enlightened mind. Having made known my wishes to this valuable acquaintance, he undertook not only to procure for me the amended criminal code of Naples, but to explain its practical operation. His sensible remark was—Many things looked well on paper which were, in reality, vicious in practice. He feared there was much in the Neapolitan system of civil and criminal judicature, I must condemn as heartily as he did.

Next day I had on my table a book entitled *Leggi della Procedura ne' Giudizj penali contenute nella quarta parte del Codici, per lo Regno delle Due Sicilie.* The volume contains not only the code of 1819, but all additions and improvements since made, with a brief commentary, the whole being published by royal authority. Anything approaching to a rational or consistent scheme of civil or criminal law, dates from the reform of 1819.

The first book consists of what may be termed police regulations, a phrase of wide signification in continental jurisprudence, prescribing the mode of lodging informations, and of preparing the criminal process for the public trial or discussion. These provisions of the code are clear and methodical enough. The duty of examining primarily, instruments of crime, documents, witnesses, and the accused, devolves upon the Judge of Instruction, but it may be assigned to one of the very judges who afterwards will sit on

the trial of the prisoner, who thus assumes the office of Judge of Instruction. This is highly objectionable. An amendment in the code of 1819, prescribes that in this preliminary investigation the witnesses are not to be sworn; the oath, which is in our form, is reserved for the public trial, excepting only where witnesses depose to matters of skill, or identify the accused, and may not be again produced.

The result of this preliminary investigation is in the mode defined in the twenty-eighth chapter of the first book, transmitted immediately to the Supreme Criminal Court, which, within twenty-four hours deliberates upon the matter in private; if the crime be punishable with slight imprisonment, the accused will be liberated till the day of trial; if the facts attested in the statement do not inculpate legally the prisoner, the Court will order his discharge forthwith; if the accusation be *prima facie*, well founded, a warrant for the detention of the prisoner is made out, and he is committed to prison. If further inquiry is desirable, judgment is suspended. A modified system of bail is permitted under the limitations prescribed in Chapter III.

These regulations are infinitely superior to the barbarous provisions of the Papal Gregorian Code.

When the trial is resolved on by Article 166, all the preliminary investigations deposited in the Cancellaria become public, that is, accessible to the accused, his friends, and advisers. This is just. The prisoner may select his advocate; if he declines to do so within twenty-four hours, one will be officially assigned. Most continental kingdoms employ an advocate to defend accused men who have not means to do so out of their own resources. Exceptions to evidence—to

matters of form, are now considered by the judge, and experiments as to detect poison, or the like, if necessary, are made in his presence, at which the whole Court may assist, if the case requires it. The cause is now ready for trial; lists of witnesses are then exchanged between the prosecutor and the prisoner, accompanied with an exact description of their respective professions and residence; the advocate for the prisoner must sign his list. (See Article 195.)

I may observe, this regulation seems rational, and calculated to attain the elucidation of truth; each party has the means of inquiry afforded as to the character and knowledge of the witnesses to be examined on the trial; and the trial does not resemble a game of chance, as it sometimes does with us.

Certain persons are excluded from being received as witnesses, namely, parents and children, brothers and sisters, the husband or the wife of the accused. This is, according to their ideas, in conformity with the law of nature. The exclusion seems to apply to all criminal cases differing thus, from the Tuscan Code. Secondly, the informer, whose information has been recompensed by money, is excluded; and thirdly, the defenders of the accused, whose knowledge of the facts has been gained by the confidence reposed in them. Every other objection goes to the credit of the witness merely. If, before the trial, new witnesses or facts be discovered, they may by the Court be included in the process, or statement prepared for the prosecution. A day is now fixed for trial by the president, with the assent of the Minister of Justice, an important functionary in Naples. The accused, within twenty-four hours after notice of trial,

may apply, on reasonable grounds, for a postponement. All witnesses in the list are summoned by the president; should any refuse personally to attend he must pay the expenses created by his absence.

Chapter III. of the second Book treats *Della Publica discussione*—Article 219 is suspicious; it permits a trial to be had with closed doors, when a public debate would offend *good morals*, or *cause scandal* or *inconvenience*. It is also in the power of the Secretary of State and Minister of Justice, for the reasons assigned, to order the trial to proceed with closed doors. No doubt such a power may be greatly abused.

The succeeding article is equally objectionable, for it gives the president power to permit a witness to be examined in private—*i. e.* the public is excluded whenever he may deem it expedient.

If the accused or witnesses do not speak Italian, an interpreter is formally appointed; the mode of conducting the trial is sensible, as laid down in the subsequent articles. No witness can be called not named in the list; and those who have deposed in the preliminary inquiry to matters of skill or experiments; or to the mere discovery of facts, and who have been *already sworn* need not be called—their depositions suffice.

Witnesses under the age of fourteen are not sworn. After each examination, the president asks the prisoner if he wishes to reply to, or observe upon, what has been proved; but does not rigidly interrogate him as in France; no cross-examination is allowed—the accused may put questions through the president after a witness has been examined by the Court. The Court, when all has been heard, calls on

the public prosecutor to speak. The advocate for the accused (Article 269) has the right expressly reserved of speaking last. This custom prevails in several continental countries, and is not unreasonable. The judges next deliberate in private, and are bound to consider questions of fact in a form prescribed, apart from the legal considerations applicable to the case. Both the crown and prisoners have an appeal to the Supreme Court of Justice, but it must be exercised by notice within three days from the pronouncing sentence. Advocates, who by cavils and evasions involve and delay the cause, may be admonished or suspended by the Court.

With respect to the prisons—there are many good regulations laid down in the third book of the code.

Article 595, forbids any gaoler to receive a prisoner, except under a warrant, from one authorised by him to grant it, and expressing on the face of it, the cause of the arrest; an exact registry is to be kept by the governor of all prisoners admitted—with the dates of their detention and liberation. There is a term of prescription fixed for the prosecution of crimes, from twenty years to one year; the greatest offences fall within the longest term.

With respect to the punishments appointed, they are not very severe in general; although sometimes inconsistent—for example, to set fire to the church devoted to the Roman Catholic religion is punishable with ignominious death; the punishment of strangling is inflicted for destroying or scattering *the host.* Stealing sacred utensils from a church is punishable with thirteen or fifteen years' imprisonment, a ring and chain of iron being attached to the right leg. Stealing the vessel with the host in it is

punishable with banishment to an island, and hard labour *for life.* Whosoever, in teaching, preaching, or haranguing in any way whatever in public places without any impious design, *shall propound dogmas contrary to the Catholic religion,* shall be punished by public censure, and by suspension for one or two years from the office or profession he has abused. If however the offender shall aim at the *impious object of subverting or altering the dogmas of religion, he will be punished* by perpetual banishment from the kingdom.

The above is a Jesuit's law of toleration; no crime is more abhorred than that of religious discussion. Blaspheming the name of God or of the saints during worship or sacred ceremonies is punished with imprisonment from two to five years; without these circumstances of aggravation, the punishment is from a month to six months.

The laws against political offences are severe. The following enactment seems, however, not unjust: "Whosoever, by discourses in public places, or assemblies, or by printed placards or papers, shall have directly provoked the subjects of the king to commit any of the crimes previously prohibited, shall be subject to the punishment appointed for the offence provoked by him."

This seems to me a just measure of retaliation; a man who provokes to treason is fairly enough regarded as a traitor, and punished as such. Should any man contemptuously deface any image or statue of the king or royal family set up in a public place, he is liable to banishment for six or ten years. Every discourse or writing, or act not expressly forbidden, having a tendency to excite discontent against the

government, is punishable with imprisonment from two to five years; there is of course a rigid censorship over the press.

Every Association, whether literary or religious, is unlawful unless expressly permitted by the Government, and may be dispersed. Every distribution of songs, pasquinades, figures or images contrary to religion, to the government or morals, is punishable with imprisonment or exile.

Capital punishments are chiefly confined to cases of deliberate murder and treason.

The above outline of the Neapolitan criminal code affords a sufficient idea of its nature and provisions; upon the whole it is very much better than I expected, being to some extent bottomed on the code Napoleon; the divisions, definitions, and enactments, are perspicuous and intelligible, and apart from the despotic principles asserted in political cases, the Neapolitan people would not have much to complain of, were the provisions of this code honestly and impartially administered in all cases without exception. Having examined the code, I felt prepared for a visit to the courts of law, and arranged with my friend the advocate accordingly.

The courts are situate in what resembles an ancient castle, with lofty stairs and spacious halls; when fairly inside the long public hall, the din, dust, and heat were such that I could scarce recover my composure; a crowd of suitors and advocates and people were squeezing up and down, and fighting their way I knew not whither. The advocates were continually exchanging bits of paper like notices; my friend mentioned that many of these slips contained

proposals for settlement of disputes, as it was desirable to keep as many causes out of the tribunals as possible.

Elevated above the crowd sat a number of clerks in boxes, who plied their pens busily; the professional men constantly thrust papers before these scribes to copy. Having fought our way down this long crowded hall, we turned into another off which the courts branched. The tribunal not sitting at the moment, the court was closed, and we stood in the hall near a shut window. I asked my friend what aversion they had to fresh air? he replied, the judges never opened a window, and that often the heat was intolerable. However, he kindly admitted the wholesome air on this occasion. I soon perceived the man next me had chains on his legs; he was a prisoner awaiting outside to be tried, a handsome, dark-eyed, young, dissipated Neapolitan; several rings decorated his fingers; his friends, including two questionable looking women, were about him, and there was much mirth amongst the party; the guards who lounged about joined in the merriment cordially. The court doors were now thrown open, and all rushed in. Four judges were seated on the bench. The prisoner described, with three others, stood in the corner, and the prosecuting official advocate sat at the end of the circular bench before the judges; I was introduced to this gentleman, and accommodated with a seat beside him. The prisoners had been condemned already, and were now tried a second time for the crime of stabbing, committed in prison. The charge was read, the crown prosecutor occasionally inviting the attention of the Court to particular passages in the process.

The chief judge then interrogated the prisoners; on every reply given, the advocate near me remarked, "*That is a lie.*" I inquired what was the use of questioning prisoners in this manner, when it was evident they would, in self-defence, speak falsely. He replied, questioning was not generally resorted to, but for such a crime as this committed in prison, interrogation was permitted. The manner of the prisoners was flippant and insolent; that of the speaking judge loquacious and undignified. He told the prisoners frequently he knew they were telling lies; and they in turn railed at the judge. I inquired what might be the annual income of the chief justice in this court. The official advocate mentioned a sum equal to about 350*l.* of our money. The puisne judges receive 250*l.*

The crown prosecutor courteously invited me to attend a trial for a capital crime, to be held in a few days in the large court, near where we sat. This, from prudential reasons, I declined, and soon escaped, under the pretence of visiting the other tribunals. The great court alluded to, was a splendid hall, airy, lofty, and spacious, in order to accommodate the crowd who invariably attended. Remarkable trials take place there.

Naples is overstocked with advocates, and litigation, contradistinguished from justice, prospers. Addison's amusing description, is applicable at the present day.

"It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the law there are at Naples. It is commonly said, that when Innocent the Eleventh had desired the Marquis of Carpio to furnish him with thirty thousand head of swine, the Marquis answered him,—that for his swine he could not spare them, but if his holiness had occasion for thirty thousand lawyers, he had them at his service. These gentlemen find a continual employ for the fiery temper of

the Neapolitans, and hinder them from uniting in such common friendships and alliances as might endanger the safety of the government. There are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending; for when a Neapolitan cavalier has nothing else to do, he gravely shuts himself up in his closet, and falls a tumbling over his papers, to see if he can start a law-suit, and plague any of his neighbours."

In the evening, my Neapolitan friend began to initiate me in the mysteries of the legal system. I observed, "The public trial, the reverse of what existed in Rome, must be a great protection in political cases." "Your first mistake," replied the advocate; "that code you read does not apply to political cases. The political offender is taken to a private room, often in the palace, and tried before commissioners named by the king in each case, two of whom are generally household officers; he may name judges and advocates to assist. In fact, what becomes of the political prisoner is not known; his trial is secret, and no part of the procedure is published, nor do the ordinary forms apply to this class of offences." "That," said I, "is very bad;" to which he subjoined, "Nothing can be worse." Another abuse of a startling character consisted in this: no person holding office under the crown—that is, soldiers, police, revenue officers, &c. can be sued for any wrongful or oppressive act committed by them, unless a written permission be first obtained from the king. "Thus," said my sensible informant, "although those officials violate the code every hour, by arbitrarily imprisoning innocent individuals, it is almost certain no redress whatever can be had against them, for the king would be sure to refuse permission to prosecute his officers.

The practice of the criminal law was only tolerable in cases of common crime committed by the people." "Well," said I, "you are no doubt in a much better condition in your administration of civil justice." "Considerably worse," was the reply. "Why so?" "Owing to the *uncertainty* which prevails in our tribunals," said the advocate, "it is almost impossible for any man to make his will in this kingdom; for, although he may conform to the law, which seems precise enough, yet when disputed, and all the facts of the execution are examined into and written on paper, an ingenious advocate will cavil successfully, and the will may be, and is, frequently overturned."

"Then what is decided to-day furnishes no precedent for the case of tomorrow?"

"I had two will cases lately which exemplify this uncertainty. Having in the first instance to maintain the formal execution of a will, I failed, and an honest man's will was set aside on a trifling protest; in one week after I had a will to attach on the same identical grounds, and failed again. Reminding the judges of their own decision on the former case, they answered me by observing, 'They were older and wiser men that week than they were the week before.'"

"Why did you not print the two decisions in juxta-position?" I asked.

"Because we cannot here print a law case in the civil courts without the leave of the Minister of Justice, and *he* will not grant leave when the judges desire him to refuse it; thus you see what a system ours is."

"Explain your mode of proceeding in a common action."

"A summons is issued, the evidence is all taken before a single judge, who reports upon the whole

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case, and then the matter is debated before the court. Thus the grand object is to get the report of the single judge in your favour; on alternate days he sits in private, and while the cause is pending the respective advocates must visit him in private and separately. This is the worst part of our practice. I have often revolted against it; but unless I yielded to it, while the system continues I should not have a single client. On one occasion I remember meeting my adversary at the judge's door, and I pressed upon the judge to receive us together, but he would not hear of it; the old custom, he decided, must prevail. Unhappily the salaries of our judges are very small, and their expenses considerable; they often borrow money from successful advocates."

All this was quietly stated by a man of strict truth, and the conclusion I arrived at was that the judicial system of Naples was a mass of corruption. With respect to the effect of the Neapolitan system of laws and institutions on the morality and crime of the people, the following details will assist the reader's judgment:

In Naples they reckon 13,047 births in the year, and amongst them 2,164 illegitimate; and in that kingdom the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate is as four to 100. The population of the city has fluctuated within the last half century, but is now believed to be 380,000, of whom 220,000 are declared to be persons without any fixed employment. With respect to the state of crime, we may expect it to be formidable, because we are now, as Mittermaer expresses it, "Dove il caldo del mezzogiorno svolge in rigoglio tutte le forze corporali e intellettuali, ed anche tutte passioni libera da ogni ritegno; di quel paese preguidizii giovano il feroce irrompere della

passioni a misfatti." There were 4,104 sentences pronounced in the tribunals, and 22,050 cases where the crimes were not prosecuted for want of evidence or discovery of the guilty. There were before the tribunals of correctional police in a year, 144,465 cases, of which only 32,297 were convicted. Amongst the serious crimes: 115 of violence against the government officers, 5 of parricide, 37 *di conjugicidio*, 21 of murder of relations, 15 infanticides, 9 of poisoning and attempts at poisoning, 134 premeditated homicide, 46 attempts at murder, 89 involuntary homicides, 482 stabbings, many horrible crimes, 129 burning of houses, 75 thefts with murder, 1,700 robberies, &c.

The fickleness of the people in making charges and withdrawing them is manifest from this, that of 88,358 prosecutions before the tribunal of correctional police (in the year 1832) 49,904 were withdrawn by the complainants. This arises from terror, threats of vengeance, or false compassion. The number of female criminals is comparatively small. There were 95 persons condemned to death in 1833. The picture given of Sicily by the German professor is dark: thefts innumerable—destitution—insecurity of property. As to murders, nearly 200 in a year, and a great difficulty in procuring evidence, insomuch that the Procurator-General of Trapani returned, that out of 34,214 persons summoned as witnesses in the years 1838-40 in that single province, 1,277 were incarcerated for obstinate refusal to give evidence. Trapani is by no means the worst province in Sicily. The ignorance of the Sicilians seems deeper than that of the Neapolitans, insomuch, that out of 315 persons accused in 1838 in Trapani, it was discovered only 11 could read and write.

My sagacious friend the advocate observed on another occasion, he had little hope of a real reform in the political condition of the people, until the bulk of the population was better educated. Amongst the nobility—a numerous and impoverished body—are many who he declared could not sign a legal document. The lazzaroni class were sunk in ignorance, while amongst the professional and middle classes were a great number of able and reflecting men, alive to the ignominy of their condition, but not seeing any practicable means of extrication. The present king has been very politic in his behaviour to the members of distinguished families who took an active part in the revolution against his father, and who no doubt would do the same towards the bloated Bourbon who misgoverns them, if they dared.

Our next conversation was relative to the priesthood, in which my Oxford friend took an active part. The number of ecclesiastics of all sorts (some 10,000 or 12,000) in Naples, naturally attracts attention, and we inquired of the Neapolitan advocate in what the utility of such an army of priests consisted? He quietly replied, "For the business to be done, we have not priests enough." "How can that be?" "I will explain," said he briefly: "if all the ecclesiastics in Naples were engaged from morning to night, they could not say even half the masses for the dead which they ought and are bound to say." This statement surprised us exceedingly. The advocate resumed: "The population of Naples is immense, and there is hardly a family the members of which have not for a long course of years bequeathed sums of money to ensure the saying of masses for the repose of their souls. In process of time the number of masses to be said in

one year has accumulated to such an amount, that now 10,000 priests could not say them. A principal source of revenue to the priesthood is derived from legacies often charged on land bequeathed for these purposes. These charges are recognised and enforced by our tribunals, and it will sometimes happen that in two or three generations the greater part of the rents of a moderate property will be appropriated to the payment of the priests for saying the appointed masses for the dead. This actually occurred in my own case: the rents of my small paternal property were so appropriated. But the Pope will never permit the priesthood to abstract more than one-half the annual rental or one-third; and if the successive gifts for masses for the dead by successive owners of a patrimony swallow up the proportion mentioned of the rents, there is a mode of proceeding which I myself adopted to obtain redress. A memorial is prepared to the Pope containing a statement of the property, claims upon it for masses, and residue applicable to the support of the family. If his holiness thinks the residue too limited he increases it, fixes the sum for the priests, and remits his judgment to Naples, where it is received in the law courts, and has the effect of reducing the amount of the charge on the land.

"With respect to the masses for the dead, said and unsaid, a tabular statement is also submitted to the Pope each year; and he, taking into consideration all the circumstances, pronounces his decision that the masses remaining unsaid, shall be considered as said, and so they are accordingly. This short cut is equally effective, and the priest is paid for the service he could not physically perform, which is not unreasonable." While the advocate gave this expla-

nation, I thought I remarked a sceptical smile playing around his face, but he expressed no disbelief whatever in the doctrine. The statement, however, placed the doctrine of masses for the dead in a very absurd point of view, for it might come to this: if several million masses were to be chaunted for the deceased, then the greater part of the living would be occupied singing masses for the dead, while every duty of consolation, advice, and education towards the living must be unfulfilled. And this literally happens in Naples, for with 98,000 ecclesiastics throughout the kingdom, and 10,000, including monks and friars, in the capital, the majority of the population are sunk in ignorance and superstition. The statement of the advocate affords a practical refutation of the dogma so beneficial to the priests. A fearful question it is to put. What have the 90,000 priests, monks, friars, and nuns, done for the education of the Neapolitan people? They have been, are, and must be, until reformed, the great obstruction to the enlightenment of the popular mind, and if that mind even be enlightened, it must be despite their influence. With respect to morals, notwithstanding the ceremonials of religion are celebrated with frequency and splendour, Naples is admitted to be one of the most profligate capitals in Europe; and I grieve to add, questions are sometimes put to passengers in the streets of this brilliant city, calculated to make a man start with horror.

In former times, the ladies of Naples hit upon an ingenious device to rid themselves of tiresome husbands. A deadly liquid poison was invented, called *Acqua Tofana*, which lay on the dressing table of these affectionate wives, undistinguishable from perfumes to

an ordinary observer, and was made use of unscrupulously, as occasion required, to dispatch a troublesome spouse.

The inventor of this fatal poison was an infamous old woman, named Tofana, who compounded from a common herb a liquid, limpid as rock-water and without taste, which grew into general use with jealous or intriguing wives, as a ready means to despatch their husbands. Tofana was executed in Naples in the 18th century. An antidote has been discovered in lemon juice, which has lessened the value of the poison.

The most singular superstition of modern times in Naples, is that connected with "*the evil eye;*" it is very prevalent and generally believed. I first heard of it in an account given of a ball, at which an unpleasant accident occurred which broke up the party at once. While the gay folk were enjoying themselves, suddenly a large lustre, that had been well secured in the morning, fell down with a crash: this excited some attention, but the cause was quickly discovered. A Neapolitan nobleman had shortly before arrived, notorious for the faculty of exercising *the evil eye.* The company cast significant glances one at the other, and glided away lest some more disagreeable occurrence should take place. The person who narrated this anecdote firmly believed in the influence of the evil eye, and that the lustre fell in consequence of its exertions.

This superstition, or something akin to it, is current in many countries. It is pretty generally understood, that some persons have the power, by casting a malign look at you, to give you cramps, tooth-ache, a slip of the foot between two flag stones, bankruptcy,

the murrain amongst your cattle, the miscarriage of a wife, the death of a child; in short, any of the ills to which flesh is heir. Strange it is, to find this superstition prevalent even in the great desert of Sahara.

Richardson, in the second volume of his Travels, speaking of the Moors and Arabs in one of the little towns in the midst of the great desert, says—

"With the outspread hand menacingly raised, a man or woman puts their enemy under the ban and curse of God. A vulgar interpretation is, that it means 'fire in your eye;' but this custom of cursing is so remote, as not now to be explained. The door-posts and rooms of houses are imprinted with the outspread hand to prevent or withstand 'the eye malign' from glancing on them and the inhabitants its fatal influence."

This power of fascination is known in Naples by the title "*jettatura*," and when any person believed to possess it enters a room, none but the ignorant or fool hardy will remain. Curiosity prompted me to inquire if any book was published on the subject of this national superstition, and I found one, entitled

"*Cicalata sul Fascino, volgarmente detto Jettatura, di Niccola Valetta.*"

that is, a chat or familiar talk on the subject of fascination by the evil eye, commonly called *jettatura*, the work of Nicolas Valetta. Then follows this motto,—

"*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*"

The contents of the chapters are exceedingly diverting.

"1. If a man cannot attain to understand jettatura, this is not because it is not true.

2. By the word fascination and jettatura, I do not mean anything diabolical.

3. But a natural evil influence.

4. Etymology of the words "fascino and jettatura."

5. The notion of "jettatura" is very ancient.

6. As appears from a passage of Gellius.

7. And from the story of Priapus, who was esteemed a divinity serviceable against jettatura.

8. The Greeks believe in jettatura.

9. The Romans believe in it.

10. The ancients believed in its proceeding from words.

11. And from the eyes.

12. And from words and eyes together.

13. And from contact.

14. St. Paul perhaps believed in jettatura.*

15. An interesting case in the middle ages.

16. Modern facts indicated.

19. Jettatura is either open or secret.

20. The open kind proceeds from the physiognomy of men.

21. The argument of antipathy.

22. Various sentiments as to the cause of antipathy and of sympathy.

23. The argument of the agitation of the fancy.

24. Whence came the diseases of mind and of body.

25. That some produce them by their aspect, some by speech, and some by a malign look.

26. Or severally; the open kind proceeds from effluvia.

27. The argument from the analogy of the effluvia of plants.

28. And of brute animals.

29. And generally of influences between bodies.

30. Secret jettatura.

31. Its potency.

32. How jettatura is to be discerned and avoided.

33. The winding up.

34. A proposal."

* This is argued from Galatians iii. 1.

This last chapter is of a piece with the rest of the performance, and accordingly I translate it fully, giving the original in the note.* I do not think this publication is considered as a piece of irony; but as an essay on a very serious subject. It speaks highly for the character of the education prevalent in Naples.

* "Mi riserbo di fare come una giunta alla derrata; cioè di proporre in altra carta la spiegazione di molte cose attinenti a questo soggeto, che, per non entrare nel pecoreccio, e per servire alle angustie del tempo, non ho potuto quì dichiarare; principalmente i seguenti punti, su de' quali, oltre delle riflessioni da me fatte, chieggo lumi, e notizie da chichessia; proponendo il premio di 10, o di 20 Scudi, secondochè la notizia si stimerà da me più, o meno interessante.

"PROGETTO.

1. Se la jetti più l'uomo, o la donna.
2. Se più chi ha la parrucca.
3. Se più chi ha gli occhicali.
4. Se più la donna gravida.
5. Se più i monaci, e di qual 'ordine.
6. Se la può jettare chi si avvicina a noi dopo del male, che abbiam sofferto.
7. Fino a qual distanza la jettatura si estende.
8. Se venir ci possa dalle cose inanimate.
9. Se operì più di lato, di prospetto, o di dietro.
10. Qual gesto, qual voce, qual 'occhio, o quali caratteri del volto sièno de' jettatori, e faccino ravvisarli.
11. Quali orazioncine si debbano recitare, per preservarci dalla jettatura de' frati.
12. Quali parole in generale si debban dire per evitare la jettatura.
13. Qual potere abbia perciò il corno, ed altre cose.

E in fine un distinto catalogo di tutti gli sperimentati jettatori della città, e del regno di Napoli, di tutti gli ordini e condizioni di persone; cavalieri, dame, giudici di tutti i tribunali, avvocati, cattedratici, medici galantuomini, mercanti, artigiani, etc. Chi abbia certa sperienza di qualche persona, me la partecipi per gentilezza; senza sperar perciò il detto premio, che s'intende promesso soltanto a chi mi fornisce dì qualche riflessione opportuna su de' mentovati articoli."

The book may be had at No. 24, Recio Concezuna, Toledo, Naples, from the press of Louis Marie Nobile.

"I reserve myself to add a sort of makeweight to my pennyworth; that is, to offer in another paper the explanation of many things appertaining to this subject, which, in this, I have not been able to clear up, partly for fear of finding myself at fault, and partly constrained by the difficulties of the time: chiefly, the points following, upon which, besides the reflections made by myself, I require sights and hints from any one whatsoever: offering a reward of ten or twenty crowns, according as the information shall be considered by me more or less interesting :—

"A Proposal.

"1. Whether man or woman have most power of the evil eye.

2. Whether one who wears a wig, have it largely.

3. Whether one who wears spectacles.

4. Whether a pregnant woman.

5. Whether monks, and of which order.

6. Whether one who approaches us after any harm which we have suffered, has a peculiar power of the evil eye.

7. To what distance the influence of the evil eye extends.

8. Whether it can proceed from things inanimate.

9. Whether it works mostly at the side, in front, or behind.

10. What gesture, what voice, what eye, and what characteristics of countenance are appropriate to those who have this faculty, and enable one to recognise them.

11. What ejaculatory prayers ought to be recited, in order to preserve one from the evil eye of the monks.

12. What words, in general, must be rehearsed as a preservation against the evil eye.

13. What efficacy, in this respect, has horn, or any other commodity.

"And, in fine, a distinct list of all persons proved to have got the power of an evil eye, within the city and the king-

dom of Naples; of all orders and ranks of society:—esquires, ladies, judges in the several courts, advocates, cathedral dignitaries, doctors, gentlemen, tradesmen, artizans, &c. Whosoever has sure experience in this matter, concerning any one, will be so kind as to impart it to me, without expecting for such service the aforesaid reward, which is to be considered as promised to those who supply me with any suitable reflections on the points above mentioned."

We have referred to the miracles of Philomena, published in Florence—they are nothing compared to the miracles wrought in and around Naples. Several of these fables are too gross for repetition; but the famous miracle of St. Januarius requires to be specially noticed:—I arrived in Naples the day after the miracle was performed in the cathedral of Naples, and conversed with several who were present at the miracle.

The reader is aware of the nature of this performance. The skull and bones of a man dead for centuries, are brought into the church and placed opposite a phial which is said to contain some of the blood, in a congealed state, of the same dead man; and the fiction is, that the juxtaposition of the dry bones and bottle makes miraculously the blood to liquefy. Thousands of credulous spectators behold with implicit belief the miracle; and the moment in which the bottle, handled by the priest, shows the blood to liquefy, is hailed with rapturous delight by the people. The king, the whole court, and nobles, attend in brilliant state on the 1st of January, when the liquefaction is sure to take place. In reference to this ceremony deliberately acted in the 19th century, in the house of God, and in a polished capital

of Christian Europe, I had a curious conversation with a young nobleman connected with the court; this conversation was not sought by me, nor held under any the least confidence. It sprang out of a domestic occurrence not necessary to detail. The portion, material to the purpose of disclosing truth I give. The conversation began by the Neapolitan thus:—

"Believe me, Signor, the Catholic religion is the best in the world."—Answer—"I am glad to hear you say so; sincerity in our belief is of the utmost importance. Since you introduce this topic, may I ask what is your belief as to the miracle of St. Januarius?" The Neapolitan replied without a moment's hesitation: "I believe it to be an imposition, of course!" "Does any man of your rank in Naples believe it?" "Not one," he replied. "Permit me then to inquire how do you justify witnessing the imposture, and appearing to sanction what you know to be false?" He coloured slightly, and then gave a reply never to be forgotten by me. "Signor, you are a stranger, and evidently unacquainted with the state of things in this kingdom. There exists a compact between the government and the priests, each to support the other in their abuses. The priests will sustain the government so long as it sustains them; and when this imposture is acted, it is part of the bargain that the king and the court shall attend, and so must I, and every one, who holds a place under the king, be present—for if the nobility and sovereign were absent, the people might suppose this proceeded from unbelief—so the priests insist on our presence, but you mistake in supposing this has anything to do with the Roman Catholic religion."

The same nobleman spoke frankly of the intoler-

ance of the court. "Nothing," said he, "would induce me to change my religion. I firmly believe it to be the best; but if I did change my faith, I should not only lose my situation and my property, but *I should of necessity fly the country.*" This intolerance he pronounced to be detestable. Of the Jesuits he spoke with more than usual severity. He declared there was nothing they would not do to maintain the existing despotic system, and to my inexpressible amazement, narrated this anecdote:—

"Six young men in Naples had engaged in a political combination, to which none were privy but themselves—they were all suddenly arrested at the same moment. Having been faithful to each other, they were puzzled to account for their arrest; but at last they remembered that *their* confessor was a Jesuit, and their doubts were removed."

I give the story exactly as I heard it—a mistake or misconception it may be; even if so, it only shows the feeling entertained towards that body of ecclesiastics by firm believers in the Church of Rome.

In reference to the miracle of St. Januarius, assuming it to be an imposture, and a frank Catholic writer has written a pamphlet to prove how the deception is contrived; what are we to think of the ministers of religion, who in the house of the God of truth knowingly and deliberately represent a falsehood? and do so to deceive and mislead a credulous and superstitious people? The most charitable conclusion is, that these priests are infidels; for believers in any form of Christianity would scarcely tempt the vengeance of heaven by hypocrisy so awful. The palliation offered for the continuance of this imposture aggravates the crime.

It is excused on the pretext that the ignorant population of Naples might break out into tumults of disorder, should they not behold this national miracle in honour of St. Januarius, under whose special protection they believe themselves to be. Ignorance so gross excites our indignation against those who sunk the people in such a depth of degradation, and having sunk, strive to keep them there; nor is it true that such a superstition is harmless; we have a signal proof to the contrary. When the French invaded Naples, their general, Championnet, while he derided the fraud, availed himself of it to impose on the Neapolitans the belief that the French were favoured by heaven, and accordingly ordered the priests to *do the miracle* of St. Januarius forthwith. They, through fear, complied. The Neapolitans flocked to the church, and when liquefaction took place, declared it was plain the French were a misrepresented and very pious people, thus were they reconciled to the invaders of their country. This is narrated in the Memoirs of General Pepins, himself an enlightened Roman Catholic and Neapolitan, and who struggled for the liberation of his country.

"A few days afterwards, General Championnet, accompanied by the principal officers and generals of his army, proceeded in great state to the Neapolitan church, to worship the relics of St. Gennaro, and to offer up thanks for the termination of the revolt. Everything had been prepared in the chapel for the execution of the ceremony. The General and his suite knelt devoutly. The people attracted thither in crowds were absorbed in the contemplation of the phials, in order to draw from the proceeding an omen of felicity, or the reverse. The miracle of the liquefaction of the saint's blood was happily accomplished;

and the credulous multitude departed with the impression that their own change of state was an undoubted result of the Divine will."*

It might be not unsuitable to inquire from the Oxford converts, what effect such a spectacle as that of the miracle of St. Januarius ought to produce upon a reasoning Christian. Does an abuse so flagrant require reformation? If it does: why will not the Church of Rome reform it, when the power to reform is omnipotent?

These impostures dare not be attempted in Roman Catholic Bavaria or France; yet they flourish under the eyes of the rulers of the infallible church, into whose bosom the men of Oxford invite us to enter. But the existence of those gross abuses proves the necessity of the reformation; nor is it enough to say, you may or you may not believe these marvels, and continue a Roman Catholic. I am convinced millions of Roman Catholics disbelieve them; but the question for Protestants to consider in self-defence is, Ought *they* to embrace the Italian Church which tolerates—nay, openly sanctions, gross fictions? Roman Catholic writers have fairly commented on the absurdities of certain Protestant sects, and cite the example of Johanna Southcote to prove the grossness of the fanaticism into which professing Protestants have run. Doubtless, this is true; and it is to be lamented that schisms have rent the Church, and that impostures have been resorted to by wild sectaries; but how is the Church of England to be blamed for these scandals? Tolerant she must ever be; but what delusion has she practised? what falsehood openly

* Vol. I. of Pepin's Memoirs, p. 51.

taught? which of her temples has been disgraced by the awful exhibition witnessed in the cathedral of Naples on St. Januarius's day?

It is needless to discuss what religious toleration exists in Naples—there is not a shred. The priesthood is supreme, and whosoever dares to express his thoughts on a religious subject in opposition to Rome, *must fly*. Curious enough, while the government has progressed towards free-trade, it has retrograded in religious toleration; formerly marriages might have taken place between Protestants and Catholics by the parties going to Malta or elsewhere, and being there united, the law of the place of the marriage being recognised in Naples; but as several such marriages occurred, the priests took alarm, and got a new and barbarous law (as the advocate described it) passed, by which no marriage in the kingdom is valid unless registered, and no registry can be had without producing to the registrar certificates from a priest, of the parties having subscribed to, and received the sacraments of the Church of Rome. A mixed marriage, as the law now stands, is impossible unless by a dispensation from the Pope himself. Thus are the affections of the heart crushed.

The English have a place of worship in Naples, and an occurrence took place respecting its establishment, a few years since, which exhibits in perfection the genius of this detestable government.*

The number of English residents in Naples being very great, it was found desirable to have a suitable church; accordingly subscriptions were liberally put

* I have a written paper from an English gentleman resident in Naples well acquainted with the matter, giving me the particulars of this affair.

down, and it was resolved to build one. Application was kindly made to the government by the British ambassador, and the permission was granted, as believed, to open a place of Protestant worship, on the terms that the building should not have the external appearance of a church. The ground was procured, materials collected, and the foundation laid by the ambassador himself. The day after an order was issued to stop the erection of the church; on inquiring the reason it was answered, that the Archbishop of Naples would not permit it to be built. A long correspondence followed, which ended in the Neapolitan government declaring, that although the English could not have permission to build, yet if they chose to procure a room and fit it up as a church, they should not be interfered with. The ground was therefore sold at considerable loss, and a room taken for a term of years, and fitted up as a church. No interference on the part of the government occurred until the place of worship was about to be opened, when they again informed the English that the Archbishop would not allow a heretical church in Naples, and that they could only have service in the ambassador's or consul's house. The English were therefore obliged to take a house for the consul in the same place with the church, in order to comply with the requisition of the government. The result in point of expense being, that instead of paying 700 ducats a year, the English residents are obliged to pay 1,900 ducats (330*l.*) yearly, that they may be permitted, in the enlightened kingdom of Naples, to worship God on the sabbath-day according to their consciences.

Such was and is the toleration extended to the subjects of England, who squandered millions to pre-

serve the throne of Naples for the bigoted family who occupied it.

On no future occasion, I trust, will the British people waste the fruits of their industry to uphold a tyranny so corrupt and so intolerant. The existing dynasty is protected by the bayonets of 10,000 Swiss soldiers even in the capital; in all probability, these mercenaries are hired because native troops dare not be trusted.

In 1821, the Neapolitan army revolted against the father of the present sovereign, who having sworn to preserve the free constitution then set up, basely violated his oath, and restored, by the help of Austrian bayonets, his ancient tyranny.

It gives hope of the educated Neapolitans to remember, that when in power during the last revolution they were not cruel in their conduct, nor extravagant in their views—they asked what was very reasonable, although the form of constitution established by the liberal party was the clumsy Spanish system of 1812. It is also a very interesting fact, that during the sittings in 1821 of their short free parliament in Naples, the debates were conducted with talent and eloquence, and with a degree of order and propriety, which pleased and surprised the English spectator. A happy omen, it may be for the future, should the march of events restore liberty to this unfortunate yet beautiful country.

CHAPTER IX.

The Agriculture round Naples; with a Brief Account of its benevolent Institutions—Expenses of Living—Brief Remarks on the Principle of the Papal Government, viewed as a Political System, suggested by the death of Pope Gregory.

THE land between Capua and Naples is every inch cultivated to the highest perfection, yielding the grape, corn, and vegetables in profusion, exactly the reverse of the aspect of the country approaching Rome.

I inquired by what tenure this beautiful garden was held, and was informed that it is usually let on very short leases, and generally in small parcels. Some proprietors prefer letting their whole property to a sort of middleman who sublets it in divided portions, but the owners generally prefer the small tenants. The quantity let to each varies from five to eight *moggie*, say from four to six English acres; and the leases are for two, four, six, or eight years. The reason of the lands being let on terms of two years at the least is, that the vines bear, alternate years, good and bad crops, and therefore to obtain an average, the lease must be for two years. Although the farms are so admirably cultivated, the men who labour do not look, and are not, comfortable or prosperous. Their dwellings are poor, for necessarily their capital must be small, although they produce largely.

For the following account of the benevolent institutions of Naples I am indebted to my friend Doctor

Strange, the excellent resident English physician of Naples.

"The number of hospitals in Naples is eleven, of which eight are civil, two military, and one naval.

"1. CIVIL HOSPITALS.—The largest of these is the Incurabili, which, as its name denotes, was originally intended for the reception of such cases as were considered to be incurable, or had failed to be cured in the other hospitals; and even till lately it was intended for the reception only of chronic cases; an adjoining monastery (the Consolazione), having however been added, acute cases, as well as those which require surgical operations, are admitted. This hospital can now accommodate 1,700 patients, viz., about 1,000 men and 700 women, in the public wards; and besides these there are a number of private rooms, into which patients are received on payment of fifteen ducats (about 2*l.* 10*s.* sterling) a month, for which sum they are provided with medical and other attendance, as well as food and medicine. There is also attached to this hospital, two establishments in the country, one for convalescents who require a change of air, and the other for those who take baths, in the autumn, of the lees of wine, or husks of the grape; a kind of bath much employed here in chronic rheumatism, and partial paralysis. The yearly income of this hospital is about 120,000 ducats,* or 20,000*l.* sterling, of which 18,000 are derived from the duty on articles of consumption introduced into Naples, 6,000 ducats more are levied from *pharmaciens* (apothecaries), and the remainder arises from bequests of private individuals. To this hospital are attached twenty-one senior physicians, and ten senior surgeons, besides sixteen physicians, and fourteen surgeons' assistants.

"2. The hospital of Santa Maria di Jorcho will accom-

* Increased lately to upwards of 130,000 ducats.

modate 500 patients, 300 men, and 200 women; the medical duty is performed by twelve physicians, and eight surgeons. This is a very well regulated hospital, and is supported chiefly from the funds of the poor house, of which it may be considered an appendage.

"3. The Hospital of San Francesco is chiefly for the reception of sick convicts, and is maintained entirely by government. The average number of patients here is about 420, and the number treated annually about 3,000.

"4. The Hospital of Santa Maria della Fede is for the reception of females of one description. It is supported by government, out of a particular fund; and the annual number of admissions is about 2,500.

"5. The Hospital of Sant' Eligio is solely for acute diseases. There are about thirty on an average in the hospital, and about 300 treated annually.

"6. The Pellegrini is maintained by a religious body or society of this name: it is solely for accidents, and is very clean and neat.

"7. The Hospital della Cesarea is supported partly by bequests and partly out of the funds of the Albergo dei Poveri, or poor house. It has two physicians, two surgeons, and the same number of assistants.

"8. The Hospital della Pace is maintained at the expense of the monastery of San Giovanni di Dio, and the sick are waited on by these monks: it is only for the reception of acute cases, and about 1,300 are treated annually. In all these eight hospitals, it is calculated that about 20,000 are treated annually, of which number about 12,300 are discharged and 2,230 die.

"Of the military hospitals, the largest is that of Trinita Maggiore, which has beds for 1,200, but rarely contains more than 700; about 6,500 are treated annually.

"The Ospedale del Syramento, which may be said to be a branch of the former, has beds for 400, but has rarely

more than 300. Number treated annually may be reckoned at 1,900.

"The naval hospital at Piedigrotto has 400 beds, but usually under 300 patients. These military and naval hospitals are of course supported by government.

"Of the charitable establishments, (*ospizii,*) or what the French call hospices, the largest is the Albergo dei Poveri, which contains from 5,000 to 6,000 poor, of all ages and of both sexes: they are maintained, and the children are educated, partly from funds bequeathed, and partly at the expense of government. The Annunziata, or foundling hospital, contains about 2,000 children. San Gennaro dei Poveri contains about 800 old men. San Francesco di Sales has about 600 beds for lame or deformed women. The Blind Asylum has 200 beds. Ospizio di Santa Maria del Arco has about 300 old people; and lastly, the asylum for invalid soldiers, which contains about 800 persons; this was formerly near the castle of St. Elmo, but has within the last few years been removed to Massa."

There is an immense mass of poverty and destitution in Naples, but the provision in the way of hospitals, and houses of reception for the poor and sick, is superior to what one might, under such a corrupt government, be prepared to expect. Perhaps, however, it will generally be found, that where the government affords to the people the least facilities for helipng themselves, it has felt itself obliged to supply the largest amount of eleemosynary assistance.

The mortality of this city is great, and the mode of burial of the poor repulsive, although not quite so horrible as formerly; the executive having been shamed into making some improvements in the public cemetery. There is, however, little reverence for the dead in Italy.

With respect to the cost of living, Naples is an expensive capital, especially for those who reside a short time only; because house rent, by the month, is very high. To those who make it their permanent abode, and understand the habits of the people, and the language, the expense will (wise folk say) be about one half that of living in London.

I found, by comparison, Naples to be almost as costly a place of residence as Paris.

June, 1846.

On my journey to the Tyrol I heard the news of Gregory the XVI.'s death, an event of vast importance at the epoch in which it happened. Would the change of Popes be for good or for evil? It is a painful reflection how different the political rule of the Popes has been from what we might expect: The Pope chosen from the college of cardinals is generally a man advanced in life; supposed to possess learning and virtue, to be free from pride, and adverse to profligate or corrupting pursuits.

One would conclude such a sovereign, selected on the score of personal merits, peculiarly fitted to promote the happiness of his subjects. The idea, moreover, of sanctity attached to the character of the Pope, adds to his power of doing good; and the union of absolute authority over Church and State in his hands, would appear to remove the chief obstacles which impede the execution of the benevolent designs of less absolute princes. As we read that the virtuous despotism of Aurelian over the empire was the best government the Roman world ever saw, so might we naturally expect the government of an apostolic king to be the noblest over the Christian world.

The reverse has unfortunately proved to be the fact; the dominions of the papacy have been notoriously ill governed; the inhabitants are miserable. The vice of the system seems to consist in the personal character of the government. The sovereign being elective has no connexion with his predecessor, nor care for his successor; nor can he guess who that successor may be. Possibly the new Pope may be in every respect the opposite of his predecessor. The whole administration changes with the Pope, as the enlightened Cardinal Consalvi fell with Pius VII. A new set of ministers and officials come into power, whose chief business it is to grasp what they can during the brief tenure of their political existence. Love of country, or disinterested patriotism, is not even pretended to; profound dissimulation, and unbounded selfishness, characterize the papal court. No man's real disposition becomes known, till he has clutched his prize: then his true nature becomes manifest. A political government of this description is fraught with incalculable evils; the people, their interests, liberties, and happiness become the sport of scheming adventurers, hypocrites, or bigots; and if occasionally a statesman of capacity and honesty, as Consalvi, appears, he is beset with difficulties, and ultimately overthrown. Such a political system could not be reformed; it must be radically changed.

While this uncertainty, however, prevails in the political department of the papacy, the ecclesiastical department continues unchanged—managed on a fixed principle apparently unalterable. This is essential to the maintenance of the papacy, in which all have a common interest; therefore, while the political government is a mere personal matter, the spiritual

rule of the Propaganda is conducted in a consistent resolute course. If it were not, and were to change with the humours of the Pope for the time being, the whole system would quickly fall in pieces. Nor is it uninteresting to remark the same men showing vigour and ability in preserving and managing their ecclesiastical government according to fixed rules, and yet evincing the most hopeless incapacity for the managment of political affairs. No government could sustain itself when administered by individuals such as those who mismanaged in every department, and ruined the papal dominions under the deceased Pope. The innate viciousness, incompetence, and absurdity of a priestly government have been, to the infinite benefit of the world, thoroughly exemplified by the contemptible, though wicked administration under Gregory XVI. The exposure must assist in obtaining a remedy.

It appears from the fourth book, (vol. ii. ch. i.) of the Count de Tournon's work, that the papal government is really most complicated in its machinery. The author traces this complication to the union of three distinct offices in the Pope, namely, 1st, that of supreme pontiff; 2d, Bishop of Rome; and 3d, of temporal king.

The cardinal secretary of state, the Cardinal Camerlengo della Santa Chiesa (appointed for life, and who assumes the government on the decease of a Pope), the treasurer-general and governor of Rome, and *all prelates,* are the chief officers engaged in the political administration. The seventeen delegates are governed of course by cardinals. "The priests" (writes the Count) "seize all public employments. There is an official person, called senator of Rome, who represents the

ancient senate in which Cato spoke. This farce is very ridiculous. I do not touch on functionaries who rule the ecclasiastical matters. But the interesting part of the chapter referred to is the latter portion of it, which explains what most people are ignorant of, that there was a municipal system in the papal states, really calculated to give the people control over their local affairs. The large towns were entitled to have a municipal council of 48 members, lesser towns 36 or 24, villages under a thousand inhabitants, 15; nominated at first by the sovereign, afterwards renewed by the council, and chosen from all classes of the people, nobles or farmers. The council were to make out a list from which the governor of the province was to select the local magistrates. This council ought to have the assessment and disbursement of all local taxes and expenses, such as police, the doctor, the schoolmaster," &c.

The Count de Tournon fairly subjoins this remark to his statement of the municipal system:

"Ce mode d'administration municipale, évidemment emprunté au système Français, étonnera ceux qui croient que dans les États du pape tout est soumis à l'arbitraire et au bon plaisir. Sans doute les abus de pouvoir y sont communs; mais la loi écrite y est plus favorable à la liberté qu'on ne le croit communément."

Whatever may have been the theory, I understood the people in the Roman states were latterly stripped of all real political power, or municipal authority, under the rule of Pope Gregory; let us hope, they may regain their just rights, and extend their liberties, under the reign of his successor.

CHAPTER X.

Death of Pope Gregory.—Ceremonies consequent thereon.—Election of Pius IX.

MUCH has been written about the present Pope; he is the astonishment and delight of Italy. The stately ceremonies observed on the death of his predecessor, and on his own election, are so graphically described in the subjoined letter from an Italian lady in Rome to her English friend in Switzerland, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of translating it for the gratification of the curious.

"*Rome, July 16th,* 1846.

"PREGIATISSIMA SIGNORINA,—I have received your charming letter with much joy, but I grieve in repeating to myself these words of your letter, 'Perhaps I have seen beautiful Italy for the last time.' I cannot believe it. I will never, never abandon the hope of meeting you again.

"As you have expressed a wish to have some information respecting the obsequies of the deceased Pope, as well as of the solemnities attending the installation of the new pontiff, I willingly comply with your gracious request, though in a few words, since a suitable detail would require other talents than mine.

"About the hour of nine o'clock in the morning of the 1st of June ult. Pope Gregory XVI. ceased to live. In the afternoon of the same day, the cardinal

Camerlengo went with mourning equipage to the Vatican palace, there to inform himself of the death of the sovereign. On arriving, he immediately uncovered the face of the corpse, which was concealed by a veil, and with a golden hammer he softly struck the temples, and having assured himself that it was death, he ordered that it might be registered by the notary present. On leaving the Vatican, he found, according to ancient usage, the Swiss guard drawn up, and their captain addressed to him these words, 'Chi ci paga?' (Who pays us?) To which the Camerlengo replied, 'Vi pago io,' (I pay you.) They then formed into two files, and accompanied him to his palace, whereupon he became Vice Sovereign. Immediately on his arrival he ordered that the great bell of the Capitol should announce to the inhabitants of Rome, by means of thirty-three tolls, the death of the Pope. To this bell all those of the numerous churches of our country pealed forth their echo.

"Imagine how my poor head then suffered!

"Two days after, the body of the deceased Pope was exposed to view in the Sistine Chapel, dressed in the pontifical robes, with the papal cap upon his head, surrounded by the guard of noblemen habited in mourning, which was also worn by the entire garrison of Rome. The third day he was removed into St. Peter's Church, where he was placed upon a stage or platform, and a solemn *requiem* chaunted. Afterwards he was taken into the Capella del Sacramento, his feet stretched out and uncovered, in order that the people who flocked thither might kiss them. He remained there three days, and about seven o'clock on the evening of the third day, he was buried with great pomp, in the presence of all the

cardinals. The following morning, which was the sixth from his death, the Church of St. Peter was opened; in the midst of it, there was erected a magnificent mausoleum of a square form, with four doors of the Egyptian order; within this was placed the sepulchral urn, covered with funeral drapery, and visible by the subdued light of a taper; on the four sides were four colossal statues, representing Justice, Power, Wisdom, and Charity, besides four immense cornucopias filled with candles. Over the mausoleum thus described, there was raised an octagonal tablet of stone, on which were inscriptions and allegorical bas-reliefs, and above this a pedestal which supported a large statue representing Religion. This mausoleum remained exposed for three days. Saturday terminated the Novendiali. Thus are termed the obsequies, because they last nine days.

"The Sunday following, being the 14th day of June, at six in the afternoon, the cardinals in great pomp went in procession into conclave. On the evening of Monday the 15th, a rumour was circulated throughout Rome, that the new Pope had been elected. On the morning of Tuesday the 16th, the piazza of the Quirinal presented a magnificent *coup d'œil*. The sky was most beautiful, the piazza crowded with people, the troops drawn up in array, and all with their faces turned towards the balcony. At nine were heard the blows of hammers breaking down a window that is ordinarily built up. Shortly after, the Cardinal Camerlengo appeared with the bearer of the crucifix, and announced to the people the exaltation to the papacy of the cardinal, who took the name of Pius IX. The populace responded with shouts of joy.

"But what a surprising spectacle! At that moment the new Pope appeared on the balcony; the uproar of the people, who threw aloft their handkerchiefs and hats, the waving of banners, the ringing of bells, the firing of artillery from the Fort of St. Angelo, the continual discharge of cannon, the sound of the trumpets of the military bands, combined to produce an unusual emotion of joy and surprise. The Pope, quite overcome, blessed the people in tears, and then, transported by the sight of so much exultation, stretched out his arms in token of thankfulness for the kind feeling evinced by the people. Thus terminated that wonderful scene, in which nothing was wanting, Carissima Signorina, but your dear self.

"In the afternoon of the same day, the Pope went to pay a visit to St. Peter's. On his arriving at the bridge of St. Angelo, the governor threw down the chain which closes up the barrier. The banners were raised amidst discharges of artillery; proceeding to the piazza of St. Peter's, which was crowded with troops and people, he passed through the midst of it with solemn pomp. Arrived at the church, he admitted the cardinals to an embrace, thence he returned to the Quirinal, and thus the day terminated. The following Sunday, with the same procession, he went at eight in the morning to St. Peter's, and ascended to the hall called the Hall of Vestments, where he robed himself as Pope, all but the triple crown (il Triregno), in lieu of which he had the mitre; and preceded by all the pontifical court, and by the sacred college, he was carried in a chair down the stairs of Constantine, as far as the porch of St. Peter's, where a throne was erected, which the pontiff ascended, and

admitted the canons of St. Peter's to kiss his knee. After this, the Cardinal Mattei, archpriest of this church, delivered a discourse, in which he submitted to the Pope his authority in the said church, and begged him to enter and chaunt the papal mass. The Pope then, reascending the chair, was accompanied by the same procession into the church. No sooner had he entered, than the Cardinal Mattei presented him with a purse of crimson velvet, containing two scudi and a half, pronouncing these words in Latin, 'Pro Missâ,' (for the mass.) Then the Pope went into the chapel of San Gregoria, where he alighted, and seated himself on a throne, one being here also erected, and having disrobed, he arrayed himself in other vestments, and added a jewel in the middle of his breast, a symbol of ecclesiastical sovereignty. Afterwards he intoned the third Psalm, which was chaunted with sweetest music by the whole choir of the pontifical chapel. After which, ascending the chair anew, the pontiff was carried to the tribune, where he alighted and changed, once more, his dress, as did also the cardinals, and began the ceremonies of the papal mass, which being finished, he robed himself afresh, and, with the mitre on his head, attended by the flabelli, or fan-bearers, and followed by all the diplomatic corps in full uniform, he ascended to the balcony where, in order to give benediction, a magnificent throne was prepared, in which the Pope seated himself. The vice-deacon chaunted certain prayers, and afterwards, in the presence of the immense concourse of people congregated on the piazza, and of all the troops who formed a square, he took the triple crown, ascended the throne where the Pope was sitting, and crowned him. At this act, all the

people waved their handkerchiefs, and shouted with joy; the band struck up, military banners waved amidst the bayonets of the soldiers, and the fort of St. Angelo fired salutes with its artillery. Had you been present, how you would have enjoyed this exciting scene!

"In the evening, Rome seemed as it were a ball-room all illuminated. On the piazza of the Pincio were two full orchestras, playing the finest pieces of music. On the Piazza del Popolo, Prince Torlonia had a grand display of splendid fireworks. Thus ended the ceremonies; nothing remains except one, the Taking Possession, which will take place in the autumn. With regard to the character of the new Pope, I will say nothing else than that he is a veritable angel come down from heaven for the benefit of the miserable. He has sold a great many of his horses, and given the money to the poor. The Pope's table, which formerly cost fifty scudi a-day, he has reduced to only two scudi and a-half; and, in like manner, he has curtailed every expenditure of the household, in order that he may give the money to the poor, and lessen the debts of the state. He gives public audience to all, he has signed a permission for railroads; in fine, we hope to see Rome restored to a new life. In another letter I will tell you all that takes place, and whether our hopes are realized.

"You will permit me, my dear lady, to subscribe myself your true and affectionate friend," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XI.

Genova la Superba,—Dr. Arnold's eloquent Description.—The Harbour and the Heights.—Climate.—Aspect of People.—Priests and Monks.—The Scientific Congress.—An Italian Parliament; Opinions propounded therein.—Regeneration of Italy now probable. The Formation of an Italian Empire contemplated. — The Literary Men of Italy.—Writings of Manzoni; their Tendency favourable to the Italian Character; his Poetry; Translations; his Religious Opinions.—Political Views of the principal Literary Men in Italy.—Rosetti's proscribed Ode, and Translation.—Ambitious Projects of Charles Albert.

September and October, 1846.

In the month of September, 1846, I found myself for the second time in Genova la Superba, the appropriate epithet applied to the once triumphant queen of the sea. Venice and Genoa, once prosperous and free, and owing their wealth and greatness to their widespread commerce, forcibly remind the British traveller of his own country, her commerce, name, and power, diffused throughout the world. Here a company of merchants, possessed of unfruitful rocks, without territories or extensive population, through commerce and a high spirit of enterprise, became princes of the earth. "In the fourteenth century," writes Gibbon, "the Roman empire (I smile in transcribing the name) might soon have sunk into a province of Genoa, if the ambition of the republic had not been checked by the ruin of her freedom and marine power." The splended city now presents an aspect

of faded grandeur; its beautiful palaces are too large, and their decorations too rich for the fortune of their present occupants.

But the bright bay, the mountains, the glorious nature of the scenery towards La Spezzia, afford a combination of objects unparalleled, even in this favoured region. In one of Dr. Arnold's lectures on modern history, there is an eloquent passage descriptive of Genoa, which I think most felicitous:—"Some of you, I doubt not, remember Genoa; you have seen that queenly city with its streets of palaces rising tier above tier from the water, girdling with the long lines of its bright white houses, the vast sweep of its harbour, the mouth of which is marked by a huge natural mole of rock, crowned by its magnificent lighthouse tower. You remember how its white houses rose out of a mass of fig, and olive, and orange trees, the glory of its old patrician luxury; you may have observed the mountains behind the town, spotted at intervals by small circular low towers, one of which is distinctly conspicuous, where the ridge of hills rises to its summit and hides from view all the country behind it. Those towers are the forts of the famous lines, which curiously resembling in shape the later Syracusan walls enclosing Epipolæ, converge inland, from the eastern and western extremities of the city, looking down the western line on the valley of the Polcevera, the eastern on that of the Bisagno, till they meet, as I have said, on the summit of the mountains, where the hills cease to rise from the sea, and become more or less of a table land, running off towards the interior, at the distance of between two and three miles from the outside of the city.

"Thus a very large open space is enclosed within

the lines, and Genoa is capable therefore of becoming a vast entrenched camp, holding not so much a garrison, as an army." *

To feel the force of Arnold's description, should the traveller enter Genoa by land, he must take an opportunity of rowing out to sea for a mile or two, and there enjoy the exciting prospect spread out before him. Nor ought he to omit referring to the graphic description of Genoa, from the inimitable pen of Mr. Dickens, by far the most striking sketch in his "Pictures from Italy."

The climate of Genoa is not unhealthy, but cold, and partaking too much of our northern sharpness for invalids to endure throughout the winter. Let it be remembered that Sir James Clarke has written—

"For pulmonary invalids, Genoa is decidedly an improper residence. It is subject to frequent and rapid changes of temperature, and to dry, cold winds from the north, alternating with warm, humid winds from the south-east—the two prevailing winds of the place. To these rapid changes are attributed the inflammatory affections of the respiratory organs, which with tubercular consumption cause a great part of the mortality of Genoa."

With respect to its famous harbour, which is about a mile and half in length, and faces the south, and protected by two moles running across from opposite extremities, leaving a space of more than half a mile between them, I had a striking example of its insecurity. When the wind blew from the south, the sea rushed in with tremendous force; and a fine ship was wrecked in our view within the

* The account of the memorable siege of Genoa, in 1799, and the moral reflections on the blockade by the English, are worthy the humane and noble character of Dr. Arnold.

harbour. An English steamer, from the lucky circumstance of having her steam up, escaped the like fate, and got behind the old mole. The gulf has long been celebrated for storms and scarcity of fish. Addison imagined the fish did not care for inhabiting such stormy waters.

——— "Atrum
Defendens pisces hiemat mare."

I cannot say I would willingly select Genoa for a winter residence; independently of climate, it becomes irksome to be obliged to clamber up precipices every day, and no common strength is required to take ordinary walking exercise in so extraordinary a city, where narrow passages leading to the heights are nearly perpendicular. Moreover, the fatigue of toiling up to a man's apartment after he has rashly descended from his eminence, would disable the invalid effectually for the remainder of the day.

The streets are narrow, houses six stories high, the shops and lower apartments dark and gloomy; and the best chambers being generally the uppermost, you may reckon one hundred steps ere you reach the goal. Strangers wisely fix their residence opposite the harbour, to command a view of the bay; you must ascend fifty steps before you could see over the splendid promenade raised on arches, built of white marble, and stretching along the edge of the harbour, and affording the most agreeable lounge at certain periods of the day in this beautiful town. This promenade cannot be endured when the sun shines brightly, for the glare caused by the rays of the sun on the white marble is not tolerable. In the evenings and mornings this walk is crowded; when the Genoese women, so modest in appearance and graceful

in figure, move about; their dress admirably calculated to impress the traveller's eye, from its elegance and yet simplicity; their muslin robe displays the shape, and a long white veil, or scarf, called *pezzotto*, falling from the head over the shoulder, shades, but does not conceal their delicate beauty. Bonnets are rare, and certainly I have never seen a female dress more becoming. The men are plain; the merchants immersed in business, and crafty. A proverb says, the Genoese have a sea without fish, land without trees, and men without faith. Every second person you meet is either a monk or a soldier. The town swarms with these unproductive members of society. It is calculated there are 1800 lusty monks in and around Genoa; attached to the cathedral of San Lorenzo alone, are *fifty-six priests*. It presents more the outward appearance of a priest-ridden country than Rome itself, and the laws in matters of religion are quite as intolerant. The churches are, some externally curious, all very rich, but decorated in bad taste. The Strada Nuova, lined with stately palaces, "looks as if built for a congress of kings." The mere sight seer may be satisfied with these splendid edifices and their rich contents, but the inquiring traveller will not fail to visit the many excellent benevolent institutions in and around Genoa, and above all, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, under the management of a pious priest, one of the most interesting establishments I ever examined.

Few capitals possess public gardens so situated as those in Genoa. Elevated on the heights, the view from the platform, of the gulf, the wooded mountains, covered with smiling habitations, and of the beautiful country towards the Riviera, is various and magnificent. Hence the stranger may prosecute his walk round

the fortifications, an excursion of some length, no less novel than delightful.

I arrived in Genoa just as the Scientific Congress, which began the 14th September, was breaking up; and in order to understand the subjects engaging the mind of Italy, I deemed it would be an useful occupation to examine the proceedings and ascertain the objects of this distinguished association. The papers of the Congress were procured at the University, and an Italian gentleman explained to me much that passed in the sections which did not appear in the proceedings as published.

The business was conducted in ten separate sections. That which included agriculture and statistics was termed "Sezione di Agronomia e Tecnologia." The proceedings of this section resembled those of a parliament convened to discuss every question of interest to the inhabitants of the whole peninsula of Italy. The vintage, the harvest, the failure and disease in the potatoe crop, the corn laws, the currency, the state of crime in Italy, the benevolent institutions which existed or ought to exist, the education of the people in all its branches, and the whole subject of railways. These important matters were separately debated with ability and boldness. It was impossible to stop the mouths of the speakers, but the censor clipped their eloquence when the printed proceedings were laid before him. Sometimes he cut out a sentence, then a liberal quotation, and now extinguished an entire speech. A member dwelling on the vast influence of popular instruction on popular morality, concludes "with the sublime sentence of a modern writer." Then follows the black mark ——— of the censor, blotting out the

sentence quoted. Upon a representation made to government, the quotation suppressed was on a subsequent day allowed to be printed. It is, "Education, and not the cannon, will for the future be the arbiter of the destinies of he world." An excellent sentiment—may it prove true!

Orally the members expressed the justest views and noblest ideas respecting Italy, her present condition and future prospects. The papers read were suffered to be printed, especially when the authors lavished praise on the King of Sardinia. For example, Signor Canale, an advocate, read a clever paper on the ancient navigators and discoverers of Genoa, the adventurous spirits who "prepared the way for the stupendous conceit of Columbus," and concludes by a thanksgiving for living in times when sovereigns contended with a noble emulation for the improvement of their people, adding, "I allude to his Holiness Pius IX. and the King of Sardinia, the union of which two names may perhaps *unravel the secret of the future destinies of Italy.* If Italy, this ancient mother of nations, *united at last under the Majesty of our great empire,* inspired by religion, and by valour, shall recover its lost commerce, she will not assuredly be wanting in hereditary glory, and may recover the power for which she has so long sighed."

The idea of forming Italy into one great empire, including in it the project of expelling the Austrians, is a favourite notion pervading several classes of the people, and there can be little doubt Charles Albert desires to rule that brilliant empire, and therefore permits to be spoken what he wishes to have done. Upon the subject of free trade, several members

spoke out very boldly. Il Signor Conte Fieschi, enraptured with the Corn-law League, read a paper in which was broached the idea of establishing in Italy an association to advance the principles of free-trade, similar to the societies existing in England. This proposition excited a lively discussion, in the course of which Signor Mancini enforced the necessity of concentrating in Italy the powers of all right thinkers to accelerate the triumph of the principles of free-trade and commerce. He observed, that in Tuscany only was this principle not merely carried into practice, but sustained by the public sentiment; whereas in all the other States of Italy, governments were in advance of the people, and consequently the question of free-trade was ill understood, receiving only the applause of men educated in the science of political economy. He wished to present it in its most simple form to the people. "*Do nations profit by abundance or famine?*"

It is an undoubted fact, that free-trade principles have made but little real progress throughout the peninsula, and are not likely to be adopted by the people. A variety of other subjects of national importance, especially the Education question, were handled in a masterly manner by the members.

There is in Genoa a nobleman, the Marchese Lorenzo Pareto, of ancient family, liberal principles, and literary taste. On the day of distribution of certain prizes awarded by the scientific congress, this nobleman delivered a discourse in which he spoke on the "*vital genius of Italy.*" "Its bent was, he maintained, to progress in science and literature; but it had not advanced, not because genius was wanting, but because the mind of Italy was in chains, education.

was circumscribed, literature only encouraged by the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the present Pope." He then denounced the method of education the Jesuits wished to introduce, in order, he said, "to keep down the human intellect." This bold address was received with loud applause, but suppressed by the censor.

Upwards of a thousand members attended this very important congress.

The proceedings of this association have been alluded to because they formed no mean part of the stirring history of Italy in the present day. Here may be seen the subjects which engage the minds of her distinguished men, embracing propositions moral and political, the right solution of which, with their practical application, must deeply concern the happiness and liberty of the peninsula. Having analyzed these proceedings, it struck me that the regeneration of Italy was nearly certain, and that if the members of this intellectual parliament succeed in breaking down the miserable divisions which separate one Italian state from the other, and consolidating the opinion of the whole country on practicable and worthy objects, it would not be in the power, nor would it be the interest, of rulers to resist longer all the improvements enlightened opinion would demand; and the belief then might not be extravagant, that Italy, which once ruled the world by the empire of her power, and afterwards by the empire of her genius, which dazzled the middle ages by her brilliant republics, recovering her lost energies, might again delight, instruct, and illuminate the nations.

It may not be uninteresting to refer briefly to the writings of the remarkable authors who have figured

in Italy of late. They have accomplished much for their country, and in an honest fashion. Their writings breathe a patriotic, moral, frequently religious spirit; a common agreement seems to pervade them, while they write in favour of national union, reform, liberty; to repress the violent passions, which, if excited, might render these great blessings worthless. - Foremost amongst these is Alessandro Manzoni, descended from a daughter of the celebrated Beccaria, and connected with the most eminent Italian authors of the age. His literary labours have been labours of love. The general impression left on the mind of the reader of the "Promessi Sposi," is in favour of genuine religion, of piety, and charity, and in disparagement of formalism and hypocrisy. I have heard that the world is indebted for this celebrated romance to the suggestions of Lady Morgan, who expressed to Manzoni much surprise that no historical romance had been attempted in Italy, a country whose history abounds in startling incidents, and extraordinary events.

This romance, if it may be so called, has had, from the date of its publication, a run of success in Italy; yet is it wholly different from the style of Scott, the beautiful creations of whose genius have been the delight of our Italian brethren.

Manzoni is unconnected and episodical, gentle to a fault, but exquisitely pathetic. He moves the human soul from its depths. Several of his chapters are scarcely to be equalled for tenderness and beauty, while in his powerful description of the plague, which desolated Milan in 1630, he is declared to have reached Thucydides, and excelled De Foe. In the thirty-fourth chapter there is a touching description

of a mother adorning her beloved child, (who has perished in the plague,) for removal to the common bier. What can be more pathetic? Who can read it without tears?

"Scendeva dalla soglia d'uno di quegli usci, e veniva verso il convoglio, una donna, il cui aspetto annunziava una giovinezza avanzata, ma non trascorsa; e vi traspariva una bellezza velata e offuscata, ma non guasta, da una gran passione, e da un languor mortale; quella bellezza molle a un tempo e maestosa, che brilla nel sangue Lombardo. La sua andatura era affaticata, ma non cascante; gli occhi non davan lacrime, ma portavan segno d'averne sparse tante; c'era in quel dolore un non so che di pacato e di profondo, che attestava un' anima tutta consapevole e presente a sentirlo. Ma non era il solo suo aspetto che, tra tante miserie, la indicasse così particolarmente alla pietà, e ravvivasse per lei quel sentimento ormai stracco e ammortito ne' cuori. Portava essa in collo una bambina di forse nov'anni, morta; ma tutta ben accomodata, co' capelli divisi sulla fronte, con un vestito bianchissimo, come se quelle mani l'avessero adornata per una festa promessa da tanto tempo, e data per premio. Nè la teneva a giacere, ma sorretta, a sedere sur un braccio, col petto appoggiato al petto, come se fosse stata viva; se non che una manina bianca a guisa di cera spenzolava da una parte con una certa inanimata gravezza, e il capo posava sull'omero della madre, con un abbandono più forte del sonno; della madre, chè, se anche la somiglianza de' volti non n'avesse fatto fede; l'avrebbe detto chiaramente quello de' due ch'esprimeva ancora un sentimento.

"Un turpe monatto andò per levarle la bambina dalle braccia, con una specie però d'insolito rispetto, con un' esitazione involontaria. Ma quella, tirandosi indietro, senza però mostrare sdegno nè disprezzo, 'No!' disse; 'non me la toccate per ora; devo metterla io su quel carro: prendete.' Così dicendo, aprì una mano, fece vedere una

borsa, e la lasciò cadere in quella che il monatto le tese. Poi continuò: 'promettetemi di non levarle un filo d'intorno, nè di lasciar che altri ardisca di farlo, e di metterla sotto terra così.' Il monatto si mise una mano al petto; e poi, tutto premuroso, e quasi ossequioso, più per il nuovo sentimento da cui era come soggiogato, che per l'inaspettata ricompensa, s'affaccendò a far un po'di posto sul carro per la morticina. La madre, dato a questa un bacio in fronte, la mise lì come sur un letto, ce l'accomodò, le stese sopra un panno bianco, e disse l'ultime parole: 'addio, Cecilia! riposa in pace! Stasera verremo anche noi, per restar sempre insieme. Prega intanto per noi; ch'io pregherò per te e per gli altri.' Poi voltatasi di nuovo al monatto, 'voi,' disse, 'passando di quì verso sera, salirete a prendere anche me, e non me sola.'

"Così detto, rientrò in casa, e, un momento dopo, s'affacciò alla finestra, tenendo in collo un'altra bambina più piccola, viva, ma coi segni della morte in volto. Stette a contemplare quelle così indegne esequie della prima, finchè il carro non si mosse, finchè lo potè vedere: poi disparve. E che altro potè fare, se non posar sul letto l'unica che le rimaneva, e mettersele accanto per morire insieme? Come il fiore già rigoglioso sullo stelo cade insieme col fiorellino ancora in boccia, al passar della falce che pareggia tutte l'erbe del prato."

"There came down from the threshold of one of those doorways, advancing towards the conveyance, a female, whose countenance indicated somewhat of youth still remaining, and in whom was discernible a beauty of person, veiled indeed and darkened, but not despoiled, by intense suffering, and by a deadly languor; that beauty at once soft and majestic which is so brilliant in the Lombard race. Her gait was as of one weary, and yet not tottering. Her eyes shed no tears, but shewed signs of having shed not a few—there was in that grief of hers an indescribable some-

what of composure and depth, which testified a soul altogether absorbed with its reality.

"But it was not alone her general aspect, which, amongst such a mass of misery, made her thus especially an object of compassion, and revived for her an emotion now well nigh extinct in men's hearts. She carried in her bosom a little girl of about nine years old, dead—but dressed with the most scrupulous care, with her hair parted on her forehead, with a robe of the purest white, just as if the hands of affection had adorned her for some holiday, ever so long promised, and assigned as a reward. Nor did the bearer hold her in a recumbent posture, but seated on her arm breast to breast, as though she were alive; save that a small white hand, looking like wax, hung down loose on one side, with a certain inanimate weight, and save that the head lay on the mother's shoulder with a languor exceeding that of sleep; the mother's, I say, because even if the likeness of their countenances had not proved this relationship, there was an unity of sentiment still expressed in the two which would have told it plainly.

"An ill favoured carman was about to lift the little girl out of the mother's arms, not, however, without somewhat of unusual respect, and of involuntary hesitation. But she, drawing back, and yet not manifesting disdain or disparagement, said,—'No, touch her not, I pray, just yet; it is I that must place her upon that car. Take that.'—With these words, she opened one of her hands, disclosed to view a purse, and let it fall into the hand which the carman held out to her. She then added,—'Promise me not to disturb one fold of her garments, nor to let any one else dare to do so, but to lay her underground exactly thus.'

"The carman laid his hand upon his heart, in token of compliance, and then being rendered quite attentive and almost obsequious, by the novel emotion under which he seemed subdued, rather than by the unexpected gratuity,

he busied himself in making some spare room on the car for the poor little thing that was dead.

"The mother first kissed its cold forehead, laid it down as though on a bed—set all in order—spread upon it a white coverlid, and said these parting words :—'Farewell, Cecilia; rest in peace! We shall follow this very evening, and so shall all remain henceforth together. Meanwhile, do thou pray for us, as I will for thee, and for the other dear ones.' Thereupon, turning once more to the carman; 'You,' said she, 'as you pass this way towards the evening, will ascend the stairs, and take me also, and not me alone.'

"This said, she re-entered the house, and a moment afterwards appeared at the window, pressing to her bosom another little girl, younger, alive, but with the marks of death in her countenance. She stood gazing at the miserable obsequies of the one that had died, until the car set forward, until her straining eyes could see it no more, then she disappeared.——And what had she more to do, than to place upon the bed her only remaining child, to lay herself and it side by side, that so they might expire together? 'Even as the blossom full blown on its stem, falls together with the floweret yet in bud, as the passing scythe reduces to one level every plant of the field.'"

The tendency of the writings of Manzoni has been doubly beneficial; calculated to engender in the Italian heart a spirit of patriotism, to stigmatize the folly of those jealousies and animosities which used to set the states one against another, and led to their subjugation to transalpine potentates, and to create a sense of national disgrace under that subjugation. The second aim of Manzoni's writing has been to inspire in the minds of his Roman Catholic brethren just conceptions of pure religion. A devout Romanist he may be, but tolerant, sincere, I had almost said, evangelical. He represents the Roman Catholic

religion under a very sweet and pleasing aspect; but while he believes all its chief doctrines, he manifestly disbelieves the miraculous fables invented by crafty monks and impostors; and, as if to show their absurdity, has introduced an amusing passage in his third chapter respecting the miracle of the walnuts.

A capuchin going his rounds to levy contributions of walnuts for his convent, stirs up the zeal of the contributors by telling them the following tale:—

"You must know, then, that in that convent of ours there was one of the fathers, a holy man, and his name Father Macary. Now this good father, pursuing his way one winter's day along a footpath, through a field belonging to one of our benefactors, who also was an excellent man, saw this our benefactor close to a great walnut tree of his, and four labourers with mattocks lifted up on high, just about to bare the roots of the tree, and lay them open to the daylight. 'What are you doing to that poor plant?' asked Father Macary. 'Oh, father, it has not made me any walnuts this many a year past, and I am determined I will make timber of it.' 'Let it stand,' said the father; 'take my word for it, that this year it shall bear more fruit than leaves.' Our benefactor, well aware who it was that had said these words, immediately gave his orders to the labourers to throw the earth back again upon the roots; and accosting the father, who was proceeding on his way, 'Father Macary,' said he, 'one half of the crop shall be for the convent.' Tidings of the prediction got wind, and all flocked around to watch the walnut tree. Sure enough, in the spring time it blossomed prodigiously, and, in due season, it yielded fruit in proportion. Our worthy benefactor did not enjoy the pleasure of gathering in the crop, for before the fruit harvest he departed to receive elsewhere the reward of his charity. But the miracle

proved all the greater for that, as you shall hear. This good man had left behind him a son of a very different stamp. Well then, at the fruit season, our receiver went and demanded the half that belonged to the convent. But thereupon the fellow put on quite another face, and had the audacity to reply, that 'he had never heard say that capuchins knew how to make walnuts.' Now what do you suppose happened? On a certain day, (note what follows,) this scapegrace had a party of friends of the same kidney with himself; and as they were guzzling together, he must needs tell them the story of these walnuts, and make merry at the expense of the brotherhood. Now the youngsters took it into their heads to go and see this prodigious walnut store; and their host leads the way up into his granary. But, (listen now,) he opens the door, goes towards the corner in which the great heap had been piled up, and saying 'Look ye there,' himself looks, and sees,—what do you think? A great heap of dry walnut leaves! Was not this a fine warning? And the convent, instead of losing, gained by the bargain: for after this mighty work, the collection of walnuts yielded such quantities, that one of our benefactors, taking compassion on the poor collector, made the convent the kind present of an ass, to help in carrying the walnuts home. And there was so very much oil made of them, that the poor all came to fetch it as they wanted it. For, in truth, we are just like to the ocean, which, whilst it receives contributions of water from all parts, distributes it in return amongst all the rivers in the world."

Another remarkable passage, of a similar tendency, occurring in Chapter XXXVI. requires a brief introduction. Lucia, the heroine of the tale, in humble life, when separated from Renzo, her betrothed, and in the power as she apprehended of the villain who had prevented their union, and who was not likely to

have any scruple as to the means of effecting his atrocious purposes, had betaken herself, in the extremity of her distress, to her rosary, and to the Virgin Mary; and had made a vow, that if saved from the violence of her persecutor, she would dedicate herself in single blessedness to the Virgin's service, renouncing her dear Renzo for ever. Being soon afterwards liberated most unexpectedly, she set herself to fulfil her vow; and sent a message to this effect, through her mother, to Renzo.• In the interim the plague overran the country. Upon her recovery from this horrible disease, her resolution is put to the test by the following ardent reasoning of her lover; who, after all manner of crosses and hindrances, and under every possible discouragement, at length met with her in the lazaretto at Milan.

"*R.* Lucia, I have found you! I have you! It is you yourself! You are alive! (cried Renzo, advancing, all in a tremor.)

Oh, blessed Lord! (replied Lucia, trembling still more:) What, you! What can this mean? How? Why? The pestilence!

R. I have had it. And you?

L. Ah! so have I. And what of my mother?

R. I have not seen her, for she is at Pasturo; I believe, however, that she is very well. But you . . . how pale you look even yet! how weak you seem! Recovered, however,—are you quite?

L. It has pleased the Lord to spare me yet longer here below. Ah, Renzo, why are you here?

R. Why? (said he, continually drawing somewhat more close;) do you ask me why? Why ought I to come hither? Can you need that I should tell you? On whom are my thoughts intent? Is not my name still Renzo; mine, I say? Are you not still Lucia; I mean you?

L. Alas! what are you saying! what are you saying! But has not my mother had a message written to you . . . . ?

R. Yes, indeed; rather too much of a message. Fine things to get written to a poor afflicted, persecuted wanderer: to a young man, who at any rate has never, in any wise, wronged you.

L. Alas, Renzo, Renzo! since it seems that you all along were aware . . . . why come hither? oh, why?

R. Why come? oh, Lucia! Why come, do you ask me? After our many mutual promises? Are not we still ourselves? Have you lost all memory? Were we not all but . . . ?

L. Blessed Lord, (cried Lucia most piteously, clasping her hands, and lifting up her eyes to heaven,) why hast thou not vouchsafed to take me to thyself? Oh, Renzo! what have you done to me? See now; I was beginning to hope that . . . . with the help of time . . . . I might have forgotten . . . .

R. A pretty hope, truly! fine things to tell me to my very face!

L. Alas! what have you done? And in such a place as this! amidst all these horrors—all these awful spectacles! here where they do nothing but die—you have been able to . . . . !

R. As to those who die, we must pray God in their behalf, and must hope that they will go to a better place. But it is not right, for all this, that those who live should have to live in despair . . . .

L. But Renzo, Renzo! You do not consider what you are saying. A promise to the Madonna—a vow!

R. But, let me tell you, that there are some promises that go for nothing.

L. Blessed Lord! What is this you say? Where have you been all this time? In what company? How you you talk!

R. I talk like a good Christian. And I think better of the Madonna than you do; for I do not believe that she is pleased with promises made to one's neighbour's detriment. If, indeed, the Madonna herself had spoken, oh, then! . . . But what was it? A mere idea of your own. Do you know what you might have done well to promise to the Madonna? Promise her that the very first daughter we have we will name Mary; for here stand I ready to promise this too. These are the things which do far more honour to Our Lady; these are devotions which involve a benefit, instead of doing harm to any one."

The reader will be gratified to learn, that the excellent Capuchin, Father Christopher, the spiritual guide of both parties, when appealed to, took most decidedly the same view of the case as our friend Renzo; opined that the Madonna could not wish to have dedicated to her that which had been previously pledged elsewhere; and with the plenary authority of his Church, absolved poor Lucia from her vow; not a little, as we may presume, to her satisfaction.

The writings of Manzoni were well calculated, although not so intended, to prepare the way for the downfal of absolutism both in *Church* and in State. I have heard that many years after the "Promessi Sposi" had established itself as the most popular book in Italy, the Jesuits, sensible of its influence, and apprehending it would open men's eyes to the difference between themselves and their creatures on the one hand, and the benevolent Cardinal Borromeo so beautifully portrayed on the other, proposed to put the work in the list of *libri proibiti*, but were overruled, lest such an act of despotism might create a rebellion against the "*Index*" in toto; however, they announced to Manzoni his book would

be suppressed, unless he would write something to prove himself a sound Romanist. Whereupon, it is said, he published an essay to prove the beneficial influence of Romanism, as compared with the Gospel amongst Protestants, on the social and political condition of mankind. The exact title was "*Sulla Morale Cattolica.*" This performance ranked him amongst the orthodox, yet the more initiated thought they perceived, that he held opposite conclusions from those therein advocated.

There is something more stirring and vehement in "Il Carmagnola," a tragedy of Manzoni's, into which he has infused a lofty patriotic spirit. Carmagnola was a noted captain of the Mediæval Codottieri soldiers in the service of Venice, entrusted with a command in the wars with Milan. He was victorious, became suspected, was inveigled to Venice, and condemned to death. The plot gives fine occasion to inveigh against civil strife, and to inculcate a national patriotism for all Italy.

The following pungent chorus, bitter against the foreigner, (Austria,) while it denounces intestine war, affords an excellent specimen of the style of writing which has kindled a flame of liberty throughout Italy:—

IL CARMAGNOLA.—Atto ii. Sc. 6.

I.

S'ODE a destra uno squillo di tromba
A sinistra risponde uno squillo;
D' ambo i lati calpesto rimbomba
Da cavalli e da fanti il terren.

Quinci spunta per l'aria un vessillo,
Quindi un altro s'avanza spiegato:
Ecco appare un drappello schierato;
Ecco un altro che incontro gli vien.

II.

Già di mezzo sparito è il terreno;
Già le spade rispingon le spade;
L'un dell' altro le immerge nel seno;
Gronda il sangue; raddoppia il ferir.
Chi son essi? Alle belle contrade
Qual ne venne straniero a far guerra
Qual è quei che ha girato la terra
Dove nacque far salva, o morir?

III.

D'una terra son tutti; un linguaggio
Parlan tutti; fratelli li dice.
Lo straniero; il comune lignaggio
A ognun d'essi dal volto traspar.
Questa terra fu a tutti nudrice,
Questa terra di sangue ora intrisa;
Che natura dall' altre ha divisa,
E recinta coll' Alpe e col mar.

IV.

Ahi! qual d'essi il sacrilego brando
Trasse il primo il fratello a ferire?
Oh terror! Del conflitto esecrando
La cagione esecranda qual' è?
Non la sanno; a dar morte, a morire
Qui senz'ira ognun d'essi è venuto;
E venduto, ad un duce venduto,
Con lui pugna, e non chiede il perchè.

V.

Ahi sventura! Ma spose non hanno,
Non han madri gli stolti guerrieri?
Perchè tutte i lor cari non vanno
Dall' ignobile campo a strappar?
E i vegliardi, che ai casti pensieri
Della tomba già schiudon la mente,
Chè non tentan la turba furente
Con prudenti parole placar?

VI.

Come assiso talvolta il villano
Sulla porta del cheto abituro,
Segna il nembo che scende lontano
Sovra i campi che arati ei non ha:
Così udresti ciascun che sicuro
Vede lungi le armate coorti,
Raccontar le migliaja de' morti,
E la pietà dell' arse città.

VII.

Là, pendenti dal labbro materno
Vedi i figli, che imparano intenti
A distinguer con nomi di scherno
Quei che andranno ad uccidere un dì:
Qui, le donne alle veglie lucenti
Dei monili far pompa e dei cinti,
Che alle donne deserte dei vinti
Il marito o l' amante rapì.

VIII.

Ahi sventura! sventura! sventura!
Già la terra è coperta d'uccisi;
Tutta è sangue la vasta pianura;
Cresce il grido, raddoppia il furor.

Ma negli ordini manchi e divisi
Mal si regge, già cede, una schiera:
Già nel volgo, che vincer dispera,
Della vita rinasce l'amor.

IX.

Come il grano lanciato dal pieno
Ventilabro nell' aria si spande;
Tale intorno per l'ampio terreno
Si sparpagliano i vinti guerrier.
Ma improvvise terribili bande
Ai fuggenti s'affaccian sul' calle;
Ma si senton piu presso alle spalle
Scalpitare il temuto destrier.

X.

Cadon trepidi a piè dei nemici,
Rendon l'arme, si danno prigioni:
Il clamor delle turbe vittrici
Copre i lai del tapino che muor.
Un corriero è salito in arcioni;
Prende un foglio, il ripone s'avvia,
Sferza, sprona, divora la via;
Ogni villa si desta al romor.

XI.

Perchè tutti sul pesto cammino
Dalle case, e dai campi accorrete?
Ognun chiede con ansia al vicino,
Che gioconda novella recò?
Donde ei venga, infelici, il sapete,
E sperate che gioja favelli?
I fratelli hanno ucciso i fratelli:
Questa orrenda novella vi do.

XII.

Odo intorno festevoli gridi ;
S'orna il tempio, e risuona del canto ;
Già s'innalzan dai cuori omicidi
Grazie ed inni che abbomina il ciel.
Giù dal cerchio dell' Alpi frattanto
Lo straniero gli sguardi rivolve ;
Vede i forti che mordon la polve,
E li conta con gioja crudel.

XIII.

Affrettatevi, empite le schiere,
Sospendete i trionfi ed i giuochi,
Ritornate alle vostre bandiere ;
Lo straniero discende ; egli è qui.
Vincitor ! Siete deboli e pochi ?
Ma per questo a sfidarvi ei discende ;
E voglioso a quei campi v'attende
Ove il vostro fratello perì.

XIV.

Tu che angusta a' tuoi figli parevi,
Tu che in pace nutrirli non sai,
Fatal terra, gli estrani ricevi :
Tal giudicio comincia per te.
Un nemico che offeso non hai,
A tue mense insultando s'asside ;
Degli stolti le spoglie divide ;
Toglie il brando di mano a' tuoi re.

XV.

Stolto anch' esso ! Beata fu mai
Gente alcuna per sangue ed oltraggio ?
Solo al vinto non toccano i guai ;
Torna in pianto dell' empio il gioir.

Ben talor nel superbo viaggio
Non l'abbatte l'eterna vendetta ;
Ma lo segna ; ma veglia ed aspetta ;
Ma lo coglie all' estremo sospir.

XVI.

Tutti fatti a sembianza d'un Solo ;
Figli tutti d'un solo riscatto,
In qual ora, in qual parte del suolo
Trascorriamo quest' aura vital,
Siam fratelli ; siam stretti ad un patto :
Maladetto colui che lo infrange,
Che s'innalza sul fiacco che piange,
Che contrista un spirito immortal !

The following spirited translation in English verse has been written at my request by my distinguished friend, Dr. Anster, the poetic translator of "Faust." I feel confident it will prove acceptable to the reader : it is therefore now published.

I.

On the right a trumpet sounds !
On the left an answering blast !
Right and left, while earth rebounds,
Hear you not, approaching fast,
Tramp of horse and warrior's tread ?
Here a banner's folds in air
Flash : a rival flag outspread
Leads an armed battalion there !

II.

Lo ! the narrow space between
Host and host, as now they close,
Shrinks : and swords on swords smite keen,
Blood flows fast, and fury glows.

Which the strangers, say, who spoil
  This the loveliest land of earth?
Which the children of the soil
  Warring for their place of birth?

III.

All are of one land, and all
  Speak one language: every face
Tells one lineage: strangers call
  All, brethren—children of one race.
This land above all regions blest
  Hath nourished all—fair Italy,
Whom Nature sacred from the rest
  Hath cinctured with the Alps and sea.

IV.

Which first hath bared the traitorous knife
  To plunge it in a brother's heart?
And in the sacrilegious strife
  What prompted him to take a part?
They know not—they:—their blood is cold.
  Hirelings, they come to kill or die,
And, to a leader's bondage sold,
  Strike as he bids, and ask not why.

V.

Alas! alas! have they no wives?
  No mothers? Is there none to shield
Those warriors? must they spill their lives
  Thus on this ignominious field?
Old men, whom shadows of the grave
  Soothe and sublime, have ye no charm
Or tranquillizing words, to save
  And stay the fratricidal arm?

VI.

As from his peaceful door the hind
Marks, undisturbed, the tempest cloud
Sail far away upon the wind,
And fall on fields another ploughed:
Thus will you hear the idle train
Of gazers on these warrior bands
Tell o'er the tale of thousands slain,
And cities burned and ravaged lands.

VII.

There on his mother's heart, the boy
Already names with scorn and hate
The enemy whom to destroy
Shall be, he trusts, his future fate.
A lover's gifts—what bright display—
Bracelet, ring, zone—these ladies show,
In plundered cities torn away
From shrieking sisters of the foe!

VIII.

Woe! woe! in weltering lakes of blood;
Where'er you gaze are heaps of slain.
Hark! is the battle-strife renewed?
Hark to that thrilling shout again!
A wilder, a more thrilling shout!—
An agony of fiercer strife!—
They shrink—they yield—in frenzied rout
They fly—oh God!—they fly for life.

IX.

As from the winnowing fan, the grain
Leaps scattered on the breezy air,
So might you see by warrior men,
The flying clouds move here and there.

But here and there, where'er they fly,
They fear or fancy forms of death;
Hear from behind the enemy,
And feel his panting courser's breath.

X.

And, trembling, at the foeman's knee
They fall—they yield their arms—they cry
For quarter—shouts of victory
Drown the faint wail of those that die.
A courier to his saddle leaps,
Folds his dispatch—in swift career
Devours the road—on, on he sweeps,
And anxious cities start to hear.

XI.

Why to the highway rush ye so,
Crowding from city, hamlet, dell
Why seek ye each from each to know
What pleasant news can any tell?
Know ye not from what fatal plain
He comes? what tidings can ye hear
But woe—by brothers brothers slain,
And flight and desolation drear?

XII.

I hear around me festive cries:
With hymns the laurelled temples ring,
From homicidal hearts that rise,
While heaven detests the offering.
The stranger with a savage eye
Stands gazing from his Alpine height;
Beholds our warriors where they die,
And numbers them with fierce delight.

XIII.

Haste! fill ye up your ranks! suspend
The triumphs! cease the games! again
Back to your standards—see descend
The foreign foeman to the plain,
Victor! but ye are faint and few.
This fatal weakness—this false pride,
Lures from their clouds the vulture crew,
To revel where your brothers died.

XIV.

Too narrow for thy children, and
Scarce feeding them in peace, didst thou
Receive the stranger, hapless land!
And righteous judgment waits thee now.
Foes whom thou never didst offend,
Sit insolently at thy board;
The trophies of the foolish rend,
And from thy princes wrest the sword.

XV.

Fools, too, the conquerors! will not Blood
And Outrage summon guilty fears,
That on the triumph hour intrude,
And dash the cup of joy with tears?
What though the haughty front of crime
Heaven's vengeance strike not—from on high
It marks him—watches, waits the time,
And sleepless lurks for life's last sigh:

XVI.

All in the likeness made of One,
All bought by one atoning death;
What matters where each first hath drawn
With infant lips this fleeting breath?

Sons of one common father all,
Oh who would break this bond's control;
With pride insult a brother's fall,
And sadden an immortal soul?

This spirited chorus is said to have given great offence to the Austrian government, against whom it was manifestly aimed. But the most admired of all Manzoni's poetical productions is the Ode on the death of Napoleon, entitled "Il cinque Maggio." (The 5th of May.)

ODE.

Ei fu; siccome immobile,
Dato il mortal sospiro,
Stette la spoglia immemore,
Orba di tanto spiro;
Così percossa, attonita,
La terra al nunzio sta;
Muta, pensanda all' ultima
Ora dell' uom fatale,
Nè sa quando una simile
Orma di piè mortale
La sua cruenta polvere
A calpestar verrà.
Lui sfolgorante in soglio
Vide il mio genio e tacque,
Quando con vece assidua
Cadde, risorse, e giacque,
Di mille voci al sonito
Mista la sua non ha:
Vergin di servo encomio,
E di codardo oltraggio
Sorge or commosso al subito
Sparir di tanto raggio,
E scioglie all' urna un Cantico,
Che forse non morrà.

Dall' Alpi alle Piramidi,
Dal Mansanare al Reno,
Di quel securo *il fulmine*
Tenea dietro *al baleno;*
Scoppiò da *Scilla al Tanai,*
Dall' uno *all' altro mar.*
Fu vera gloria? *ai posteri*
L'ardua sentenza; nui
Chiniam la fronte al Massimo
Fattor, che volle in lui
Del creator suo spirito
Più vasta orma stampar.
La procellosa e trepida
Gioja d' un gran disegno,
L' ansia d' un cor, che indocile
Ferve pensando al regno,
E' l giunge, e tiene un premio
Ch' era follia sperar,
Tutto ei provò; la gloria
Maggior dopò il periglio,
La fuga, e la vittoria,
La reggia, e il triste esiglio,
Due volte nella polvere,
Due volte su gli altar.
Ei si nomò: due secoli
L' un contro l' altro armato,
Sommessi a lui si volsero
Come aspettando il fato:
Ei fe' silenzio, ad arbitro
S' assise in mezzo a lor:—
Ei sparve, e i dì nell' ozio
Chiuse in sì breve sponda,
Segno d' immensa invidia,
E di pietà profonda,
D' inestinguibil odio,
E d' indomiato amor.

Come sul capo al naufrago
L'onda s'avvolve e pesa,
L'onda su cui del misero
Alta pur dianzi e tesa
Scorrea la vista a scernere
Prode remote invan;
Tal su quell' alma il cumulo
Delle memorie scese;
Oh! quante volte ai posteri
Narrar se stesso imprese,
E sulle eterne pagine
Cadde la stanca man!
Oh! quante volte al tacito
Morir d' un giorno inerte,
Chinati i rai fulminei,
Le braccia al sen conserte,
Stette, e dei dì che furono
L'assalse il sovvenir!
Ei ripensò le mobili
Tende, e i percossi valli,
E il lampo dei manipoli,
E l'onda dei cavalli,
E il concitato imperio,
E il celere obbedir.
Ahi! forse a tanto strazio
Cadde lo spirto anelo;
E disperò; ma valida
Venne una man dal cielo,
E in più spirabil aere
Pietosa il trasportò;
E l'avviò sui floridi
Sentier della speranza,
Ai campi eterni, al premio
Che i desiderii avanza,
Ov' è silenzio e tenebre
La gloria che passò.

Bella, immortal, benefica
Fede ai trionfi avvezza,
Scrivi ancor questo; allegrati:
Che più superba altezza
Al disonor del Golgota
Giammai non si chinò.
Tu dalle stanche ceneri
Sperdi ogni ria parola;
Il Dio, che atterra e suscita,
Che affanna e che consola,
Sulla deserta coltrice
Accanto a lui posò.

Mariotti has cleverly translated this ode in verse; yet I cannot help thinking the vigour, dignity and spirit of the original are more exactly preserved in the version of my friend and fellow traveller, the Rev. Charles Girdlestone, which he has kindly permitted me to make use of.

Napoleon is no more. E'en as his corse,
The last breath drawn, lay senseless, motionless,
Of such a soul bereft,—so stunn'd the earth
Stricken with mute amazement hears the news,
Thinks of that Child of Fate, his dying hour,
Nor can surmise when next like steps to his
Shall come to trample on her bloodstain'd dust.
Him glitt'ring on his throne my spirit saw,
Silent; and when, in swift vicissitude,
He fell, then rose again, then low lay down,
'Mid sound of thousand tongues, mine was not heard
To join in servile praise, or outrage base;
Mov'd though it now be, by the vanishing
Of such a beam of light, to proffer lines
Meet for his urn, which haply ne'er shall die.

From Alpine heights to Egypt's Pyramids,
From Guadalquivir to the Rhine afar,
Close following the lightning of his wrath,
Speed without fail his thunderbolts of war;
From Borodino to Messina's Straits,
They glance, and 'thwart the continent, from shore to shore.
Great was his glory; let posterity
Give sentence whether it were true as great;—
We bow submissive to the mighty Lord,
Whose work the world is, and whose will is fate,
Who, in this man, we deem, of his own might
An impress rarely match'd on earth will'd to create.
All he essay'd, all dared, all underwent;
The trembling and tumultuous joy of seeming
All might be grasp'd, th' ambition of a heart
Without control of crowns and sceptres dreaming;
And all ere long he gain'd; a prize so great,
To have so much as even hop'd it madness seeming.
All this he prov'd, and more; world-wide renown,
More highly after mortal peril priz'd,
The conqueror's career, the hurried flight,
Exile, and coronation solemniz'd;
Twice by disaster humbled in the dust,
And twice by many a prostrate people idoliz'd.
He won himself a name.—A war of thought
Sever'd two kindred ages of mankind;
To him submissive they appeal'd, to him
The arbitration of their fate assign'd.
He smote the world to silence, and pronounc'd,
Enthron'd, the solemn sentence of his mighty mind.
Then far away, he wore out life, unseen,
Sea girt, and all in so confined a space;
The object erst of envy most intense,
Now of no less deep pity in its place,
At once of hatred not to be suppressed,
And of devoted love which nothing might efface.

As on the head of shipwreck'd mariner
Th' upheaving waters burst with deadly weight;
Waters, o'er which, gazing aloft and clear,
His hapless vision freely roam'd of late,
Scanning the far horizon, to descry
In vain, the shores remote, to him denied by fate;—
So o'er that soul imperial, tempest-tost,
The bitter floods of recollection roll'd.
How oft th' eventful story of his life
Fain would he to posterity have told;
But all too weary soon his hand fell down
On pages, which had else endur'd till time grows old!
How often, when the dark'ning shades of night
Bade the dull hours of listless day depart,
His eyes of lightning in deep thought cast down,
His arms fast folded to his aching heart,
Stood he, and ponder'd on the days that were;
Officious memory plying fast her mimic art!
Then pass'd before him, vivid in review,
Tents shifting, troops the strong entrenchment storming,
Battalions glancing, squadrons dashing through,
The batter'd breach with fierce assailants swarming;
Instant emergency, the prompt command
Sped urgently, nor in less haste the prompt performing.
Alas! what sick'ning pangs of keen regret
At such an hour did his great spirit prove!
How must Despair have fastened on its prey;
But that an arm, outstretched from above,
Mighty to save, in mercy turn'd his thoughts
Into the purer atmosphere of peace and love;
And led them towards happy realms, whereto
Hope strews the pathway with undying flowers;
There brows immortal wear eternal crowns,
Enjoyment expectation overpowers;
And to dim darkness and deep silence there,
Are turn'd the passing glories of this world of ours.

Oh Faith! undying, beauteous, bountiful,
Thou that the most obdurate canst control,
Thou hadst indeed meet reason to rejoice,
Amongst thy triumphs this one to enrol.
For never to the shame of Jesu's cross
Bow'd down a more relentless, a more haughty soul. 102
Be it then thine to shield from foul reproach
His ashes resting in their Christian urn,
Since he at length did homage to that Lord,
Whose emblem to his dying couch was borne;
The God, whose hand lays low, and lifts on high, [108
Who whom he loves afflicts, and comforts them that mourn.

Von Raumer records some interesting conversations with Manzoni in Milan. One of the poet's literary opinions was, that the time and conditions of the epic were gone by, and that a novel like Tom Jones, which confined itself to a portraiture of society and manners, was more true, intelligible, and attractive, than when it pretended to lead into a chaos of historical and mostly unknown facts. If this criticism be true, it is much to be regretted. Manzoni has written nothing of late, which is mostly ascribed to his religious feelings. He avowed himself to Von Raumer as an unbending Catholic. "There was only one remedy," he said, "against disorders, namely, authority, and that could centre no where but in the Pope and in the principle of his *infallibility*; he insisted on the necessity of at once condemning every heresy, as a thing not to be tolerated or bargained with. The greatest deviations are none, if the main point be recognised; the smallest are damnable heresies if it be denied: that main point is the infallibility of the Church, or rather of the Pope."

This exposition of his religious creed astounded

the tolerant German. I have little doubt Manzoni's opinions on the authority of the Church, are held by many distinguished writers in Italy.

An ode by Signor Rosetti, professor of King's College, in London, produced a remarkable effect in Italy, and helped to stimulate the national desire for liberty. It was composed, I believe, within the last few years, and was proscribed in the despotic kingdoms of the Peninsula. In Naples I can testify the possession of this ode would have been regarded as a political crime. A Neapolitan gentleman on one occasion drew the ode from his pocket, and read it to an English friend of mine exultingly, declaring, however, that he dare not part with a copy of it, nor permit its publication.

The favourite idea of a general union amongst all Italians is insisted on, and the destruction of the Papacy ardently desired. This latter notion was embraced by many patriotic Italians. The proscribed ode and a translation * are given that the reader may judge of the national songs which have inspired the youth of Italy.

CANTO MARZIALE.

Rosetti.

I.

Minaccioso l'arcangel di guerra
Già passeggia per l'Itala terra;
Lo precede la bellica tromba,
Che dal sonno l'Italia svegliò;
L'Appennino per lungo rimbomba,
E dal Liri va l'eco sul Po.

* The prose translation of this ode, as well as those of the passages from the Promessi Sposi, are by my friend and fellow traveller before referred to.

Tutta l' Italia pare
Rimescolata mare;
E voce va tonando,
Per campi e per città;—
"*Giuriam, giuriam sul brando,*
O morte, O libertà."

II.

Quà Trinacria; ch' all 'ire s' è desta,
Mise grido di cupa tempesta,
Le tre punte del delta fer eco,
Per tre valli quell' eco muggì;
Tonò l' Etna dal concavo speco,
Latrò Scilla, Cariddi ruggì.
All' armi, all' armi! è 'l grido,
Che va di lido in lido;
E l' Eco replicando
Di lido in lido il va,
"*Giuriam,*" &c.

III.

Là dall' Alpi che serra Lamagna,
Sull' immensa Lombarda campagna,
Simil grido quei detti ripete,
Simil eco quell' ira destò,
"O fratelli; sorgete, sorgete,
Del riscatto già l' ora sonò."
"Se il centro e ambo i lati
Brulicheran d' armati,
Chi affronterà pugnando
L' Italica unità?"
"*Giuriam,*" &c.

IV.

Ma qual plauso si leva dal centro!
O qual plauso! nè resta là dentro;

Come tuono cui tuono rincalza,
O balen cui succede balen,
Dai due lati nel centro rimbalza,
E dal centro ne' lati rivien.
Al plauso che più cresce
D' arme un fragor si mesce;
E all' arme consolando
Voce sentir si fà;
"*Giuriam*," &c.

V.

"Siam fratelli," dal centro risuona,
"Siam fratelli," dai lati rintrona;
E già questi s' abbraccian con quelli,
Da' tre punti godendo ridir,
"Siam fratelli; fratelli; fratelli;
E i confini per tutto sparir.
Ardir, fratelli, è giunto
Il sospirato punto;
Se passa, ahi, chi sa quando
Di nuovo ei tornerà."
"*Giuriam*," &c.

VI.

Sette Siri ci colman di mali
Pari ai sette peccati mortali,
Pari ai capi dell' Idra Lernea,
Che d' Alcide la clava mietè.
Tristi Capi d' un Idra più rea,
Nuovo Alcide lontano non è.
Quanti la patria ha fidi,
Tanti saran gl' Alcidi.
Deh! un giorno memorando
Cangi una lunga età,
"*Giuriam*," &c.

VII.

Ci divise perfidia e sciagura,
Ma congiunti ci volle natura;
Alma diva, cui l' Alpe corona,
Fra gli amplessi di duplice mar,
Una lingua sul labbro ti suona,
Un sol culto ti sacra l' altar.
Chi in sette ti partio,
Tradi l' idea di Dio,
E il mostro abominando
Il fio ne pagherà;
"*Giuriam*," &c.

VIII.

Mascherata, malizia, chercuta,
T' ha divisa, tradita, venduta;
De' tuoi figli fè crudo governo
Quell' avara malizia crudel;
Turpe furia sbucata d' inferno,
Che si disse discesa dal ciel.
S' ella mantenne in vita
Quell' idra imbaldanzita,
E l' una e l' altra in bando
Da questo suol n' andrà.
"*Giuriam*," &c.

IX.

Cada, cada, l' anfibia potenza,
Ch' è dei mali feconda semenza,
E' la legge del verbo di Dio,
Ch' ella appanna di nebbia d' error;
Radiante del lume natio,
Rimariti la mente col cor.
Finchè quel servo culto,
Che all' uom, che a Dio fa insulto.
Dal sozzo altar nefando
A terra non cadrà.
"*Giuriam*," &c.

X.

Divo fonte del culto più bello,
Che quell' empia convere in flagello,
Tu che spiri si nobile impresa,
Scudo e spada d' Italia se' tu ;
Saldo scudo di giusta difesa,
Forte spada di patria virtù.
Odi una madre oppressa,
Ve' i figli intorno ad essa,
Che fremono gridando,
Di sdegno e di pietà,
"*Giuriam, giuriam sul brando*
O morte, O libertà."

TRANSLATION.

I.

The threatening archangel of war,
Is already stalking through the realms of Italy ;
There precedes him the war trumpet,
Which has awakened Italy from sleep ;
The Apennine resounds all along,
And the echo goes from the Liris to the Po.
All Italy seems as though it were
A tumultuous sea ;
And echo goes thundering
Through country and through towns,
"We swear, we swear, on the sword,
Either Death or Liberty."

II.

Where Sicily, which awakes itself to wrath,
Has uttered a cry of lowering tempest,

The three points of the Delta have made echo,
Through three vallies that echo has bellowed;
Ætna has thundered from its hollow cavern,
Scylla has barked, Charybdis has roared.
"To arms, to arms!" is the cry,
Which runs from shore to shore;
And Echo from shore to shore
Doubling that cry proceeds,
"We swear, we swear, on the sword,
Either Death or Liberty."

III.

There, where Germany is closed off by the Alps,
Upon the immense plain of Lombardy,
A like cry repeats those words,
That passion has awakened a like echo:
"O brothers, arise, arise!
The hour of rescue has already struck."
If the centre and both the sides
Shall be all alive with armed men,
Who dare defy in battle
United Italy?
"We swear," &c.

IV.

But what an acclamation arises from the centre!
Oh, what an acclamation! nor does it stop there within!
As a peal of thunder to which another peal close abuts;
Or flash of lightning to which another flash succeeds,
From the two sides it rebounds to the centre,
And from the centre returns to the sides.
With the acclamation, which grows greater,
A crash of arms mixes itself;
And sounding with the arms
A voice makes itself heard,
"We swear," &c.

V.

"We are brethren," resounds from the centre ;
"We are brethren," from the sides resounds ;
And now these embrace with those,
Delighting to respond from three points,
"We are brethren, brethren, brethren,
And the bounds of separation wholly disappear.
Courage, brethren, now has arrived
The juncture much sighed for ;
Should it slip by, ah, who knows when
It will return afresh ?"
"We swear," &c.

VI.

Seven lords heap wrongs upon us,
Lords like to the seven mortal sins ;
Like to the heads of the Lernean hydra
Which the club of Hercules mowed down ;—
Ye dismal heads of an hydra more guilty,
A new Hercules is not far off.
As many as our country has faithful,
So many a Hercules shall there be.
Ay ! one single notable day
Has changed a long period ;—
"We swear," &c.

VII.

Perfidy and our own neglect has divided us,
But Nature would fain have us conjoined ;
Gracious goddess, whom the Alps serve to crown,
In the embraces of the twofold ocean ;
One single language sounds on thy tongue,
One single worship consecrates thine altar.
He that divided thee into seven
Has violated the design of the Creator ;
And the monster to be abhorred
Shall pay the penalty of the act ;
"We swear," &c.

VIII.

Malice, masked, and with shaven crown,
Has divided thee, betrayed thee, sold thee;
That covetous cruel malice
Has exercised severe sway over thy sons;
Base Fury, loosed out from hell,
That professes to have come down from heaven.
If this Fury maintain in existence
That hydra emboldened,
Both the one and the other in its company
Shall begone from this soil;
"We swear," &c.

IX.

Perish, perish, the amphibious Power,
Which is the prolific seed of our evils!
'Tis the law of the word of the Almighty
Which that power obscures with a mist of error.
Radiant with its native light,
May it unite afresh mind with heart!
As long as ever that servile superstition,
Which insults alike man and God,
Shall not have fallen to the ground,
From its foul unholy altar,
"We swear," &c.

X.

Divine Fountain of more holy rites,
Who dost change that impious power by chastisement,
Thou that dost inspire an enterprise so noble,
Shield and sword of Italy art Thou;
Safe shield of just defence,
Strong sword of patriotic valour.
Give ear to a mother oppressed,
Behold her sons all around her,

Who out of indignation and compassion,
Cry aloud, shouting:
"We swear, we swear, on the sword,
Liberty or Death."

It is very curious to examine the opinions of the liberals of Italy with respect to the means by which her regeneration is to be accomplished. Some seemed to think through the Papacy. They undoubtedly did not wish to deprive the Pope of his spiritual pre-eminence. Von Raumer records a conversation he had when in Lombardy, with Manzoni, in which the latter, to the astonishment of the utilitarian Prussian, insisted that every thing depended in Italy on upholding the infallibility of the Pope.

If we refer to the writings of Gioberti, we perceive, that with an abhorrence of the Jesuits he couples an enthusiastic support of Papal supremacy, and a confident belief that through the Pope and the influence of the Catholic religion, Italy can be restored. It has been said, "L'idea fondamentale, dell' ultima sua opera è questa, che l' Italia, di cui l'autore si studia di sostenere il primato, ricca e felice per naturale postura, ha massime nella sua religione, le condizioni della politica e nazionale rigenerazione. L'autore si ripromette la salute d' Italia, che operar deve, in unità d' intelletti e così divenir potente, da una politica confederazione degli stati italiani sotto la presidenza del Papa."

Gioberti's views were attacked by many able men, as being visionary and impracticable. They could not comprehend how in the present condition of affairs, the supreme authority of a political arbitrator for all Italy could be conferred upon the Pope. The

opinions of this amiable writer, will, therefore, never be generally adopted by the Italian people.

As to Massimo Azeglio, we may collect from his writings, that he would be content to have the Pope a superior bishop and nothing more. All these authors are in favour of Catholicity, although they may attach different ideas to the term. None think it necessary to argue in favour of an enlarged or enlightened religious toleration.

Professor Mittermaer, of Heidelberg, has analysed the opinions of the other influential political writers. Cæsare Balbo, like Macchiavelli, laments the loss of national independence, partially agreeing with Gioberti — he is more practical. A chief obstacle Balbo thinks in the way of a complete regeneration, consists in the division of Italy into so many separate states. He argues four questions: 1. The possibility of establishing *one* independent Italian state; 2. Of an Austrian empire in Italy; 3. A set of small republics; 4. A confederation of the existing Italian kingdoms. He favours the idea of a *confederation* as most practicable, and speculates on getting rid of Austria, by compensating her for the loss of her Italian provinces out of the ruins of the Turkish empire. Ultimately, Balbo depends on the great events which may be expected soon to happen, and exhorts preparation to be made by educating the whole people, and by union throughout the Peninsula in everything. Balbo's idea of compensating Austria out of the Turkish provinces was repudiated generally, as was the project of Count Rozzo, to establish a great Austrian empire in the Peninsula. The opinions of the moderate liberal party were represented better by Count Mamiani, (who published

in Germany,) and Count Serristori, the enlightened Governor of Siena: their idea was, that Italian regeneration could not be accomplished without the effective co-operation of the masses of the population; and therefore that the energies of all good men should be directed towards improving the moral and intellectual education of the people.

It is a delightful fact, that throughout the writings of these able and excellent men, there is nothing which savours of scepticism or irreligion. All, in urging forward the sacred cause of liberty, enforce the good doctrine, that to its right enjoyment, virtue, sound education, and religion are essential. This is true patriotism. To her literary and political writers Italy owes a deep debt of gratitude.

The idea of establishing a great sovereignty in the Peninsula, under the King of Sardinia, and of expelling the Austrians, is entertained, I have no doubt, by that artful monarch, and by many who think that by an union between Charles Albert and Pius IX. the German might be ousted; and this may be the key to the late policy of affected liberality of the *soi-disant* radical Charles Albert. The character of this sovereign has been marked by duplicity; and I have been informed in Genoa, he was so hated by certain noble families, that when he entered that city, they instantly left it, nor would return until the king had departed. No doubt the restless spirit of the Peninsula will make use of him, and he of them. But the Genoese will not trust Charles Albert, and will wring concessions from him when they can.

The same bitter feeling prevails against the Jesuits here, as in France, Bavaria, and Germany. I remember observing to a Genoese, that I wished to see

Silvio Pellico, who still lives at a very advanced age. He told me, "the old fool was not worth looking at now; he had lost his wits, and written on behalf of the Jesuits, whose creature he was."

Whenever the educated classes regain political influence in Genoa, the monastic orders will suffer, but the Roman Catholic religion, with some modifications, I conceive, will continue to be the religion of the people.

CHAPTER XII.

Criminal Code of Genoa.—Turin, &c.—Punishments.—Their Classification and Character.—Prescription in certain Cases.—Its Law of Toleration.—Knavish Lawyers, how restrained.—Political Offences, how repressed.—False Testimony, how punished.—Duelling, how dealt with.—Forms of Procedure.—Working of this Code.—Morality of the People.

THE criminal code of law in the states of the King of Sardinia is creditable to the government, methodical, compendious, equal towards all, and based upon certain principles; and, moreover, having a due regard to the admeasurement of punishment in proportion to the crime, and careful of human life. This code bears date Nov. 1839, with some additions in 1840, and it is published by authority in a convenient form, so that the people generally may be able to procure it. It consists of three books containing 739 sections. The first book treats of punishments, and of the general rules for their application. The division is, 1st, Death; 2d, Hard labour for life; 3d, Hard labour for a time; 4th, Confinement and labour; 5th, Imprisonment in a fort, or strong place prescribed; 6th, Interdiction from public employment. This consists in perpetual exclusion from every official function or public employment. Every person condemned to compulsory labour for a time, is in a state of legal interdict, and a guardian is appointed to act in his name, and administer his property as prescribed by the civil code.

The second class of punishments are *correctional*, consisting of imprisonment in houses of correction, wherein offenders are classified according to their ages, and put to useful labour, sharing in its produce. Next, is a compulsory residence in an assigned locality, at a given distance from the domicile of the offender and person offended. 3d. Suspension from public employment, or exercise of a profession for a season. Lastly, a fine not exceeding fifty lire. Third class are named police punishments. Arrests, limited confinement in the place or dwelling specified in the warrant. Payment of fines not exceeding fifty lire.

Lastly, there are *accessorial* punishments. 1st, The pillory; public acknowledgment of guilt; suspension from the exercise of any employment or business whatever; special police surveillance; submission to the authorities, which means a formal undertaking given in presence of the judge never again to commit the like offence. Finally, a public admonition and warning from the judge in open court, that if the offence be repeated, the criminal will incur the severest punishment fixed by law.

In a subsequent chapter, the duration of all punishment is prescribed, the discretion of the judge being wisely limited. Besides restitution, the aggrieved party may recover reparation for any injuries he may have received. The commutation of punishments is regulated; that is, where the judge may apply a lesser degree of punishment, he must obey certain rules graduating the same. Persons of twenty-one years of age are subject to the full severity of the law; those under fourteen years of age, acting without discernment, are not subject to criminal punishment; but youthful offenders may be placed in the houses

of correction, if the magistrates think fit, for a shorter or longer time, till they arrive at eighteen years of age, when they must be discharged. The law as to principals and accessaries is very sensibly laid down. He who instigates another to commit murder, is dealt with as a murderer.

The death of the guilty does not prejudice the civil action against his property, or his heirs, for reparation of the injury, at suit of the injured man. This is consistent with natural justice. There is no limitation as to the time for prosecuting of crimes against religion; such as violently interrupting the ceremonies of the church, or trampling on the host; or for high treason, or parricide, or premeditated murder, &c. Nevertheless, as to the last mentioned offences, should the accused not be arrested until the expiration of twenty years from the commission of the crime, the capital punishment cannot be inflicted. This commutation applies to all cases where the punishment is death, or condemnation to hard labour for life. For lesser offences a prescription applies against the *sentence* after an interval of twenty years; against the *prosecution* after ten years, or five years, according to circumstances. Verbal injuries, punishable in a correctional way, are incapable of prosecution after six months. But in serious cases where this prescription applies, the offender who escapes the penalty must quit the scene of his crime; nor can he dwell where the injured man, or in case of his death by violence, where his relations dwell.

We have given a summary of book the first. The second book treats of crimes and their punishment.

Considering Sardinia as a Roman Catholic country, we must not be surprised at the severe punishment,

that of *death*, for scattering the host. An insult to the Virgin is also severely punished. Then follows section 164, "Whosoever, by public teaching or harangues, by writings, books or newspapers, attacks, *directly* or *indirectly*, the religion of the State, by asserting principles contrary to the same, shall be punished by severe imprisonment," that is, for not less than *three*, nor more than *twenty years!*

The succeeding section provides, that if the offence has been committed inadvertently it may be expiated by temporary imprisonment.

I have before remarked, that it is by the laws of a country we are to judge of its toleration. Now here we have a kingdom which boasts of being the most liberal in Italy, the most disposed to freedom, which aspires to lead the national sentiment, and to encourage learning and science, forming in the year 1840 a law of intolerance which would have disgraced the darkest age. And this law to stifle all religious freedom of thought, or speech, or discussion, is enacted in obedience to the wishes of the priesthood, who expect thereby to preserve their monopoly and power. The same principle of intolerance is asserted in every code I have examined throughout Italy. Nor in the wisest reform of late attempted is there the least advance made towards a legalized religious toleration. These censurable enactments have been made in submission to the authority of the Church, and may fall with its power.

I may add, the practice in the Sardinian kingdom is in exact conformity with the theory of their law, bigoted to a degree scarce credible. And it is to be kept steadily in view that this system of religious intolerance is firmly upheld, while the sovereign affects

a regard for learning; and for the extension of political liberty, in conjunction with Rome, throughout the Peninsula; and at the same time, Austria, intolerant of civil freedom, is to some extent tolerant of religious belief.

The sections aimed against the repression of political excitement are rigid. The Neapolitan law is enacted here, namely, *whosoever by speeches in public meetings, or by newspapers, &c., incites to the commission of political crimes against the State, &c., shall suffer the same punishment as that awarded against the crime itself.* Strict care is taken to prohibit all arbitrary arrests, or entering the domicile of any subject without authority. Nine sections are aimed against the advocates and lawyers who cheat, deceive, or desert their clients. The punishments are, suspension from practice and fines.

Falsification of a passport is punished with one year's imprisonment at the least. Locomotion in the Italian people is repressed by all possible means.

False testimony is severely punished, even with death, where it has been the cause of death being inflicted on another.

The laws against indecency and immorality are strict, but I regretted to hear the purity of married life is often tainted. Deliberate murder only is punished with death; undoubtedly this Sardinian code is sparing of life.

An offender who kills another in a duel is punished with fifteen years' imprisonment. Such a provision might usefully be introduced in our criminal system, and no doubt would ensure convictions. Setting fire to a church, or a house when inhabited, is punishable with death.

There are excellent police regulations throughout the code, and in the third book.

The forms of procedure are similar to those already explained. A process is prepared, compounded of written depositions; but the witnesses may be again examined, if required, in presence of the judges and accused, but with closed doors. The debate on the trial is public, and the accused must be introduced unbound, and his advocate has full liberty of speech secured to him.

Upon the whole, this code is prepared with ability, and is highly creditable to its framers.

Mittermaer regrets that the criminal statistics of Piedmont are defective; it would be the more desirable to have them in a country where the people are virtuous and industrious, and the administration of government sagacious and energetic. We have, however, a tabular statement of the principal crimes in the provinces, published in Turin, by the Count Alfieri. The crime of Savoy appears smallest; in Nice it is also moderate.

For the whole seven continental provinces, during a period of seven years:—

Homicides	712
Assassinations, accompanied with plunder	1566
Stabbings and wounds	4994
Thefts	7943

The population of the seven provinces is about three million and a half.

There are accurate returns of the number of infants exposed throughout these provinces. The kingdom reckons thirty-two foundling hospitals, and twenty-nine wheels; and the number of infants deposited, amounted, in 1829, to 18,877. The proportion of

exposed children to the population, is one to 1194.* In Sardinia it has been discovered that wives frequently expose their legitimate children in order to receive them back in the character of paid nurses —a proof of the wisdom of those institutions.

We cannot leave the codes and statistics of crime in Italy, without a few observations. It appears to be the deplorable fact, that a great proportion of the criminals are unpunished, either for want of prosecution, or because the guilty are acquitted. The causes of this evil are, the reprehensible leaning amongst the people towards malefactors, and the quarrels of families; for the witnesses do all they can to save those whose cause they have espoused; also the fear of vengeance from the accused or their relations. Women form but a small portion of the criminals in Italy. Political commotions and revenue offences are on the increase. The punishments, also, are injurious. The mode of banishments resorted to in some states, creates idle wanderers, who turn to crime and seduce others by their example. Above all, the punishment of the gallies, *i. e.* hard labour on public works, is mischievous, for want of classification of offenders. Association with atrocious criminals extinguishes the last spark of moral feeling in those not before corrupted; and, having suffered their punishment, they return to society more injurious to it than ever.

* In France there is one foundling to every 255 inhabitants.

CHAPTER XIII.

Return to Rome.—The New City.—Enthusiasm of the People, and why.—The Pope and his Popularity.—All Saints' Day.—Taking Possession by Pius IX. in the Lateran.—Description of the same Ceremony, with Reflections.—An Evening's Conversation.—Periodical Literature springs up; its Character and Effects.—Education of the People.—Gizzi's Circular.—Education of the Clergy.—Mr. Laing's Opinion of the Scotch Clergy disputed.—Prospects of Reform.—Pio Nono; his Genealogy, History, Election, and present Position briefly touched on.

"Roma, Roma non c'è più come era!"

In the Winter of 1846-7.

In the last week of October I re-entered the eternal city, but it was not the city I had left—joy beamed on every countenance; there was an unusual hilarity evinced by the people, the light of freedom had dawned amongst them. I met a priest of my acquaintance; he grasped my hand, exclaiming, "*We can speak now.*" It was significant of the mighty change which had sprung up. I was invited at once to subscribe to an English journal, an Italian newspaper, a legal periodical. I asked myself, "Can all this be true? Is this the Rome of Gregory?" There was an extravagance in the conversation of grave men; marvels were to be effected in a moment, railroads were to be made, academies of science restored, agriculture improved, commerce revived, the rest of the world outdone. Before, the Romans appeared the

automatons of a priest; quickened, inspired by a divine hope, they now sprung forward as men girt to run a race. Their action—language—nay extravagance, showed their consciousness of past degradation and present emancipation, and betokened a resolution not to miss their glorious opportunity of becoming free. Their adulation of the Pope seems absurd, but it involves a profound principle altogether independent of the man. Walking up the Via Felice with a friend, we met an Italian sculptor of eminence; my friend mentioned, that "Signor —— is now going according to his daily custom to the Quirinal, to see Pio Nono, who returns at this hour from his exercise." The fact attracted my attention; I was introduced to this gentleman, and called on him, when we conversed freely about the Pope. I was affected by his observation, "Signor, you must excuse our behaviour towards the Pope: to you it must appear extravagant, but the English have long been used to freedom; we have been so wholly unaccustomed to liberty, that the unusual blessing excites our feelings of gratitude to a high pitch. I go every day to look at this Pope with astonishment, never having expected to see one who would profess to govern with justice."

Looking round the studio, I perceived the proclamation of the amnesty fastened on the wall, and an unfinished bust of Pius the Ninth under the artist's chisel. "The Pope sat for your bust?" "Yes, and conversed with me as a friend, knew my family, inquired about them; he has a heart in his bosom." "But," asked I, "was there really affecting yourself any practical oppression under old Gregory?" He started: "No man could count on one hour's security or happiness; I knew not but there might be a spy

behind that block of marble; the pleasure of life was spoiled. I had three friends who, supping in a garden near this spot, were suddenly arrested, flung into prison, and lay there, though innocent, till released by Pio Nono. Believe me, Signor, no people ever suffered what we for sixteen years have endured." I shuddered at this fearful account of the government of him who claimed to be Christ's vicar on earth.

Walking through Rome, I caught the general enthusiasm. I ran about from one ceremony to another, and cheered the Pope as did the people. Will he strike off the iron fetters which have so long bound a generous nation? The season was delightful. The inhabitants of the cold north are not aware that October is to the people in this climate as a second spring; the ground parched by heat is now refreshed with rain—nature resumes her fresh colour. The vintage is secured—families, so long shut up in their houses by the heat, dressed gaily as for a festal day, hasten forth to enjoy their deliverance, and breathe the air at once invigorating and delicious. And many such days there are, partly solemn, partly joyful, at this season. On All Saints' day, the Capuchin Convent in the Piazza Barberini, was laid out in an appalling fashion—the skeletons of pious monks long dead, dressed in their dull robes and stretched along the subterranean chapel where they had worshipped in life, warned the spectator of his mortality—the floor was covered with leaves, branches decked the gloomy walls, and masses were celebrated under ground amidst the dry bones of the dead.

Different was the scene exhibited in honour of a true saint, Cardinal Borromeo, in the fine church of San Carlo Borromeo, in the Corso,—here all was

sunshine and splendour. The new Pope alighted amidst the acclamations of the people. I was near the portable throne chair as he sat down. I saw him borne aloft on men's shoulders in unapostolic fashion along the aisles, his countenance flushed, his eye beaming with animation. The people seem to think it useful to stimulate his holiness to action, and so they crowd after his chariot and applaud him to the skies. Was ever Pope before in such a position? One can join with Pio Nono in a tribute of respect to the memory of so good a Catholic as Cardinal Borromeo.

The 8th of November came. I shall not easily forget that day. I recorded my feelings after I had witnessed this singular spectacle. The Pope has taken possession, in the Basilica of St. John Lateran, with splendid ceremonial. Rome during this day was more excited in feeling than she has been for ages. The pageant has passed by, but the reality of which it was the type, will, it is hoped, remain. The sovereign pontiff has not merely completed his formal possession of a throne, but has possessed himself of the hearty affections of his people. The magnificent spectacle of the morning, succeeded by the voluntary illuminations of the evening, expresses but feebly the enthusiasm of the people, who already experience some liberty, and hope for justice from the magnanimity and wisdom of Pius IX. More from anxiety to witness the Pope's reception by the multitude, than from love of show and pomp, I sallied forth this morning and took up my position in the Piazza of Trajan, where stands the tall column of an emperor, who near 2000 years ago governed Rome with virtue and valour. Naturally, as I waited for the cavalcade of holy men to approach,

my mind reverted to the past and its stirring associations, to "the commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome," the men who ruled through the intellect, and loved freedom better than life; and I asked myself, would any portion of their stern spirit revisit the scene of their glories, and raise the fallen Romans of this our day from their degraded state.

The cannon thundered from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the procession moved on. Round the Piazza it came, and a brilliant pageant it was—chamberlains, and guards, and nobles, and prelates, and cardinals, in splendid array and curious costume of ancient fashion—dresses of many colours, and richest ornaments, and showy carriages and horses, loaded with costly trappings—and mules caparisoned in shining harness, all in proper rank and order, to describe which would require the pen of old Chaucer. But these shining figures were regarded as puppets—the great attraction was the popular Pope. When the state chariot appeared, the acclamations rung loud and universal. His holiness seemed deeply affected by sounds rarely heard by his predecessors. In his progress he continually blessed the applauding crowds by making the sign of the cross. He is a man of fifty-four years of age, healthy in appearance, somewhat flushed in countenance, of a firm aspect, with decision and intelligence expressed by his brow.

By another and shorter route than the Pope's, I got to an eminence exactly opposite the Colosseum before the procession reached that memorable spot. Under the arch of Titus passed the pompous array, and before the arch of Constantine, and round the Colosseum. Here stood the proud memorials of old Rome, and here, where famous conquerors had

triumphed, and emperors held their gorgeous spectacles, a priest in peaceful triumph passed, whose kingdom ought not to be of this world, and whose rule while here below should be in accordance with the principles of the religion of Christ. We cannot regret the downfal of heathen Rome—we must rejoice to think, as we behold the mighty ruin in which the early martyrs met a horrid death, that the false religion and its cruelties perished, while the persecuted faith since the day of Constantine has continued to overspread the earth. The scene at this glorious locality was especially grand; respectable people in thousands, with a multitude of the lower classes, were here assembled to greet the pontiff in his progress. Shouts of "Long live Pius the Ninth!" rent the air, while men waved their hats in expression of the universal sentiment. No city on earth could afford so singular a spectacle, or call up in the mind such associations of a mighty antiquity. It is when we dwell upon the past, that the consciousness of the brief space of our existence is forced upon us. Life itself is but a procession, and we the actors of the passing scene; let us endeavour to play our parts virtuously and well.

By a circuitous route I reached the lonely church of Santa Croce, which stands close to the venerable walls of ancient Rome, in a space utterly deserted and forsaken. There is more than a quarter of a mile of ground between this old church and the Lateran; very wide—no houses—some trees—badly cultivated gardens, broken remains of aqueducts, and sad memorials of past greatness. As you approach the Lateran, this tract of melancholy waste ground widens, affording ample space between the Scala Santa and the

Porta San Giovanni, for the population of modern Rome.

We are now before the celebrated Basilica of St. John Lateran. In this place were assembled fifty thousand people at least, countless carriages, the whole garrison of Rome, and all the persons who were engaged in the ceremonial already described. The scene was magnificent, while you gazed on the decorated church and the anxious enthusiastic crowd; but it was very melancholy to look back or around on the old walls, and ruins, and deserted places, which told so fearfully that this was a faded city. I entered the church, and was surprised to find it not so crowded as I had expected,—the attraction was outside. The Italians seemed to despise the splendid ceremonials within,—their thoughts were bent on higher and better things—the coming prosperity of their beautiful and heretofore oppressed country. The interior of the Basilica was decorated in a style of superb magnificence, of which the worshippers of our faith in our cold countries can have no conception. Draperies of gorgeous colours and costly materials were tastefully hung around, the huge columns were all dressed out, while the light was softened by curtains of crimson silk; and incense diffused around a fragrant perfume. The Pope in white vestments, rich with gold and jewels, was here borne round the aisles in his car of triumph, with his fan-bearers and all his officers of state, and the long train of cardinals in their white vestments stiff with gold, and white mitres, in grand procession. The priests chanted. All the ceremonies were at last concluded, and his holiness had taken possession, when I passed to the Piazza in front of the Basilica to witness the

giving of the blessing. This is the conclusion of the ceremonial, and by far the most striking part of it. The Pope is borne in his portative throne to the front window above the great portal of the church, the huge windows are removed, an awning raised, and decorations of arras and gold-wrought draperies spread around. The pontiff can plainly be seen by the multitude in the Piazza, as he is borne forward in his car. At a signal the cannons fire, the music breaks forth, the Pope raises his hand, the troops kneel, and some of the people, in profound silence. The spectacle is most imposing, but on this occasion the shouts of thousands of grateful people gave a life to the ceremony, without which it had been cold; and of the vast multitude assembled every individual exhibited the joy of his heart. The Pope raised himself and stood upright for some minutes before the people, the triple crown upon his head: this was the signal for fresh acclamations. He gave the blessing, waving his hand in the form of the cross. A burst of enthusiasm followed—the cannons thundered, the music sounded, drums, trumpets, and pealing of bells, joined with the people in one mighty chorus; and the pageant was over. So far as this exhibition was meant to figure forth the representative of Christ on earth, it was absurd, if not profane; as the investiture of a temporal sovereign with power, it was reasonable, and it was magnificent. The Pope reigns in the heart of his people, because they believe he will relieve them from the miseries and oppression the Church had heaped on them. He has begun well, may he persevere, and live to reap the reward of his labours in the prosperity of his people!

The evening of the day on which I had witnessed

this grand ceremonial, I had a conversation with a sensible Roman. In the fashion of the time I poured forth praises on Pio Nono, he responded rather coldly to my encomiums, and at length remarked, "It is true this Pope has done some excellent things, and may do more; but it would have been more desirable another Gregory should have succeeded to the papacy; then, in the condition to which things had come, in a very little time the whole of this corrupt system must have fallen to pieces—now, it may for a time be *patched up.*" This was spoken by a virtuous man, a firm Catholic, not a bigot; certainly devoted to the pursuits of literature. I own it did surprise me to hear such a man anticipate with satisfaction the disruption or downfal of the papacy. This gentleman evidently considered such an event would be a blessing, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." My acquaintance, in common with other men of education, may now publish his opinion in the press. I read the newspapers with great interest—it gratified me to perceive how ably and suddenly the Romans got up a respectable periodical literature.

Some of the articles in the *Contemporaneo* were curious on the subject of education. A series of essays appeared in the early numbers, in the course of which the Italian and English systems of education were contrasted, and the preference cordially given to the English; although labouring under a censorship, the expression of opinion on this single subject of education is very decisive. Even the details of the newspapers were surprisingly well done, although the columns were deficient in the article of accidents and offences, of which particulars could not be had.

What pleased me was the candid admission by the Italian writers, of the inferiority of the Roman people in useful arts and inventions, agriculture, commerce, habits of business and education, to other nations. None of that insufferable bombast about Italian genius and its grandeur, but sober painful realities, were uttered, and remedies discussed in a practical sensible style. I think the capacity of the Italians underrated; the infamous oppressions under which they groaned, and which deprived them of all opportunity for intellectual exertion, induced ill-judging foreigners to pronounce them unfit for the management of business. Let them have the conduct of their own affairs, and they will soon improve. It was to be apprehended, excesses would be committed in the newspaper press, and a journal was privately circulated, containing many liberal opinions; but at the request of the Pope it was abandoned.

I met with, in Pisa, the first number of a journal projected and just published in Turin, called—"*Il Mondo Illustrato; Giornale Universale,*" which, for type, style, and illustration, might rank with the best published in London. The introductory article was admirable. The first sentence—

"Da quattro secoli è comparso nel mondo un nuova potere di maravigliosa e inesausta fecondità, che, nato modesto e in poveri luoghi, a poco a poco divenne gigante, fornito d'innumerevoli braccia come quel della favola, e che parla ogni giorno alla terra in mille idiomi, da tutte le parte; e la terra ascolta e ubbidisce. Questo potere è la stampa. I primi giornali illustrati uscirino a Londra; e furona tra questi il *Penny Magazine*, società per la diffusione delle utili cognizione (1832) fondata dall'illustre lord Brougham, allora semplice avvocato."

The Penny Magazines are then fully described, as are also the Pictorial Newspapers, in the following terms:—

"E tali furono *l' Illustrated London News, l' Illustrated Times,* il *London Life,* il *Pictorial Times;* che illustrarano con iscritti e disegni specialmente la storia contemporanea facendo popolari le sembianze de' loro più illustri personaggi, riproducendo in vivaci scene gli episodii delle loro camere, delle loro corse e delle loro gigantesche adunanze, introducendo il lettore nelle grandi manifatture, tracciando i loro innovamenti meccanici, le loro strade ferrate; dipingendo i loro più pittoreschi siti; i costumi di Scozia e d' Irlande, le imprese di *Miss Rebecca* e le unioni del *Repeal.*"

The feeling observation is added, "Italy wants an illustrated literary journal. With the ruin of our commerce, of our literary character, of our natural pride, we are every where inundated with foreign publications, which reason seldom about us, frequently *badly,* or remark only on the commonest topics."

I have observed how especially affronted the Italians are with the insulting tone of compassion adopted towards them frequently in foreign journals: they burn to prove the contemptuous opinion is undeserved. Portraits of Guttenberg, Sismondi, the Protestant historian, with a laudatory sketch, ruins of Pompeii, Rome and Pisa, adorn this excellent journal. When the intelligence of Italy can make such a spring at once towards perfection in literature, it is nearly all over with the cause of ignorance and despotism.

One very important admission now made in Rome is, that of the ignorance of the bulk of the people.

This frank confession is of great importance in enabling us to consider the question raised by the Oxford converts, viz. whether we ought to embrace the system of Rome. These gentlemen were charmed with it in the time of Gregory. All must admit, one great duty of government, but especially of an ecclesiastical government, is, to educate the people under its sway. Now, did the Church of Rome fulfil this sacred duty, and give a sound or any real education to its flock? Apart from initiating the multitude in forms and ceremonies, and sending the children to convents to learn little really useful, the papacy did nothing. I have before me an official document, decisive on this subject, proving not only the neglect of education in the papal state, but its fearful consequences, idleness and crime.

The paper referred to is the memorable circular of Cardinal Gizzi, Secretary of State, addressed to the various officials of the pontifical states; it declares, the crimes, and amongst them theft, which too frequently for some time past have been committed in some provinces of the pontifical state, have induced the government to adopt not only measures of repression suitable to the urgency of the occasion, but also wise measures of prevention, so as to remove the causes of those crimes, or at least diminish their pernicious influence. First amongst them must be remarked, the idleness to which a portion of our young artizans and peasants are abandoned; hence the necessity of procuring for that youth useful occupation, and above all to watch over the right education of children, which, if left to themselves, would make us dread even a worse future. "His Holiness, penetrated with the great

importance of this truth, has commanded me to require the attention of the chiefs of provinces, in order that, in concert with the local magistrates, they may withdraw from idleness the youth, turning them to works of public utility, and lend their exertions to extend in every place secular and religious education to the lowest classes of the people." The minister then points out how this good work is to be advanced, and adds, it is by industry and education the prosperity of the people is to be attained, and not by the adoption of theories inapplicable to the situation or nature of the states of the Church. Already alarm was felt at the broaching of distasteful theories in favour of liberty and the like. But here we have the best evidence that crime was abundant in the papal states, owing to idleness and ignorance, and nobody who resided a twelvemonth in this country can doubt the truth of what Cardinal Gizzi has avowed. Whatever else has been attended to in the papal states, popular education has not.

I read the remarks of Mr. Laing, on the subject of education in Italy, with surprise. He seems to have thought education generally diffused and encouraged by the papal government, in which he fell into a capital mistake; with respect to his observations on the superiority of the Italian clergy, especially over the Scotch in intellectual acquirements, I may be permitted to say, if we are to judge of that superiority by the sermons preached in Scotland and Italy, and if we are to judge of the sermons by the vigorous and eloquent exposition of Scripture truth, Chalmers will find no equal in Italy. Undoubtedly there are, and have been, in the Church of Rome, profound scholars, especially linguists; and the divines of the Propaganda

are subtle and astute; but in the learning which maketh wise unto salvation, the clergy of the reformed faith in Great Britain and Ireland have nothing to fear from a comparison with the best of the papal clergy.

Reverting to the present condition of Rome, with increasing knowledge, a press nearly free, able writers, and a population thirsting for liberty, in what position of difficulty does the government stand! For the first time, its gross abuses are opened to exposure; the light has been let in on what heretofore had been wisely kept in utter darkness. What must the consequence be? Opinion is boldly expressed by all individuals, and every where. Can the old corrupt system stand? The political power of the priesthood will be shaken to its foundation, their numbers limited, and probably the monastic institutions subjected to a sweeping reform.

I was asked lately, by a man of business here: "How many priests have you in a parish in England?" I answered, "Generally two, sometimes three." "The English are a wise people," he replied. "But would you," I inquired, "adopt their system in this respect?" He readily answered—"It would be the very thing for us." He then coolly added—"In America they do without kings, and our neighbours, the Swiss, manage to get on without bishops." A person in humbler rank, on another occasion, spoke of the monasteries. "What would you do with them?" I inquired. "Abolish them all, except the houses of the Capuchins." "And why would you spare them?" "Because, when the cholera raged in Rome, and bishops and cardinals ran away, the Capuchins carried the sick on their backs to the hospitals; and what was remarkable, not a Capuchin friar died; they were evidently under the

protection of Heaven—I would leave them." When opinions like these are freely uttered by the people, great changes must be nigh.

Pius IX. succeeded to the pontifical throne at a season of unparalleled difficulty. Massimo Azeglio has portrayed in dark colours the condition of the papacy. The Pope had either to persevere in the wretched policy of his predecessor, or reform: sound political wisdom, or his own disposition, inclined him to the virtuous course, which he firmly believed was best calculated to save the papacy.

Born of a noble family, he was originally intended for the army. When in Rome, he was induced by Pius VII. to change his determination, and enter the priesthood; and it is recorded, that after this pious resolution his disease of epilepsy forsook him.

A pamphlet published in Rome, described the voyage of Pio Nono to Chili, and his prudent behaviour while there. He had consequently seen something of the world, knew the requisitions of the times, and the temper of the people. In his bishopric, where he conducted himself with exemplary propriety, he had learned that. A Roman advocate informed me, one reason which impelled the Pope to the amnesty, was his knowledge of the fact, that innocent men had been not only imprisoned, but put to death, under the government of his predecessor.

Although Ferretti was known for his good sense in the college of cardinals, he was not generally known amongst the Roman people, who had not enjoyed opportunity of understanding his character, or appreciating his talents.

That his election was partly accidental is proved by the fact, that Cardinal Lambruschini, the minister

of Gregory, had at the first ballot a greater number of votes; alarmed at the perilous prospect of having such a pope, the votes fell away from the remorseless Lambruschini, and were added to Ferretti, and so he was chosen; and I believe on the day of his election, the greater portion of the inhabitants of the Roman states were disaffected to the government.

The amnesty, his great measure, which won the hearts of the people, affected nigh 3,000 persons, including men of all ranks and professions; although they are pledged in honour to attempt no machinations against the state, yet they are not pledged to conceal their sufferings or persecutions, or not to strive for an amelioration of the abominable system of which they were innocent victims. All these causes combined will make it impracticable for the Pope to stand still, although he may be disposed to abide by the commentary written upon Gizzi's Circular:

"That it is not possible for the Pope to divide with the people, by his mere will, the supreme majesty of his power, or to alienate any of the essential attributes of sovereignty."

CHAPTER XIV.

Christmas in Rome.—The Pifferari Shepherds.—A Church Service by Night in Santa Maria Maggiore.—The Pope and the Holy Cradle.—St. Peter's on Christmas-day.—Reflections.—Conversation with a Priest.—Absolution explained.—Exhibition of the Presepio.—A Procession.—Jesuits' Church.—High Mass in a Greek Church.—Last Night of the Existence of the Greek Empire.—History of a Nun.—A Domestic Story.—Ceremony of taking the Veil described.—Observations on the Monastic System.—Inundation of the City.—Exertions in Relief of the Irish Famine. Sympathy of Pius IX.—Padre Ventura again.—His Sketch of the Irish People.—Priests from Ireland in Rome.—Fate of Dr. Keenan. The Carnival; its Derivation traced.—The Ceremonies on Ash-Wednesday.—Interview with Pius IX.—His Appearance, Manner, and Conversation.—His Character and Conduct considered in a two-fold Aspect: as a Political Reformer, and as an Ecclesiastical Sovereign.—Review of his Acts as a Politician.

December 1846, *to April* 1847.

THE day set apart for commemorating the birth of Christ is ushered in by a simple yet affecting custom, which has been practised for centuries; the *Pifferari* descend in their native costume, short cloaks and pointed hats, from the Abruzzi mountains, and are suddenly heard in the streets of the Eternal City, playing their peculiar music, consisting of bagpipe and fife. In parties of two, these shepherds perambulate Rome, awaking the inhabitants in the stillness of night by their welcome strains. They remain in the city about a fortnight, generally commencing their labours about four o'clock in the morning, and passing through each street twice in the day. When-

ever they see an image of the Madonna, there they stop and play a sonata before it. They ask no alms, but each shopkeeper and householder gives something to the *Pifferari*, who come from a distance to announce the glad tidings of the birth of Him who gave salvation to the world.

The Romans say, once it happened the *Pifferari* shepherds came not, and plague and famine scourged their city; they therefore welcome their humble visitors, remembering it was to shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night the glorious revelation first was made. This is indeed an innocent custom. It was so congenial to my feelings, that to preserve its remembrance, I secured a sketch of the *Pifferari*, as they devoutly serenaded, with heads uncovered, an image of the Madonna at the corner of my street.

Christmas-eve has arrived; a spirit of watchfulness pervades the city—you feel it—you discover that without noise the population is in motion at the hour ordinarily of repose. Should you inquire what means this movement, you learn, the eve of the birth of Christ has come, and it behoves Christians not to sleep, but praise God through the night; and this literally is done by many. Churches are open and lit up, solemn services are performed, hearty thanksgivings are offered up for the tidings of great joy. The Pope issues from his palace, and, attended by the college of cardinals, assists in the services in the noble Basilica, already described, of *Santa Maria Maggiore*. This service used to be commenced at midnight, but now the hour is changed to nine o'clock, which is more convenient. Thither I bent my steps: a vast multitude of people were there, as

much to behold the popular pontiff as the Christmas ceremony.

The appearance of the interior of the Basilica surprised me. It was a blaze of illumination; the long nave was lit up by rows of beautiful glass lustres, filled with wax lights; the tribune, where sat the princes of the Church, being peculiarly splendid. I got within the enclosure formed by the Swiss guard, and found myself amidst a crowd of resolute English ladies; there was a grand ceremony, to me not significant; much chanting, and scattering of incense. Then Pius IX. was raised aloft on his portative throne, and borne in grand procession through the spacious nave, and into the chapel of SS. Sacramento, where is carefully guarded the holy cradle. This precious deposit was then brought forth, and, covered by a case I believe of crystal — carried through the church, to exalt the faith, and delight the eyes of the pious. It is asserted deliberately, that this is the very cradle in which our Saviour lay, (not surely in Bethlehem?) after his birth. What can be more painful than to witness such a man as Pius IX. lending his countenance to this fraud, and by participating in the ceremony, sharing in what may be conceived by some to be an innocent imposture. This story of the holy cradle is of a piece with that of the Scala Santa, near the Lateran, which, to the amazement of all rational beings, is asserted to be the identical stairs down which our Saviour walked from the house of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem; and being carefully covered, lest they should be worn by the knees of the believers, are made use of for penance by the Church, and crawled up by thousands.

But already I perceive an intimation of belief in

these fictions drawing to a termination; for when people begin to examine the evidence on which opinion in the genuineness of these relics rests, it is all over with the Church; and I have lately read in a Roman journal, that a Roman Catholic was not bound to believe in the genuineness of relics, but might and *should* examine for himself the evidence on which their authenticity depended.

The night service in the Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore, on Christmas-eve, is one of the most peculiar of the Church services in Rome.

St. Peter's, on Christmas-day, was magnificent in the pomp of its ceremonial; thousands were drawn thither to see the Pope, in pontifical grandeur, perform high mass. Ordinarily the Roman families prefer at this solemn season the quiet parish churches, where they can pray—a thing in St. Peter's, on these state occasions, utterly impossible; in fact, nobody attempts it. The world flocks to the stupendous Basilica to witness a gorgeous spectacle; and such another this earth could not furnish. Ambassadors, princes, cardinals, nobles, vying with each other in splendid array. A procession, consisting of 200 priests, bishops, archbishops; and lastly, triumphant over all, the man who says he is Christ's vicar, borne aloft by gilded vassals, not in the meek fashion of his Divine Master, while his fellow-men prostrate themselves before him: then the priests are robed in attire which might put royalty to shame; it is impossible not to admire the richness of their costume, down to the very shoes of embroidered satin.

A Protestant, I really believe, is not qualified to judge of ceremonies to which he is not accustomed: those who are, see in them possibly a profound mean-

ing: but we are compelled to inquire in Rome into the original teaching of the Apostles, and compare it with what we see. For example, when Paul reasoned in this city, a fact which gives to it everlasting interest, was it *thus?* When the early Christians worshipped here, was it *thus?* Impossible to believe either of these things. Dr. Newman's theory of development must be called in aid, and apostolical simplicity developed into this unapostolical magnificence.

Vespers in the Tyrol I thought very touching; the people were in earnest and prayerful. Vespers sung by the nuns in the church of Trinità de Monti, are sweet and impressive. St. Peter's, on state days, is a grand spectacle, and nothing more. But I ought to add, Pius IX. in this and the several services which I have seen him conduct, discharged his priestly duties as one thoroughly in earnest. Quitting St. Peter's, I met a worthy priest of my acquaintance; he wished good-humouredly to convert me: might I not join the rest of my countrymen converts in Rome? I asked him bluntly, Did he think the ceremony we had just witnessed was in conformity with the practice of the early Christians? He answered frankly, Certainly not; but they had the mass, and as to the ceremony, what suited one state of society did not suit another, and the *Church* should decide what was suitable now. This was plausible, although it would be hard to prove the early Christians had the modern mass. If this argument was pushed to an extreme, it would follow, that year after year ceremonies and formularies and creeds might be added to those now existing, until, under the process of development, something might ultimately be *developed*, having more resemblance to Paganism than Christianity. And mani-

festly this doctrine of development not only would cloak all abuses, but strike at the root of all Christianity and endanger all Churches. Without any disrespect to those who differ from me, no ceremony I ever beheld of a sacred character affected my heart less, than that represented with unequalled magnificence in St. Peter's on Christmas-day.

A fortnight subsequently there was another Pontifical high mass in the same Basilica, and I again saw the Pope, his feathers, and flappers. On inquiring what the repetition of the grandeur of Christmas-day was meant for, I was answered, This was the festival of the *Chair of St. Peter*, instituted to confute the Lutherans, who denied without any foundation that St. Peter had ever been in Rome. Be the Lutherans right or wrong in their opinion, this is not a very logical way of answering their argument. The Pope proves by this festival that St. Peter was in Rome, and that he is the Saint's successor, which no man must presume to gainsay.

I remember being present on one occasion when an Italian explained what was popularly believed about the absolving power of the Pope thus: The Catholics believed the Pope to be successor of St. Peter; and as to St. Peter was said, "Whosesoever sins you remit on earth shall be remitted in heaven," so they believed whatever sins, of *a lesser kind*, the Pope by indulgence absolved here, were certainly forgiven in heaven; not including violations of the great commandments of God, which could not be absolved. One would think the system of granting perpetually indulgences on easy terms, even for lesser faults, must have an unfortunate effect on the morals and character of the people.

Subsequently a discussion arose in my presence, as to the effect of confession and absolution on crime in Rome, where the civil and ecclesiastical powers were united in the same hands. Some maintained the crime against the civil law was pardoned by the forgiveness of the ecclesiastical. I. consulted a Roman advocate on this head. He said the absolution and confession had not, and was not permitted to have, the least effect in their punishment of the criminal, although confessed and absolved. He laughingly added, "Egli è ammazzato e mandato in Paradiso."

I must now conduct the reader across the Tiber, and show him the curious exhibition of the Presepio. In the district of Trastevere stands an old tower of other days, which we must ascend by long narrow flights of crooked stone steps: pausing to breathe in a square chamber, we read inscribed on the wall, that anciently this tower was used as a means of defence against the Goths, and afterwards as a prison for captives—now, happily, for the sacred purpose of the Presepio. Squeezed by the pressure of the faithful descending, we at last reached the top of the tower, which was above the roofs of all surrounding houses. So soon as we could get standing room in the narrow apartment, we looked about us; there were several little avenues, as if leading out to the country at different sides of the wall, and looking up each of these in turn, I saw the singular spectacle. There were diminutive shepherds, sheep, goats, asses, travellers, and water; in one a stable and cattle; near a manger the virgin, a child, the magi worshipping and bearing gifts, shepherds gazing on the infant, and angels announcing the glad tidings

The foreground was filled with all the details of a mimic landscape. Some of the avenues were closed by unreal mountains, so cleverly managed as to deceive the eye, whilst in others the real mountains in the distant plains of the Campagna terminated and gave a character of reality to the scene. All this is exhibited to represent the scene of our Saviour's birth, as described in Scripture, the reading a few pages of which in their beautiful simplicity, one might suppose, would better teach a Christian people what it so deeply concerns them to know.

On the last day of the year there was a procession to the Quirinal, to visit the Pope. It consisted of crowds of young men marching with banners and music; they were full of enthusiasm, and ranged themselves in the spacious piazza with great joy; as usual they called for Pio Nono. His holiness appeared on the balcony, gave them his benediction, and remained while the young men sang a spirited hymn in two verses. A number of Bolognese youths had come to Rome to swell the procession and see the Pope. The behaviour of the Italian crowds, on all the occasions on which I have seen them, is admirable—no discourtesy, nor the least ill humour, much less is there any exhibition of violence in their conduct; but I confess, I grow tired of these exhibitions, and wish they were over, yet they seem only beginning. It has a strange appearance to a foreigner to behold masses of the people, whenever excited on any subject, hurry off to the palace of the Pope, and call him out to gratify their humour; and it is undignified, to say the least, in his holiness, to make himself so very common. The motive in the people is excellent, but their adulation is excessive. They

wish their Pope to understand he is the man of the people. On one occasion it was reported, his holiness was indisposed, and the people taking the alarm marched off to the Quirinal, and would have him out dead or alive. The Pope resisted being dragged to the balcony; his determined visitors, not to be foiled, sent a deputation into the palace, with strict orders not to come forth till they had seen Pius IX.—a commission which was faithfully executed. Had this good Pope suddenly died, and I been his cook, or a suspected cardinal, I should have fled for my life; the first functionary would have been roasted on his spit; the second, still less respected, would have been torn in atoms—his red stockings and hat flung into the Tiber.

But again I must follow the Pope. He visits the church of the Jesuits in state, to sing out the old year: the vespers were short, music good, and the people joined in the responses, which produced a fine effect. The Pope departed, gladly, I have no doubt, amidst general acclamations. It does not appear Pope Pius has any disrelish for the Jesuits, in a religious point of view. This visit in state to their church* would seem to disprove that: he has also been known to commend their piety and zeal. As censors of the press, their old and favourite employment, or as politicians, he dare not continue them in office.

1*st January.*—Another *festa* day; I contented myself with vespers in St. Peter's, which were more

* The church of the Jesuits is remarkable for its vast size and the richness of its decorations; they are not considered to be the result of good taste, as the church, walls, and ceilings, are overloaded with ornaments.

congenial to my taste than the Pope and the procession.

Amidst the religious ceremonies in all quarters of Rome at this solemn season, I must particularize that of high mass according to the Greek rite, in the Greek church of St. Athanasius. It was a curious sight. The church in its arrangements resembled that described already as existing in Leghorn. An inner shrine, where the priests alone entered, contained the altar, richly decorated. The priests, loaded with gorgeous vestments, performed a singular ceremonial. They moved in and out of the sacred shrine, and backwards and forwards, some with huge wax candles, others with tapers and gold censers. A numerous choir outside the shrine, but inside an enclosed space, like our communion, sat with their backs to the people and chanted at intervals. Then a priest ascended a low pulpit, and read a prayer in Greek; then a sort of dirge was chanted by a Greek priest, after which there was a grand procession of the host around the enclosed space I have described, in which all the clergy and choir joined, and thus the mysterious ceremony ended. I thought it in some degree impressive. The Greek rites are said to be of great antiquity—

"using (as the Roman periodical expressed it) the ancient languages, vestments, and ceremonies peculiar to their country. These rites only correspond with the Latin in expressing the same doctrines; for the holy see, whose supremacy is acknowledged by their churches, requires no uniformity of externals when the essentials of faith are one. Who could desire that a rite so peculiar, so splendid, and mystically significant as that of the Greek Church, bearing traces of the imaginative nature and magnificent

habits, the poetical and devotional character of the ancient Grecians, clothed in the language of Homer and Sophocles, should be abolished. This rite is hallowed by some of the loftiest, most triumphant, and mournful remembrances of history. In this, the night before the eastern empire finally sank beneath the infidel, the last and noblest Constantine, with the brave band who stood by him till death, received the life-giving food of the altar, in the strength of which he girt himself to die; the last time that glorious temple raised by Justinian resounded to the hallowed echoes of Christian worship."*

The last Constantine perished gloriously, battling against the infidel host till his latest gasp. The historian has applied to him the noble lines of Dryden:—

> "As to Sebastian, let them search the field,
> And where they find a mountain of the slain,
> Send one to climb—and looking down beneath,
> There they will find him at his manly length,
> With his face up to heaven—in that red monument
> Which his good sword had digged."

It is a mistake to assert the Greek Churches acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. *One* branch only does, the larger branch does not. The condition of the Greek Church, and its history, furnish a strong argument against the Pope's claim of supremacy. It would be difficult to believe, when the emperor and the seat of empire were fixed at Con-

* "The Emperor and some faithful companions entered the dome of St. Sophia, which, in a few hours, was to be converted into a mosch, and devoutly received with tears and prayers the sacrament of the holy Communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries. . . . The distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars."—GIBBON.

stantinople, the bishop of the new capital was to be subject to the authority of the bishop of the deserted city. The recorded fact, that at an early period the heads of the Church in Constantinople consulted the Bishop of Rome as to the time of celebrating the festival of Easter, differed from, and rejected his opinion when given, and pursued an opposite practice, without any attempt to punish their nonconformity, is demonstration that the Bishops of Rome had *then* no supremacy. The dissensions between the Greek and Latin Churches were bitter and exasperating.

During this season, I chanced to be present when an Italian lady of respectability, who maintained herself by reading Italian literature with English families, alluded in accents of grief to the fading health of her youthful sister, a nun in a neighbouring convent. This veracious lady was asked, had her sister become a nun willingly? She answered, "Not merely so, but enthusiastically, to the bitter regret of her mother and sisters;" and then, in reply to an inquiry meant in kindness, she gave this brief but touching family history. "My father was a physician, and died leaving little fortune, and a widow with three daughters; my sister in the convent was the youngest and handsomest. We clung to our mother, and all laboured to assist her as we could. The family confessor visited us often, and gave us consolation and advice. We soon observed our young sister becoming more grave in her manner; then some hints were dropped of a convent, and the confessor spoke to my mother of the happiness of a monastic life. My mother declared she would never permit Maria to enter a convent; she could not afford

to lose so dear a child. Again and again the subject was renewed and dropped. At length my sister said, she could only be happy in a convent, and vowed if she were not suffered to become a nun she would apply to be received as a servant to the sisters; the confessor strongly pressed the propriety of yielding to the girl's wish—she was evidently called to a holy life. My mother's scruples were overcome; 600 scudi were made up as the entrance money of my sister, the convent generously abating 400 of their usual portion. She went in as probationer the usual time, and then took the veil; and now *once in six months* we are permitted to see her. My mother reckons the hours before that happy morning; then exclaims, "*This is the day we again behold our beloved Maria; let us haste to the convent.*" We carry food with us, and remain till evening; my sister appears at an inner grating, and near her sits a veiled nun the whole period of our visit; a second grating separates us from the first, and thus we converse; but we cannot touch her hand, nor kiss her cheek, till death has released her from this life. At first Maria continued in good health, but at the expiration of two years she grew ill, and is now worse; we know scarcely her writing, which is confused and straggling, but see her we cannot. The doctor who attends the convent will not and dare not tell a word of what passes within the walls." Here the good lady wept bitterly.

I counselled her to address a petition to Pius IX., whose boast was to redress daily the wrongs of his people, and who read every petition with his own eyes. She answered, that would be perfectly useless; the laws of the convent were well known before the

nun entered, and could not, and would not, be altered or relaxed. I inquired what the name of this convent might be, and was answered, it was that of the Battisterié, attached to the church of St. Nicola di Tolentino, where there would take place the profession of a nun on the ensuing Sabbath. On expressing my surprise that the young and beautiful could so eagerly renounce the enjoyments of life, and sacrifice the affections of the heart, this discreet lady observed: "There was much to recommend the convent to young women in her class of life. Rome was not a wealthy or flourishing city; there was a difficulty in procuring a decent subsistence, a constant struggle with the evils of life and daily toil. From all these vexations the inmate of a convent is free, and lives in tranquillity and abundance. We have now to discharge towards our mother, not only our own duties, but those which belonged to my young sister—she has no care nor labour." This tallied exactly with the statement made to me by the Florentine priest, and explained also something of the condition of the professional classes in Rome.

But what a disclosure of the nature of the monastic system! what apology can be offered for the unnatural interdiction of intercourse between parent and child; what, for teaching systematically that it is *pollution* for a professed nun even to touch her mother's hand or kiss her cheek? It is repugnant to the laws of nature, and cannot be acceptable to that God who planted these laws in our hearts. It is also opposed to the revealed law, which commands us to honour our father and mother, that our days may be long in the land which the Lord our God hath given us.

I never heard even a plausible argument in favour

of these monastic institutions. I hail the prospect of their downfal with delight, believing the principles of the great Leopold will finally triumph throughout Italy.

On Sunday morning following, the 17th of January, I hurried to the church of St. Nicola di Tolentino, to witness the promised ceremony. It was a cheerless affair. Two Swiss sentries were on guard at the door, which announced the intended presence of a cardinal. First arrived a large morocco chair, then a fat cardinal. His eminence knelt down in the centre of the aisle on a velvet cushion, while two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, stood guard over him. His chaplain, in full clerical costume, knelt down exactly behind, and took a pinch of snuff. The cardinal-vicar quickly rose. The soldiers marched him inside the railed place before the altar, where he sat down in the morocco chair. Then fine robes were put upon his eminence, a gold crucifix was suspended from his neck, the brilliant shone upon his finger. The novice, not very attractive, was introduced, covered with a white veil, and matronized by a marchioness, dressed fashionably. An elderly priest seated himself opposite the novice and her friend, the cardinal between, facing the congregation, presiding in stately composure. Then the priest delivered his commonplace discourse to the poor girl as she sat before him, told her of her approaching happiness; that she would thenceforward belong to God; that, by this act of devotion, her eternal felicity was secured; heaven was opening its gates to receive her. To this discourse she gently nodded assent. She was then presented by the fashionable marchioness to the cardinal, as he sat arrayed in his magnificent robes in

the red chair, whereupon the novice devoutly kissed the golden crucifix. His eminence now placed a crown of thorns upon her head, and a light, although large, black crucifix of wood on her shoulder; the girl then walked down the centre of the church attended by her friend, descended the steps into the open air, (here a number of the lower classes were assembled to see her as she passed,) turned to the convent gate, which she entered; never in this mortal life again to behold the fair world she quitted. In twenty minutes she appeared at the iron grating near the altar in her white coif—a dismal sight. Some questions were put to her, some prayers were said, the nuns sung sweetly from the recesses of their living tomb, and all was over.

The gilded chair was carried off, the cardinal laid aside his heavy finery, had a quiet joke with the priest, the Swiss sentries fixed bayonets, safely guarded his eminence into his coach, and I hastened from the melancholy scene. Napoleon's prefect, in his book, mentions, that when the French threw open and dispersed the convents in Rome, and gave liberty to the inmates, the nuns begged to be permitted to remain; and such of them as could, kept together in one or two monasteries which were spared, and none complained of ill-usage. All this may be true—it only proves, however, after a rational being has been submitted to a monotonous existence for years, the discharge of the active duties of life becomes intolerably irksome; but it proves nothing in favour of the system. Thousands of young women are thus shut up throughout Italy; and I will never believe that there are not amongst them *many hearts* broken by their imprisonment.

During the month of December we had dismal weather, and there was an unusual inundation of the city from the unruly Tiber. A great part of Rome resembled Venice; boats plied in the streets adjoining the river, before the Pantheon, and in the Corso. The sufferings of the lower order were severe; but the injuries caused by the event were exaggerated. To those who did not suffer, Rome presented an aspect of extraordinary interest, and the artists were busily employed sketching the novel appearances. The Pope was attentive to the poor; the English made a liberal collection, and the nobles, who have not the wit to improve their land or afford employment, gave bread.

I must revert to Padre Ventura:—On the 9th of January, this celebrated preacher delivered a discourse which surprised me. Having in due time touched on heretics, he asseverated they were, in Protestant nations, ever heartless, persecuting, and wicked, while Catholic kingdoms were, as in France, the reverse to the Protestants. He then instanced Ireland, and with vehemence declared, that while the poor Irish laboured to supply the luxuries of the rich Protestant, they, and the Protestant government of England, left the Irish to perish by thousands—*but so ever was it with heretics.*

The furious bigotry of such a discourse shocked me. This preacher too boldly talked of toleration in a country where religious intolerance was the inexorable law, to his own knowledge. As I quitted the church, I met a frank-hearted young Irishman of my acquaintance, who was studying for the priesthood. I told him what I had just heard from the renowned Padre Ventura: he bid me pay no attention to his

calumnies. "Ventura," he said, "is well known for his absurd assertions; last year, he declared in the pulpit, that the Queen of England offered to hand over the East Indies to the Pope, provided he would give up indulgences, which his holiness sternly refused." This was so pleasant a story, and my young companion was so good-humoured and tolerant, that I recovered my temper, and we laughed at the folly of the preacher. I may here add, I met some young Irish priests in Rome, who were greatly dissatisfied with what they heard and saw there, objected to the papal ecclesiastical authority, and were, moreover, tolerant in their opinions, while they evinced a strong love of country.

Amongst the Irish priests whom I saw in Rome, there was one whom I cannot remember without regret: I allude to the late Dr. Keenan, who came to Rome to seek for justice against his bishop. His complaint was, that his diocesan had deprived him of his living (in Dromore) without a cause. Having lodged an appeal, founded, I believe, in justice, the unhappy priest spent months in Rome expecting a hearing and decision of his case. According to his account to me, nothing could be more dilatory, or unsatisfactory, or vexatious, than the ecclesiastical court of appeal; all its evils were aggravated, when the defendant was a bishop, against whom a priest finds it nearly impossible to get justice. Dr. Keenan, who was a pleasing and very tolerant man, having exhausted his last guinea in his chimerical pursuit, died in Rome of a broken heart. He was buried, I believe, by subscription.

There was at this awful season of famine a meeting of the English held in Rome, for the purpose of

adopting measures to relieve the sufferers in Ireland. The English gentry acted with their wonted benevolence; abandoned their recreations, laboured zealously in the work of love, and were heartily supported by their Irish brethren.*

Pius IX. applauded and encouraged their efforts, and commanded three charity sermons to be preached in French, Italian, and English; and annexed an indulgence to the attendance on the three discourses. The discourse in Italian was preached by Padre Ventura, and it was very spirited and eloquent, but quite unlike our ideas of a sermon; he described the poetical, military, and imaginative character of the Irish people, in glowing terms; their mode of existence, their food! gave a history of the potato failure and its fatal consequences; drew a vivid picture of the priest consoling the peasant in his hovel; but he reserved the thunder of his eloquence for his description of their faithfulness to the Catholic Church. "England had tried every means to induce them to desert their ancient faith, but she could not buy, nor terrify, nor cajole the Irish out of their religion, wherefore they should be considered as brethren by the Roman people. If England gave to the Irish liberty and independence, they would be her firm friends—her slaves, never." It was in the course of this sermon, Padre Ventura named the Methodists with a start of horror, whether real or affected I know not, "a sect of men ever the enemies of the Church." The mass of his hearers had no idea of what Methodists believed, and very likely regarded them as *Caffres!* The sermon was highly character-

* This meeting originated with my friend Captain Pakenham, now a banker in Rome.

istic of the preacher, and of the national feeling. The renowned orator spoke in better taste of England on this occasion, although he did not retract handsomely his former assertions.

Preaching is over, and now the carnival begins—a scene of buffoonery, jollity, extravagance, and caricature, which has no parallel in the world. The carnival in Naples is contemptible compared with that in Rome, and yet the Neapolitans are naturally more animated and excitable than the Romans. The city of priests, devout men, exhibits such wild Bacchanalian festivity as cannot be matched on earth. The old Saturnalia is re-acted in Christian times. I bear willing testimony, however, to the invincible good humour of the Italian people. The most entertaining of their caricature consisted in their grotesque delineations of real life in all its varieties. There was an impudent mountebank who imitated a lawyer, and ridiculed the learned profession; he was dressed in black, with wig and peruke, a false nose, spectacles and band, carried a law book under his arm, which he occasionally opened; wrangled with the passengers, threatened, abused, would put the folk in his process, and bring them to condign punishment. I almost considered the impostor as personal in his behaviour towards me, but I remained dumb in the presence of a master spirit.

All professions are ridiculed except the priesthood; no allusion is made to monks, nuns, friars, or priests. Every other business in life is ludicrously mimicked, down to the carrying of sick men to the hospital. A patient is brought out in an open litter, wrapped in a blanket, and carried along with apparent tenderness, and most diverting attention, to the house of

reception. The very physic is administered to the pretended patient, who swallows the dose of wine more willingly than if it were doctor's drugs. The serious affairs of life are made to exhibit a ludicrous aspect; everything is travestied, and yet is there nothing attempted which is offensive or indecent.

What astounds the stranger is the sudden transition from the serious offices of religion to the wildest excesses of human folly, and then back again as suddenly to the pious exercises of Lent. The Roman writers trace the carnival to paganism, asserting that Rome, the centre of pagan domination, has retained in its popular usages stronger traces of practices connected with the festivities of paganism, than any other place in Europe. Pagan festivals were not proscribed by Constantine the convert, but continued through his reign. During the sixth century, a mode of celebrating the feasts of the Nativity and of the Holy Innocents, came into use, in which the gambols of the old Saturnalia appeared under Christian authority. Afterwards, a festival called that of the *Ass and the Fools* was held, which continued from Christmas-day to the Epiphany. In this it was usual to elect a chief, as the Romans did in their Saturnalia, and this monarch of buffoons was called the *Pope of Fools;* he was crowned with grapes, and paraded through the streets on an ass, preceded by a fat ox, while the people indulged in every extravagance. The ceremony of the *Bœuf gras* in Paris, is derived from the festival last described, and to the ancient Saturnalia; and the festival of the *Ass and the Fools* of the middle ages, has succeeded, in the capital of the Chrisian world, the modern carnival, as absurd

as any, and proving how unalterably rooted in human nature is the passion for buffoonery, or as others might say, the love for national amusement. That a rigid ecclesiastical government should expressly sanction this temporary abandonment of all rational business, and the unlimited indulgence in irrational foolery, seems surprising; but the fact is, the whole system in Rome is made up of inconsistencies; for, strange to say, at the same time the madness of the carnival rages, the cardinal-vicar issues spiritual invitations to the faithful, beseeching them to shun the dissipation of the season, to imitate the example of Saint Carlo Borromeo, or St. Filippo Neri, or some other good saint, and visit the churches, basilicas, and convents, or stations, where holy exercises appropriated to the time are performed. Thus, if the temptation is offered, the means of escape are offered also.

The carnival ended, Rome is emptied: the wise visitors then diligently employ their leisure. The energies of the people are prostrated: they can scarce crawl to prayers. Ash-Wednesday comes, on which day, anciently, the pontiff walked in procession barefoot, with all the clergy, singing litanies to the church of St. Sabina; now, his holiness sits enthroned in scarlet cope, purple stole, and mitre of cloth of silver; the cardinals in robes of purple, with fur cape—that colour or violet being the mourning of the Church. The cardinals will assume the vestments of the altar; the auditor of the rota, in a violet coloured *pianeta*, will take from the altar a plate of silver gilt, filled with the ashes of the palms consecrated on Palm Sunday; his holiness will pronounce over them the benediction; then the Cardinal Penitenziere Maggiore, who is to celebrate mass without gloves, without the

episcopal mitre and ring, ascends the footstool of the throne, and after profound obeisance places a portion of the ashes in the form of a cross on the head of the pontiff. His holiness then assumes the mitre; and, the *grembiale* being put on his knees, gives the ashes to the same cardinal, describing the cross on his forehead, and saying, "*Memento, homo quia pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris.*" So does and says the Pope to all the cardinals, bishops, abbots, some standing, others kneeling; some kissing the knee, others the foot of his holiness, according to their rank. Then the Pope washes his hands, using the crumb of bread and a lemon with his oblation. Then the cardinals lay aside their sacred vestments and reassume the purple cape; a sermon is preached, and indulgence for fifteen years proclaimed, and all is happily finished.

It may now be sufficiently understood what a formal and stately affair one of the grand ceremonies of the Church of Rome is. We have traversed a busy period, and reached the month of February. Pius IX. has been followed from church to basilica, several of his splendid ceremonies described, but it is time to inquire into the character of the pontiff as a man and a king—into the acts hitherto done of solid and lasting benefit to his people. This extraordinary man must be considered in the stages of his pontifical career, and in a twofold aspect; then much difficulty in the formation of an impartial judgment on his character will vanish.

I had the honour of two interviews with Pius IX.: the first as a member of the committee, appointed for the humane purpose already mentioned; the second with a private party. I believe the committee was

the first body of Englishmen who waited on the Pope, and certainly, as Mr. Harford spoke his sensible address, his holiness seemed highly pleased and affected. His manner is frank and even simple. There is not the slightest tincture of pride or stateliness in his deportment; Pius IX., addressing his fellow-men, utters, like a man of sense, what he really at the moment thinks and feels. There was no written reply, couched in terms of cold formality to what was kindly said, but a cordial, spontaneous expression of feeling outspoken at the moment. The Pope said something courteous to several individual members presented to him; hearing I was a lawyer, he remarked, that an English advocate* had lately sent him a book on legislation, which he was sure contained much which would be desirable for him to know; but, unfortunately, being unacquainted with the language, he could not read it:—a very sensible but unkingly observation. Common kings never admit their ignorance of anything. Dull pomposity is not congenial to the disposition of Pius IX. His manner was, however, a little unsteady. He is not what some would call dignified; he appeared as if his royalty sat awkwardly upon him; in appearance very unlike *the portraits of Pius VI.* The countenance, stout figure, and whole bearing of Pius IX. denote plain, vigorous sense, resolution and manliness of character, and true benevolence, more than refined or polished taste, lofty dignity, royal pride, or grandeur of thought. Strip him of his robes of state, he never would be mistaken for a subtle Jesuit or crafty priest, but would pass all the world over for a sagacious, clear-headed, English

* I could not catch the name of the gentleman the Pope mentioned.

country gentleman. Such was the opinion I formed on my first interview with Pius IX. The second time* I had the honour of being received, the Pope was quite at his ease, and when the party of English ladies and gentlemen were grouped around him, spoke with unaffected kindness what he deemed most suitable. He inquired anxiously about Ireland, and spoke in terms of hearty admiration of the exertions made by the parliament in England, in relief of the Irish famine. The vote of ten millions seemed to astonish his holiness. On this occasion the manner of the Pope was fatherly, and undoubtedly, I must say, rooted as I am in the Protestant faith, the unaffected behaviour of Pius IX. towards people of all nations, is that becoming an ecclesiastic aspiring to be considered the head of the Christian Church. Proud bishops, if any such there be, would do well to take a lesson as to their outward deportment from their great adversary; his habits of life are simple, his table frugal, and his charities unbounded. These, however, are trifles where the great interest of a nation are concerned, or the spiritual welfare of millions are at stake.

Let us inquire what the Pope has done, or declared he will do, with a view to comprehend his claims to the character of a great reformer. The amnesty was a generous act, and graciously done, (yet even Austria has had her political amnesties, as Pellico can witness,) and in a financial point of view

* These introductions are generally managed by the head of a College, or ecclesiastic of distinction. The gentlemen of the Irish College evince much kindness in this way. The president, Dr. Cullen, will, it is to be hoped, obtain the promotion his learning entitles him to. The clergymen of this College exhibited a strong love of country, and zeal for relief of the suffering people of Ireland.

highly prudent, as it was costly to feed 3,000 idlers in the public prisons; but the amnesty can be only temporary in its effects; and let it be remembered, a general insurrection was apprehended from the infuriated and oppressed people when it was opportunely proclaimed. What has been accomplished to remove the *causes* which crowded the gaols with political offenders?

I cannot during this interval discover any comprehensive permanent measure of reform carried, or promised by Pius IX. There was some abatement made in duties on certain articles of imports and exports; some amalgamation of offices; certain popular appointments, as that of Cardinal Gizzi; the sanction of the construction of a few railways at the people's expense, which was regarded as a prodigious advance towards enlightened policy. It was a safe measure, for I doubt if they will ever be executed. Permission was granted to have a political dinner; a very modified law of the press, under a strict censorship, was enacted. Best of all, if anything results from it, was the appointment of a committee to examine into and correct the iniquities of the penal code. A committee of cardinals was also nominated to inquire into the condition of the papal revenues and finances; nor ought we to *omit*, the forcible expulsion of beggars who infested in crowds the streets of the capital—the appointment by the mere will of the Pope of a council of state—and a declared wish to extend the blessings of education, and repress crime.

Now, these measures are undoubtedly all improvements, and are in the right direction; but there is no security for their preservation. If accomplished, they

might be revoked by the word of the Pope, or of his accidental successor. Even as to the amendments in the criminal code, which had not Pius IX. attempted, I should have regarded him as a mere impostor, what certainty is there that its new provisions will be inviolable more than the old, unless protected by some fixed form of constitution.

February, 1847. Up to this date none such has been granted—that is clear, and I think the conclusion of an impartial inquirer must be that none such was intended to be yielded by the Pope; that, in fact, nothing was further from his mind than the giving a representative constitution to his subjects. The grounds of this conclusion are his declarations and his acts. Emphatically did the pontiff warn his anxious subjects against adopting notions of theoretic freedom, which could not be applied to the papal states. Cardinal Gizzi expressed himself distinctly to the same effect. The Pope declared *he must deliver to his successors unimpaired the trust he had received.* To the assembled college of cardinals, in thanking them for his election, Pius IX. promised "*to let no occasion pass by, in which an opportunity should be granted him of protecting the rights and dignity of their order.*" In reply to which, Cardinal Macchi, speaking for the college, warned the Pope they feared the licentious and impious audacity *of the press*, which would, unless curbed, uproot their authority and that of the Church itself. Then the law regulating this audacious press, forbade wholly the discussion, either *directly* or *indirectly*, of the pontifical government, or its institutions, or to propound reforms in either, or in the Church. The use of the word *indirectly* in the edict of March 1847, was so offensive to the enlightened

men engaged in the periodical press, that they unanimously resolved not to publish another paper till it was explained or modified, and accordingly, during a fortnight the periodicals were not published. One Italian gentleman connected with the Roman press, told me *that* law must have been framed by the Jesuits to entrap unwary authors, as the most innocent observation might be twisted into an indirect allusion to the forbidden subject. Massimo Azeglio, then in Rome, wrote a pamphlet to soothe the popular indignation on this tender point. The virtues of Pius IX., his zeal and love for the people, his services in their behalf, were strongly pressed by Azeglio to induce the Romans not to demand concessions too large at once.

The opinions expressed of Pius IX. by foreign statesmen, and especially by Sir R. Peel on the 12th of February, 1847, laudatory of the Pope, were quoted by Azeglio, to excite the gratitude of his subjects towards a pontiff of whom the world thought so highly. What was more to the point—this popular writer drew attention pointedly to the fact, that of the five new censors, but one was a priest; and this, he argued, should be enough to recommend the law to the favourable consideration of the people. Azeglio also dwelt strongly on the character of the men appointed censors, with one of whom, Signor Vanutelli, a retired advocate of fortune, I had the pleasure of being acquainted. The subject confided to this distinguished gentleman was political economy, and certainly it could not have been entrusted to worthier hands. But the board of censors might be changed in a moment, and one liberal man could not rule the divisions of the body consisting of five. With

this edict the Roman public were deeply dissatisfied; nor was the *Index Expurgatorius* neglected by our enlightened Pope. The spirited poem, by Signor Rosetti, of King's College, already noticed, was prohibited, with other more important works.

The reader has already perceived from the appendix to Azeglio's political essay, that one, and possibly he may think the most reasonable of the demands made by the Italians (led by Signor Renzi) who struggled against Pope Gregory, was, "that all appointments, civil, military, and judicial, should be thrown open to laymen." After the amnesty, Renzi was liberated, and waited on Pius IX. to express his gratitude. The Pope exhibited at this interview an admirable feeling, and received the honest conspirator as a friend, drew forth his manifesto, and admitted it contained much that was useful. He then asked Renzi's opinion as to the measures best calculated to satisfy the people. Renzi replied, "The secularization of all offices of the state;" the Pope observed, "That suggestion I do not consider just—it matters not the colour of a coat if the wearer governs with justice." No mistake here. According to this avowal of the popular pontiff, the priesthood were to continue masters of the state.

The scientific congress already described wished to meet in Bologna, a flourishing city belonging to the patrimony of the Church—*that* the Pope forbade. The reader, by reference to the proceedings at Genoa, may determine why, with respect to his appointments, if some were good, others were very bad; not to speak of less important personages, the nomination to a cardinal's hat of Monsignore Marini, governor of Rome, and head of the police under Pope

Gregory, in whose crafty nature was combined the tyrant and the spy, who had been the tool of Lambruschini, the executioner of his despotic acts, who had arrested thousands of innocent men, who had openly protested against the amnesty, and naturally, as not wishing to meet face to face the men he had wronged and outraged.

I well remember the effect this appointment produced in Rome. There was a burst of indignation. A satirical suggestion was affixed to Pasquin's statue, that the next cardinal should be the *public executioner.* Marini was universally odious; yet did the Pope create him cardinal, increased the number of obstructives in the College, and gave a vile policeman the chance of becoming successor to St. Peter himself. The excuse was, that Pius IX. wished to get rid of an obnoxious governor,* and therefore thrust him into the sacred college. A literary Italian observed to me respecting this appointment, that now people were doubtful as to what the future policy of the Pope might be. "He is," said my friend, "a man, and naturally loves power: a priest, and must uphold his order."

Another fact should be noted; the seizure and suppression of liberal foreign journals during the winter. This frequently happened. The British newspapers, which wrote boldly respecting the occupation of Cracow by the Austrians, were regularly seized in the post-office. The governor of that

* The successor appointed to Marini was Grazzelini, who had been employed in several important offices under the papacy. Great satisfaction was expressed at the nomination of so liberal, enlightened, and zealous a reformer to be governor of Rome. The reader will find hereafter how Grazzelini fulfilled the high expectations formed of him.

establishment would scarcely have ventured upon such a proceeding, without higher authority than his own.

Reviewing dispassionately the foregoing facts, and balancing the evidence afforded by the conduct and declaration of Pope Pius up to 1st March 1847, it seems to me difficult to conclude the Pope had formed any real or comprehensive plan of reform in the frame of the papal government, or that he intended or wished to give to his people the blessing of constitutional freedom. On the contrary, his true political character appears to have been that of a benevolent sovereign, who wished to govern honestly, but *absolutely*; to execute useful administrative reforms, but retain all legislative authority in his single person; to soothe the laymen, but confine the honours and emoluments of the state to his order—the priesthood; to permit a liberty of discussion, saving from its influence all corrupt institutions and the despotic character of the government; to preserve without alteration all the obnoxious privileges of the sacred college, and the unlimited power of the Popedom.

Such, do I believe to have been the true character of Pope Pius in things political. He was shouted into popularity, without meaning to be the assertor of liberty. The bitter opposition he met with from some cardinals—his critical position—the circumstances of the times—the loud demands of his people, forced him onward in a track, glorious, I admit, but which I do not believe he meant originally to pursue. The good Pope forgot, when his oppressed subjects tasted the sweets of partial freedom, that they never would be content with less than the entire blessing,

and that the acquisition of a little liberty the better enabled them to secure the whole.

With respect to the ecclesiastical character of Pius IX., he proved himself to be every inch a Pope. To all the prerogatives of the infallible head of the Church he laid claim; to all the doctrines of the Church he rigidly subscribed; its ceremonies he scrupulously performed; one edition of the Scriptures, with notes, he put into the *Index Expurgatorius*; all editions published without his Church's explanations were anathematized by his Encyclical Letter, which, in reference to the indiscriminate publication and reading of the Scriptures, and to all conspiracies against the authority of the infallible Church, contains the following sensible passages:—

"Hoc volunt vaferrimæ Biblicæ societates, quæ veterem hæreticorum artem renovantes, divinarum Scripturarum libros contra sanctissimas ecclesiæ regulas vulgaribus quibusque linguis translatos, ac perversis sæpe explicationibus interpretatos maximo exemplarium numero, ingentique expensa omnibus cujusque generis hominibus etiam rudionibus gratuito impertiri, obtrudere non cessant, ut divina traditione Patrum doctrina, et Catholicæ Ecclesiæ auctoritate rejecta, omnes eloquia Domini privato suo judicio interpretentur, eorumque sensum pervertant, atque ita in maximos elabantur errores."

These societies he reprobates after the example of his pious predecessors, "*Et nos pariter damnatus esse volumus.*"

"Huc spectat fœdissima—contra sacrum clericorum cœlibatum conspiratio, quæ a nonnullis etiam, proh dolor, ecclesiasticis viris fovetur, qui propriæ dignitatis misere obliti, se voluptatum blanditiis et illecebris vinci et deliniri patiuntur."

Exhorting the bishops to watch over their flocks, and keep them in the Catholic faith, he adds—

"Quam nisi quisque integram inviolatamque servaverit absque dubio in eternum peribit."

Again—

"Unionem cum Catholica Ecclesia extra quam nulla est salus."

The concluding sentence is tolerant and encouraging. The positive judgment of eternal damnation on the whole Christian world who belong not to the Church of Rome, is a mere *brutum fulmen* in this enlightened age. Educated Roman Catholics must in their hearts be ashamed of the denunciation which is no less intolerant than impious. It is impossible not to regret that Pius IX. felt it necessary to follow the bad precedent of his predecessors, and that at a time when good Christians wished to be tolerant, and to encourage a tolerant spirit in all others, he should proclaim to the world his adherence to opinions which are repugnant alike to reason, charity, and the Scriptures.

There is nothing more remarkable than the bold front which the Church of Rome presents. Her priests unhesitatingly, in the pulpit through Italy, maintain the purity, and propriety, and *infallibility* of the whole system as we see it. No error or even blemish is admitted. This resolute spirit effects a great deal. It is not argument, but a peremptory assertion of infallibility, accompanied by a dogmatical and positive denunciation of all who differ from or dispute anything with, *the Church*. The evidence of our senses—the laws of nature—the words of Scripture—offer not the slightest difficulty to a monk; he

tramples on these flimsy obstacles by a cabalistic word, the *Church*.

What is expected to be the future success of this infallible Church may be collected from the following sentences taken from a Latin sermon preached before Pope Pius and his cardinals on the 15th February, 1847, and afterwards printed by authority. The extracts are highly characteristic; and let not the reader forget the well-observed tribute of thanks rendered by the preacher to the Oxford tractarians, for their valuable services and indefatigable zeal in the service of Rome. The sermon was thus entitled:—

"De Cathedra Romana Sancti Petri. Principis Apostolorum—oratio habita in Basilica Vaticaneo—15 February, 1847. Per Laurentio Randi."

The preacher reviews the history of the heresies which had afflicted the true Church. At page 15 he proceeds thus:—

"Atque ea etiam tempora repetantur, in quibus apparuit novatorum Ecclesiæ quæ postea se ipsam celavit, ut furiosior Lutheri et Calvini procaciter ex inferis excitaretur. Per ea tempora Waldus et Wecklephus se ab obedientia Romani Pontificis in libertatem asseruerant primamque seditionis labem, disseminaverunt perspicuæ tamen ne solemniæ devotionis signæ erga Petri Cathedrum dederant."

Then a complimentary history is given of Henry VIII. "*Britannia desciricit—heu miseram infelicemque nationem.*" It is added, Henry VIII. grieved for his apostasy, and meant to fly to the rock of Peter, which death alone prevented. This amusing passage follows:—

"Video regno potiri Elisabetham impurissimam feminam, et Catholico nomini ac Pontificiæ auctoritati infer-

issimam. Quæ quidem licet maximo in Ponteficem odio exardesceret, tamen et Catholico ritu consecrari, et per legatum a Romano Pontifice confirmari poposcit."

In referring to the attestations afforded by even Protestant writers to the excellence of the Roman Catholic Church, and the expediency of forming an union with it, the preacher, in a justifiable tone of triumph, exclaims,—

"Omitto veros Protestantes, auctoritate gravissimos, in dicendo disertissimos, in omni litterarum genere excellentes, qui in media Germania excitari videntur, ut hujus Cathedræ lucem propalantes animos ad concordiam et ad commune vinculum reducant. Omitto eloquentissima præclarorum hominum scripta, quæ cunctam fere Britanniam pervagantur, quibus ritus, disciplinæ, mores Romanæ sedis ab impiorum calumniis strenue ac invictæ defenduntur."

There can be little doubt the writings of the tractarians led the Pope and priesthood of Rome into the belief that the British people were prepared to abandon the reformation, and enter once more within the bosom of the infallible Church. It was a natural belief, encouraged and fostered by the presence and conversation of the Oxford converts in the Propaganda. The Roman laity did not, however, share the delusion: they rightly suspected the British nation was not likely to follow the example of a few of their priests, either very weak or very proud. England is not unlikely to continue what the preacher would amusingly describe as an *unhappy, miserable Protestant kingdom.*

CHAPTER XV.

Doings of Pius IX. in his Priestly Character; his Visit to the Palazzo Massimo.—Astounding Miracle of St. Filippo Neri.—A Dead Man restored to Life, affirmed by the Pope.—Reflections on this Fact.—A Book of Miracles.—The Discipline of Flogging still practised in the Church, as described by Sir John Hobhouse. Magnificent Ceremonies of Easter. — Office of Tenebræ described.—The Pope and Cardinals in the Sistine Chapel.—Michael Angelo's Fresco of the Last Judgment.—Impression produced by the Miserere.—Easter Sunday in St. Peter's.—The Papal Benediction.—Service same day in Protestant Church.—A Comparison.—How did the Primitive Christians worship?—Dr. Newman a Disciple of Filippo Neri.—What System will he substitute for the Church of England?—The Oxford Movement dangerous to the Constitution in Church and State.—Abbé Newman's Letter.—Dr. Pusey's Sermon.—Concluding Spectacles of Easter.—Illumination of St. Peter's.—The Girandola.—A Drive through Rome at Midnight.—Colosseum by Moonlight.—Meditations.—An Opinion of Mr. Laing's disputed.—Has the Clock of Ages sounded a Reconciliation? Not yet!

We have conducted Pius IX. to the month of April, 1847, and examined his political conduct. Let us now briefly consider his behaviour in his other character—that of spiritual head of the Roman Catholic Church.

I pass over many sacred festivals, such as the blessing of the Sacred Rose, &c. In truth, these ceremonies become tiresome and vapid. To comprehend the ecclesiastical character of Pius, and what may be expected from him, and to judge correctly of his intentions and belief, we must consider his actions.

It is a curious study, to scrutinize a character in one aspect vigorous and intellectual, and to find it in another weak and superstitious. Had I not been in Rome at the period of the occurrence hereafter described, I should have withheld belief from the narrative of others, concluding it to be the invention of prejudice or calumny.

There is in Rome a noble family, named the Massimo; they claim descent from Fabius Maximus, and an earlier patrician race, and have upheld their rank in later ages by occasionally accepting the vulgar dignity of cardinal, and office of superintendent of the post. Count Litta, the historian of the "Famiglie Celebri d'Italia," has given in his splendid work an illustrious place to the Massimo family. The Palazzo Massimo, for its elegance and ingenuity of structure, deserves a visit, and still better for the famous Discobolus, an undoubtedly Greek statue which it contains; a copy of the masterpiece of Myron.

On the 16th day of March there was an unusual bustle in the streets of the papal city. The liberal pontiff was in progress in his royal state, to visit the Massimo family; and to the palace described the obedient believers of the Church were hastening in crowds. On what sacred duty, to perform what holy function, is the priestly sovereign bent? Reader, mark the behaviour of the man lauded as the most enlightened statesman of the age.

The account is taken verbatim from the Roman Journal of the 27th March, 1847.

"On the 16th day of March was celebrated, in the chapel of the Palazza delle Colonne, with the accustomed pomp, the anniversary of the miracle there worked in the

year 1583, by Saint Philip Neri—*that of raising from the dead the young Paolo de Massimi, son of Fabrizio, lord of Arsoli,* which was examined into and proved with the accustomed formalities; received as one of the principal evidences in the process for the canonization of that saint. The narration of this miracle is given round the image of St. Philip, distributed every year amongst the Roman people by the representatives of this noble family. On the afternoon of this day, his holiness, (*as many of his predecessors have done,*) gave an example of piety in repairing to honour the palace of the Massimi with his presence, *and to join in the devotions of the chapel,* to which an immense multitude was flocking. The portico was decorated *with a richly-adorned picture, representing the miracle,* suspended between the columns, whence the palace is named, hung with tapestries adorned with the armorial bearings of the family. His holiness was here received by the eminent Cardinal Massimo, in his decorations and uniform as general superintendent of the post. At the entrance of the first floor the Princess Massimo, dressed in black velvet, a white lace veil and diamonds, accompanied by the sisters of the Prince, received the holy father kneeling, to whom he imparted his benediction. The chamber where the miracle took place has been converted into a church, ornamented with precious marbles, containing three altars and a large number of relics richly enshrined. Here his holiness passed some time in prayer, whilst the anthem *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* was sung by many voices to the organ. His holiness afterwards passed into the throne-room, and taking his seat on the richly-ornamented chair of state, admitted the whole family and their domestics to do homage by kissing his feet. A Latin composition in verse* was recited

* Funereis puerum revocavit Nerus ab umbris;
Tu cunctas revocas meliora ad tempora gentes
Alme pater: quare portentum insigne Philippi
Concelebrans et jure Tibi gens Maxima plaudit.

by the P. Giaccoletti (of which the subjoined is a specimen) of the *Scuole Pie;* and after refreshments had been served to his holiness and all his suite, a representation of the miracle on embroidered silk was presented him by the Prince, together with a volume published for the occasion, containing engravings of the palace, its description and history from its origin until the present time, bound in velvet and gold. His holiness then took leave in terms the most affectionately gracious, and drove from the palace amidst the fervent acclamations of the assembled multitude. This has been the first visit of Pius IX. to any family among the Roman patricians in Rome, and to one of the most distinguished, for nobility genuinely Roman, and the illustrious men that have belonged to it."

Having read this narrative, what can be said respecting the transaction to which it refers? Pius IX. sanctions by his presence and worship the story of one of the numerous saints in his Church, named Filippo Neri, having restored a dead man to life. We can smile as we read how the image of the Madonna conversed with Pope Gregory, or at Manzoni's sarcastic narrative of the miracle of the nuts. We can resist the juggle of St. Januarius, and even bear up against the wonders of Santa Filomena; but what are we to do with Pope Pius sanctioning the miracle of Filippo Neri calling the dead to life? Reason stands aghast at this prodigy.

Throughout the sacred volume there is scarcely to be found a more touching or awful narrative than that of the raising of Lazarus from the dead by the voice of Omnipotence. Believing that fact, and the resurrection, an inquirer after truth, supposing him not before convinced, *must* become a Christian. But if common mortals can do the thing Christ did

while on earth, the sublimity of his character is lessened—his miracles cease to be the wonderful works of the incarnate God. At his command the grave yielded back its victims: has death been equally obedient to the authority of Filippo Neri?*

The facility asserted by the saints of the Romish Church of equalling the greatest miracles of Him who spake as never man spake, is dangerous to religion, because presumptuous sceptics, disbelieving what is fictitious, may be equally inclined to doubt what is true. For my own part, so far from believing the miracle in the Massimo palace to have been wrought by Filippo Neri, I should be supposed to doubt the power even of Pope IX. himself to raise the dead to life; and it might not be amiss to remind his holiness, that such wonders as he sanctions would become very common if every person who fainted, and whom a little vinegar and water revived, was to be considered as though he had been dead and miraculously restored to life. No reasoning observer can, after this exhibition of the Pope, expect any ecclesiastical reforms from him.

Conversing with a clerical friend on the subject of this miracle, he referred me to a book of prodigies, to be had in Rome, which I procured and examined. It is an amazing publication, yet peculiarly agreeable to a lawyer, being drawn up in a lawyer-like style; consisting of a compilation of regular processes, facts formally stated, witnesses examined, and decrees of approbation pronounced. This book consists of 293 pages, and is entitled—

* We have been favoured with a new edition of the "Maxims and Sayings" of St. Philip Neri, arranged for every day in the year, from the Italian, by the Rev. J. D. Faber.

"De Prodigi avvenuti in Molte Sagre Immagini, Specialmente, di Maria Santissima, secondo gli Autentici Processi compilati in Roma. Memorie estratte e ragionate, Du. D. Gio. Maschetti, examinatore Apostolico dal Clero e Presidente del Gesù ; con breve Ragguaglio di altri simili Prodigi comprovati nelle curie Vescovili dello Stato Pontifico. Roma 1797. Con licenza."

Many of the miracles recorded and authenticated are the moving of the eyes of the Madonna in senseless images and pictures, &c. A translation of this valuable work would form an admirable supplement to the Tracts for the Times, and would produce, I have no doubt, a lasting effect on the minds of the British nation.

Another painful exhibition occurred in Rome during my residence in the spring of 1847, and has occurred for many years at the same season, and will continue till the laity, through the press, can freely avow their opinions touching its propriety. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, in his historical illustrations on "Childe Harold," written some twenty-five years since, thus describes the ceremony :—

"The ceremony of pious whippings, one of the penances of the convents, still takes place at the time of vespers in the oratory of the Padre Caravita, and in another church in Rome. It is preceded by a short exhortation, during which a bell rings, and whips, that is, strings of knotted whipcord, are distributed quietly amongst such of the audience as are on their knees in the nave. On a second bell, the candles are extinguished—a loud voice issues from the altar, which pours forth an exhortation to think of unconfessed, or unrepented, or unforgiven crimes. This continues a sufficient time to allow the kneelers to strip off their upper garments : the tone of the preacher is raised more loudly at

each word, and he vehemently exhorts his hearers to recollect that Christ and the Martyrs suffered much more than whipping. 'Show, then, your penitence—show your sense of Christ's sacrifice—show it with the whip.' The flagellation begins. The darkness, the tumultuous sound of blows in every direction—'Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for us!' bursting out at intervals; the persuasion that you are surrounded by atrocious culprits and maniacs, who know of an absolution for every crime, so far from exciting a smile, fixes you to the spot in a trance of restless horror, prolonged beyond bearing. The scourging continues ten or fifteen minutes; and when it sounds as if dying away, a bell rings, which seems to invigorate the penitents, for the lashes beat about more thickly than before. Another bell rings, and the blows subside. At a third signal the candles are re-lighted, and the minister who has distributed the disciplines collects them again with the same discretion. The flagellation certainly takes place on the naked skin; and this ferocious superstition, of which antiquity can furnish no example, has, after being once dropt, been revived as a salutary corrective of an age of atheism.

"Such an innovation may be tolerated in the days of barbarism; but the renewal of it at this period must induce us to fear that the gradual progress of reason is the dream of philanthropy, and that a considerable portion of all societies, in times the most civilized as well as ignorant, is always ready to adopt the most unnatural belief and the most revolting practices."

Those observations are such as might be expected from a gentleman of enlightened mind. Curious to ascertain if the absurd practice so described still existed, a friend of mine visited at the appointed hour (nine at night) the church named, near that of the Jesuits. My friend called on me next morning, declaring he had never in Rome endured such

a night's suffering. Each man on entering the church was supplied with a scourge. After a short interval the doors were barred, lights extinguished, and from praying, the congregation proceeded to groaning, crying, and finally, worked up into a kind of ecstatic fury, applied the scourge to their uncovered shoulders without mercy. The painful scene lasted so long as to become most disagreeable; and when my friend emerged into the fresh air, he rejoiced heartily at his escape from these misguided fanatics. The scourge he handed me, and it is still in my possession; it consists of four pieces of whipcord knotted, and would, if well applied, give a severe flogging. Anxious myself to witness this extraordinary scene, I went to the church, but unluckily it was the wrong evening. I heard much groaning, and doleful responses to one priest, who read from a book, with a dim light, but there was no flogging.

Possibly this ceremony may be derived from the Eleusinian mysteries. What reference it can have to sober Christianity I leave to the new school of Oxford theologians to determine. Can it be possible Pius IX. means to permit such practices to exist as necessary to the discipline of his Church?

More agreeable it is to turn to the contemplation of the grand ceremonials of Easter, which restless travellers hasten from Naples and Florence to behold. These are certainly the most imposing of the church solemnities, magnificent of course, and in *part*," I ought to add, deeply impressive. Properly speaking, these sacred ceremonies continue from Thursday morning to Monday night, and they are of varied character and effect.

It would be impossible and needless to describe

each of these well-known services here. But as I have spoken freely of what struck me as censurable in certain practices of the Church of Rome, in justice I ought to specify what appeared to me to be most beautiful and affecting, and both, because true, in her grand ceremonies in commemoration of Easter. What I refer to is the office of the *Tenebræ*.

This service denotes the solemn mourning of the church over the Redeemer. Its name implies the darkness which miraculously signalized the dread consummation; and its repetition on three occasions, refers to a portion of the three days that the Saviour's body lay in the tomb. It is candidly admitted by the Catholics, that the details of their ritual have not sprung at once into their present form, but have accumulated gradually; and hence there is a difference in explaining some of their ancient usages, and especially the ceremony of the gradual extinction of lights in the office of the *Tenebræ*. Fifteen tapers are placed on a triangular frame standing near the altar, one of which is extinguished at the end of each psalm, till that on the apex is left burning alone, and which is concealed behind the altar, to be reproduced at the end of the service.

This has, by some writers, been explained as symbolizing the prophets, who were persecuted and successively put to death before the coming of our Saviour, the last and true Light, which, not extinguished, was only briefly withdrawn by death; by others, as symbolizing the desertion of the Saviour in his last hours, when the apostles and disciples forsook him and fled.

Whatever be the true explanation, let me transport the reader to the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican,

whose walls and roof are covered with the glorious frescoes of Buonarotti. The Pope is seated in solemn grandeur on his throne; the cardinals in dignified splendour are ranged on their appointed seats, and near the altar the fifteen mysterious lights are burning. The choir, consisting of the finest voices in Rome, are not visible, being placed in a low gallery near the screen, which separates the laity from the consecrated priesthood. On the altar are but candlesticks. No images, or statues, or figures, spoil the simple grandeur of the place. The music, a masterpiece in composition, to which the Lamentations are chanted, is the most thrilling to which mortal ear can listen. The harmonious cadences are sometimes so mournful, as to make the hearers weep. So forcibly were my feelings affected that I forgot fatigue, and I was enabled to stand three hours, listening to sounds, which at times resembled more the wailing of spirits than terrestrial music. At certain stages of the service, a priest with noiseless step moved towards the frame on which the lights were placed, and slowly extinguished one. It was strange that an act so simple should arrest the mind; yet as the service proceeded, I watched this process with an anxiety intense; and when the last taper was extinguished, I comprehended the idea meant to be conveyed, that now the light of the world was extinguished.

There was a deep unbroken silence; I looked up, and beheld a fearful representation of the most awful spectacle the eye of man shall ever see;—daring his genius, who painted the Son of God in his Divine Majesty, sentencing the quick, and summoning the dead!

A dusky light cast its feeble gleam on the appalling figures, which seemed to rise from the grave before me. The trumpet has sounded—tombs are burst open—sepulchres yield up their dead. Some have already heard the joyful voice, crying, "Come!" immortal happiness is yours. They are soaring upwards to regions of bliss. Others—fearful thought!—have received their final doom, and the damned spirits in human form, hurled down, are plunging into outer darkness and misery unspeakable.

Christ has come again to judge mankind, in majesty and power. Who, at this moment of terror, would not cry for mountains to cover him, unless assured by the mercies of redeeming love? The fabric of this world is about to dissolve into eternal ashes, and God henceforth be all—in all.

Such thoughts rushed into my mind, as I stood this night before Michael Angelo's sublime composition of the Last Judgment.

The *Miserere*, properly speaking, now strikes upon the ear; the 51st Psalm is sung in a manner calculated to excite the deepest, tenderest emotions in the soul. I do not wonder that pious Catholics should feel exalted to the highest pitch of devotion, by participating in this the most solemn service of their Church. Would that all their services were like it! In this every Christian might heartily unite, and exclaim, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit."

There are various other ceremonies of the holy week; some objectionable in our eyes, but all meant to commemorate the Christian's hope in the resurrection. The manner of the celebration we must in some things censure; but all rejoice alike in the

glorious fact commemorated. How elegantly has Corinne discussed in the third, fourth, and fifth chapters of the tenth book, the character of these ceremonies, and the poetical inspiring nature of the Catholic religion in Italy, contrasting it with the stern purity of the reformed faith!

Of the *Miserere* she has written this admirable description.

"Le *Miserere*, c'est-à-dire, *Ayez pitié de nous*, est un psaume composée de versets qui se chantent alternativement d'une manière très différente. Tour à tour une musique céleste se fait entendre, et le verset suivant, dit en récitatif, est murmuré d'un ton sourd et presque rauque: on dirait que c'est la réponse des caractères durs aux cœurs sensibles, que c'est le réel de la vie qui vient flétrir et repousser les vœux des âmes généreuses; et quand ce chœur si doux reprend, ou renaît à l'espérance; mais lorsque le verset récité recommence une sensation de froid saisit de nouveau; ce n'est pas la terreur qui la cause, mais le découragement de l'enthousiasme. Enfin le dernier morceau, plus noble et plus touchant encore que tous les autres, laisse au fond de l'âme une impression douce et pure: Dieu nous accorde cette même impression avant de mourir.

"On éteint les flambeaux; la nuit s'avance; les figures des prophètes et des Sibylles apparaissent comme des fantômes enveloppés du crépuscule. Le silence est profond, la parole ferait un mal insupportable dans cet état de l'âme, où tout est intime et intérieur; et quand le dernier son s'éteint, chacun s'en va lentement et sans bruit; chacun semble craindre de rentrer dans les intérêts vulgaires de ce monde."

Easter Sunday has arrived. The Italian sky shines forth in cloudness splendour, and travellers from every country and clime are pouring under the

glorious dome of St. Peter's. Another, even grander procession than that described at Christmas, is witnessed;* a more gorgeous ceremony, all that imagination can conceive of earthly pomp, and glittering show, and papal grandeur. The popular Pope appears as Christ's vicar, borne along in his portative throne; the same prostration before him is made, and a mysterious, but magnificent service is performed. It was not solemn or impressive. Nobody, save at the one moment of the elevation of the host, seems to be impressed; it did not touch the heart. The mass ended, and the Pope once more raised on the shoulders of his vassals, I hurried out into the beautiful piazza. Countless thousands were there assembled, the fountains shot up their sparkling waters, the obelisk of Egypt told the triumph of the Cross, the troops with their shining arms glittered in the sun, and the stupendous dome above us seemed as if flung into the air. This was, indeed, a gorgeous spectacle; nothing like it can be witnessed on earth. The Pope appears (his fan-bearers before him) at the balcony above. Thousands kneel; his voice cannot be heard, but his action can be seen. With outstretched arms, amidst silence universal, he gives the benediction precious to believing hearts. In an instant, the military music strikes up, the bells which had been dumb peal forth, the cannon thunders from St. Angelo. In the midst of which display, I escape to the humble house wherein the worship of God, according to the reformed faith, is permitted. What a contrast! Eight hundred

* The painful exposition of the Holy Relics takes place at this season in the Basilica of St. Peter's, according to the programme: "In S. Pietro in Vaticano dopo il matutino delle tenebre si mostrano le insigne reliquie della Lancia, Croce, e Volto santo, e lo stesso si fa dimani, e venerdì santo più volte."

Protestants are here assembled in a chamber unadorned by a single statue or picture. Grave in aspect, serious in spirit, a congregation of Christians here meet to worship God with the homage of the soul: There was no bustle, but a quiet decorum in the listener, and unaffected piety in the preacher. This worship appeared to me on the instant, by comparison and contrast, to be infinitely more appropriate, because more humble, pure, and scriptural;—more acceptable to Him who judgeth not by outward splendour, but searcheth the heart.

It happened that Easter-day, the Rev. Charles Girdlestone preached in Rome, on the suitable theme of how we are to bear witness to the resurrection of Christ. The great subject was handled in an affecting and masterly style; nor were we suffered to forget that we trod on ground watered by the blood of martyrs, who "were beheaded for the testimony of Jesus." Well was it observed from the pulpit:—

"Were but these faithful martyrs commissioned to address us forth from their happy realms unseen, they would indeed be the first to condemn all that superstitious honouring of their sepulchres—all that fond reverence for their supposed remains, to which the human mind, whilst left in childish ignorance, is naturally prone. 'See thou do it not,' (Rev. xix. 10,) would be their language. Glorify not man, but God."

We heard an eloquent, instructive discourse, compelling reflection on the mighty fact of the Resurrection, and its influence on our immortal hopes. When alone, I endeavoured, so far as it was possible for one brought up in the doctrines of the reformation, to abstract the mind from all partiality for one system of religious worship above another, and to consider

which of the two forms I had that day witnessed ought, by a reasoning Christian, to be preferred. I imagined St. Paul the judge; which way would his judgment incline? That would depend on which was most conformable to his own teaching and practice. Did the primitive Christians worship as I beheld the multitude in St. Peter's that day? That would be impossible for any man to believe. If they did not, why should we? In principle, why not make our practice as nearly as we could conformable to that of the early Christians? The doctrine of development put forward by Dr. Newman I rejected as a fiction, almost impious, because implying that Christ and his apostles did not fully develop Christianity on earth; as if any thing remained of the essence of Christianity to be developed. Forms of worship must no doubt be used,—the more scriptural the better; those employed by the Church of England are peculiarly so, and the preaching I heard this day seemed such as St. Paul would have approved, because bottomed on his own doctrine and example. The conclusion of my understanding was, that the reformed faith and worship were most in conformity with Scripture, and that ours is, in fact, the primitive Church; and, moreover, that exactly as men cultivate the reasoning faculties, and study Scripture, their opinions will incline from the splendid to the simple worship. No doubt there are many doctrines in the Church of Rome very acceptable to the human heart, which, together with the taste for what is magnificent, the artistical imagination, the habits of the people, and the climate itself, will combine, independently of the suppression of the Bible, to obstruct the progress of the reformation in Italy. As to the

gorgeous ceremonies of the Church of Rome, Robert Hall exactly expresses, in nervous language, what I think:

"The genius of the Gospel, let it once for all be remembered, is not ceremonial, but spiritual, consisting not in meats or drinks, or outward observances, but in the cultivation of such interior graces as compose the essence of virtue, perfect the character, and purify the heart. These form the soul of religion; all the rest are but her terrestrial attire, which she will lay aside when she passes the threshold of eternity."

I must add a few words in reference to what has been termed the Oxford movement. The great leader, Dr. Newman, I was informed in Rome, became a disciple of Filippo Neri,* under the special advice of Pope Pius. This step the pontiff deemed most likely to advance the cause he has at heart amongst the English, whose character as a reflecting people he seems so accurately to understand. Whether Dr. Newman has learned in the Propaganda the secret of raising the dead to life, in which easy affair Filippo was so successful, I know not; if he has, the sooner he puts it into practice the better; and I do heartily wish him success in his benevolent labours. But if his object be to introduce the whole system and practices of the Italian

* "We hear with great pleasure that Mr. Newman is to return to England as a brother of the Oratory, the congregation founded by the illustrious St. Philip Neri. This is the first introduction of the congregation of the Oratory into England. Its chief purposes are, preaching, hearing confessions, and giving spiritual consolation. As appears from Alban Butler's life of St. Philip Neri, it is not a religious order, the members not being bound by vows, but a community of secular priests, living together by rule, and available at any moment for labours of spiritual charity."—*Roman Advertiser.*

Church, as they may be seen all over Italy, into England, together with the intolerant laws of that Church against religious liberty, and in suppression of the Scriptures—however sincere in this temperate project he and those who act with him in the service of Rome may be, they ought to be regarded as a body of sturdy confederates, against, not only the religion, but against the dignity, happiness, and tolerant liberty of the British people.

If these learned apostates say they do not mean to introduce all the practices, and the whole system of the Italian Church into England, they must define what part precisely we are to be blessed with, and whether the miracles are to be reserved for the favoured Italians. Apart from theology, I regard these Oxford gentlemen as dangerous subjects. When Dr. Newman commenced his artful project of subverting the Church of which he was a professing member, he addressed a letter to the learned and pious gentleman whose name I have already mentioned,* soliciting him to engage in the apparently innocent plan then concocted, of writing tracts for the edification of the Church. That letter has now been printed, and contains this memorable passage—

"We are in motion—from the Isle of Wight to Durham, and from Cornwall to Kent. Surely the Church will shortly be delivered from its captivity under wicked men, who are worse than Chushan-rishathaim or the Philistines. We groan under that heterogeneous unecclesiastical parliament, and will not submit to its dictation. I do not know how far these sentiments will approve themselves to you; we shall be truly glad of your co-operation, as of one

* Rev. Charles Girdlestone, Rector of Kingswinford.

who really fears God and wishes to serve him; but, if you will not, we will march past you."

The object here avowed by a minister obliged every Sabbath to utter a prayer for the parliament, is utterly to subvert the power of that parliament over the Church; which was, and is, to unsettle the constitution of these realms as by law established.

If we refer to the sermon preached by Dr. Pusey on the 5th November before the University of Oxford, we find a deadly antipathy expressed to the revolution of 1688, and a laboured argument in favour of the Stuarts,—as I understand it, to prove the Queen of England an usurper. Comparing what has been done and written in England, with what has been spoken and done in Rome, we can have little doubt these Oxford gentlemen would conscientiously prostrate the church, parliament, and crown of England at the feet of the papacy.

As to the concluding spectacles of the holy week: On the evening of Easter Sunday we witnessed the illumination of St. Peter's. It is not possible to describe so extraordinary a spectacle—it must be seen to be understood. What a grand idea, to light up with an astonishing brilliancy the dome, cupola, cross, colonnade, and pillars, of the vastest temple ever consecrated to the purposes of religion! The massive architecture stands out in a blaze of light. There are two illuminations, the silver and the gold: the first begins at eight o'clock, and consists of 400 lanterns; the second begins at nine, and consists of 1,500 lamps. Countless carriages filled the vast piazza. Crowds of pedestrians moved about, yet unbroken order was maintained. My astonishment at the first view of the lesser illumination was very great.

The huge dome seemed as if covered with shining ladders, of which the rungs only were illuminated. The pillars of the colonnade were dark as usual, and we sat gazing around, and before us, in breathless expectation. We were near enough to witness the preparation for the second illumination. The clock struck nine; the pillars beside us shone forth brilliantly, while the glorious dome burst into a blaze of shining fire.

The sudden grandeur of this transformation from comparative darkness into wondrous light, produced an effect indescribable. We sat and gazed in mute delight. Having beheld the spectacle under different aspects in the piazza, we ascended the Pincian hill, opposite St. Peter's, which commanded a perfect view of the cathedral. From this height we found the view far more striking, the effect more beautiful: a clear sky and soft air enabled us to remain nearly an hour on the same spot, our eyes feasting on the shining wonder. At this distance the lamps lost their coarseness, their light was soft and lustrous as of the stars; and the ever-beautiful dome seemed in my eyes to resemble nothing real, but rather some object which might be read of in the legends of romance—the fabric of enchantment, the illuminated castle of a magician suspended in the air.

Easter Monday night, the grand exhibition of fireworks took place at the Castle of St. Angelo, anciently the tomb of Hadrian. We secured a balcony right opposite the castle, and close to the yellow Tiber which flowed at our feet. The entertainment was short, not lasting more than forty minutes, beginning at nightfall. First there was a prodigious explosion of rockets. Sheets of red fire blazed

upwards, and fell like liquid streams upon the ground; then followed most brilliant representations of castles illuminated, cascades of golden fire, and every device that imagination could figure, each more beautiful than the other: rockets shot up into the air, with thousands of fiery snakes, and hissing dragons, darting forward as far as the eyes could reach: upon the whole it was a magnificent display.

As I looked upon the waters of the Tiber, slowly running between their ancient banks, lit up by the blaze of light from the childish display of fireworks, I thought of the race of heroes that once dwelt upon these banks, whose matchless energy subdued the world, and the memorials of whose eloquence, courage, and greatness, have not yet passed away.

No traveller, save the unhappy invalid, should quit Rome without a visit to the Colosseum by moonlight. Madame de Staël has given us a reason for so doing, poetical, yet true:—"There is in the sun of Italy a brightness, which gives to every thing the air of a festival, but the moon is the star of ruins." The visitor should be in the Colosseum before the moon has fully risen, and, if possible, as the soft light falls on the summit, or touches the highest point of the amphitheatre. Easter Monday night, when the papal festivities had ended, was propitious. The silver orb shone brightly in the heavens, and we resolved to visit the Colosseum about the time likely to be most impressive from its loneliness and silence, by contrast with the noise and confusion of the scene described. We traversed the Forum as if in daylight, passed under the beautiful arch of Titus, paused opposite the larger arch of Constantine, and at last entered the area of the Colosseum. The huge amphitheatre

appeared of infinitely vaster size than when seen in the broad glare of day; and its historic associations then recurred to the mind with more uninterrupted force. The clamour of eighty thousand Romans, conquerors of the world, once filled this space; it is now a solitary, but majestic ruin. The circus, once filled with wild beasts or gladiators, to delight a fierce and cruel audience by their carnage or their agonies, contains nothing now except a simple cross, emblematic of the religion which has triumphed over paganism and its splendid fables. Having paused for awhile near the entrance, we felt how peculiarly fortunate we were in the period of the night chosen for our visit. Half of the spacious circus in which we stood, was lighted by the bright moon; the other half was enveloped in darkness, caused by the shadow of the huge wall projecting into the centre of the amphitheatre. The moon was just rising to, but had not quite reached, its summit, so we had one half of the amphitheatre in darkness, the other half in a subdued and gentle light. We stood, and walked, and mused over the grand and solemn ruin. There was nobody to speak to, or interrupt us; profound stillness reigned in the vast space, unbroken save by the measured step of the sentinel at either extremity of the circus. The view we preferred, was that we had, when standing in the shadow. The ruined mass, with its prodigious proportions standing out in the bright light of the moon, had an extraordinary, yet mournful effect. The sensation produced upon the mind, was that of awe mingled with wonder. It is, indeed, "*a noble wreck in ruinous perfection!*" We quitted not the amphitheatre till midnight.

We have completed the usual round of what are

called the sacred festivities; but there are others in the hot month of June, when St. Peter's is again illuminated, in commemoration of the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul. Reviewing my second winter's doings, I find I have been running after the Pope and his cardinals, and from festival to festival, for months. Thousands do the same; yet have I read in Mr. Laing's book, to my infinite surprise, that the Roman Catholic religion, in Italy, practically interferes less with the time and industry of the people than the Presbyterian. I doubt if this clever writer passed through the ordeal of attending *all* the festivals of the Church in Rome, and the carnival. If he had submitted to the trial, he would scarcely have broached the novel idea just quoted. I have been in Scotland; and am well acquainted with the habits of that admirable body of men, the Presbyterians of the north of Ireland; and beg to differ wholly from Mr. Laing's view of the matter. From the month of October to June all the ceremonies occur in Rome, and these are the months which in this climate are peculiarly suited for industry. In summer the people cannot labour. I agree in Addison's criticism, that "the papal government has been so busy in teaching the people how to die, that it has forgot to teach them how to live." To comprehend accurately what services, stations, festivals, and processions are ordained by the Church of Rome, we must refer to the *Diario Romano,* published by authority, and which book for the year 1847 now lies before me, consisting of sixty-two pages closely printed; and from it we perceive there is one or more of these services appointed *for every day in the year.* No doubt they vary in importance. Suppose the people,

exclusive of Sunday, attend one-third, what an enormous consumption of time is here exhibited! Add to the religious festivals, the popular processions and demonstrations in honour of Pope Pius, and the wonder is, not that there are so many idle people in Rome, but that any one is busy amidst such fascinating enjoyments and excitements.

In concluding this chapter, I cannot refrain from making an observation on a sentiment which has been repeated frequently by writers of late—"That the time is perhaps near at hand, when the people may incline to the belief that the hour of universal reconciliation has sounded from the clock of ages." Surely this is not reasonable. If we commend heartily every good measure Pius IX. has in his political character adopted, are we consequently expected to embrace the errors of the Church of Rome? According to this logic, if we deservedly praised the Grand Turk for his political reforms, we might be expected to turn Mahometans. We separate the characters of this extraordinary pontiff; we find him in his temporal character, in matters of administration, an honest, benevolent, just, reforming sovereign, hating cruelty and oppression, and anxious to rule his subjects gently and justly; we yield him the tribute of praise for his virtues and noble actions, and would speed him in his course. On the other hand, in his ecclesiastical capacity, as assumed head of the whole Christian world, we find Pius IX. holding fast by all the doctrines which justified the reformation, and sanctioning practices at which reason revolts. Against these we continue resolutely to protest, and which it is our incumbent duty now to do more than ever.

When Pius IX. reforms the manifest abuses in his Church, returns to the ancient creeds, allows the free circulation of the Scriptures throughout his dominions, and proclaims religious toleration, with an admission of the right of private judgment, then "the clock may strike the hour of universal reconciliation." Until then, never.

CHAPTER XVI.

Benevolent Institutions of Rome.—Pauperism.—Morality of People. Madhouses and Prisons.

I HAVE been accustomed in Italy to connect the crime and poverty of the people in some measure with their benevolent institutions. Monichini, a Roman prelate distinguished for learning and candour, has compiled a work in two volumes, on the charitable institutions of Rome, which cannot be examined without surprise. No other city in Europe possesses establishments for relief of human misery so various and so munificently endowed. Almost every pope has desired to have his name remembered, by founding or enriching such institutions; and the noble Roman families have followed with astonishing liberality the example of their sovereigns.

The grand hospital of San Spirito was established in 728, from time to time enlarged and endowed, and has now an annual rental of 90,000 crowns, which (owing to gross mismanagement, no doubt), is insufficient for its expenses; from the years 1831 to 1840, there were received 134,916 sick into this vast institution;* in the year 1843, 9,553. Ordinarily, the number of beds is 300; but from July to October, the malaria season, the number amounts to 1,200.

* The number of persons wounded, received in one year into the surgical department, amounted to 456.

The income of the benevolent institutions of Rome in 1809, when the French entered, amounted to the enormous sum of 1,182,422f. French exactions reduced this income to less than one-half. There are various other hospitals, of lesser size than San Spirito; one for cases of stabbing exclusively. Of the establishments of the second class, that is, for affording maintenance and education, that of St. Michael is the most important; an immense edifice on the banks of the Tiber, wherein the very young and the very old find refuge and support. The French prefet writes of St. Michael, that it is "*véritablement digne de la Métropole de la Catholicité.*" One wing of this splendid structure answers as a prison for females, and children detained to undergo paternal correction; the residue is appropriated to aged people, and youths, who are taught various trades under skilful masters: thus the institution is a school of arts and trades, as well as an hospital. There are here 140 aged persons, and 440 young people of both sexes. The resident physician conducted me over this vast building, not omitting the spacious front to the river, wholly occupied with the palace of the Cardinal Governor, furnished in princely splendour, and strongly contrasting with the humble character of the chambers for the sick. This cardinal, whose salary was great, Pius IX. relieved, wisely, from some of his duties. The institution enjoys a monopoly of printing catechisms, books of dreams, or oracles for the corrupting lottery, and also of making cloth for the police and soldiery. This latter monopoly being in defiance of every rule of political economy, inasmuch as the cloth could be purchased elsewhere for much less than the government pays this institu-

tion to encourage its expensive productions. I could not prevail on the physician to conduct me over a mad-house in Rome; he evaded my request, and bade me wait till I got to Perugia, where was a well-managed institution for the insane. There are other establishments in Rome, supporting 350 male children. The daughters of poor parents find in the public charities resources still more abundant; for, besides 200 in St. Michael, 500 more are maintained in ten other houses known under the name of "Conservatoires." Girls withdrawn from evil courses, widows, wives abandoned by their husbands, here find repose and a comfortable existence. The employments of these females consist in making ribands, gloves, and lace. The total number in these establishments, including St. Michael, is 2,140. Many foreign nations have hospitals in Rome, and there are institutions similar to most of those already described as existing in Tuscany.

Besides all these institutions, pecuniary succour to an immense extent is afforded to distressed families. Mittermaer writes, "This species of relief amounted in the year 1828 to 648,120 crowns, all independent of private charities, which are boundless." The authors I have referred to ascribe, and fairly, these amazing exertions in the divine work of beneficence to the influence of religion; and there cannot be a doubt, that the Roman Catholic Church and its ministers inculcate zealously on the minds of their congregations the great duty of practical benevolence and of almsgiving; and their teaching is nobly responded to by all classes of the people. Ladies of the highest rank in Rome visit the poor in assigned districts, and relieve their wants. They do not visit in their

finery and carriages, but in humility, and in company with a female much below them in rank, but a member of the same benevolent society. In this fashion the late Princess Borghese,* whose memory is revered in Rome, accompanied by a lady, from whose daughter I heard the fact, visited and relieved the indigent and sick.

We may now well inquire, what is the effect of this boundless charity on the population of Rome; nowhere in Europe does pauperism so much prevail; hordes of mendicants, not to be denied, infest the streets, insomuch that the stranger is apt to reproach the government which has, in truth, exhausted its resources in the world of charity.

The French prefet tells us, he found 30,000 indigent persons in Rome. Lists containing this number were furnished to him by the curates. By a close scrutiny, he was able to strike off one-half, and then adopted vigorous measures to repress mendicancy and promote employment.

The prefet remarks, that an absence of all shame, too common in this country, had swelled the lists with names of persons who dishonestly palmed themselves on the public benevolence. On the gross mismanagement of the public charities, the acute Frenchman observes:—

"Je ne puis trop le répéter, on ne voit que trop souvent dans ce pays les établissemens les plus importans périr par la négligence et la cupidité de ceux qui les administrent, trop portés à considérer le bien des pauvres comme leur patrimonie, et presque encouragés par la mollesse du gouvernement à poursuivre ce genre de délit."

* Daughter of Lord Shrewsbury.

Professor Mittermaer says, after his survey of the charitable institutions in Rome, "That it is impossible to repress the thought, that the bestowing money without circumspection on those who could labour, promotes idleness and sloth." The effects of this mistaken benevolence are fatal to the people: a want of self-reliance is general—an indisposition to work, which in such a climate is irksome, and a desire to live at the expense of others. I remember being requested by persons, whom I discovered to be perfectly capable of earning their bread, to recommend them to the English chaplain for alms. Few of the humbler classes in Rome are ashamed to beg. Pauperism and indiscriminate almsgiving increase together.

With respect to the morality of Rome, outwardly it appears to be scrupulously correct; and I believe the descriptions given of the general immorality prevailing in Italian families in many travellers' books, to be exaggerated or false.* We have, however, one good test as to a certain amount of vice, supplied by another class of the benevolent institutions—the foundling hospitals of Rome. In the seventh chapter of his fourth book, the French prefet explains, with his accustomed candour, the working of the system, which undertakes the charge of receiving all children deposited in appointed places. The great establishment for this purpose in Rome is the hospital of San Spirito; the account given of it is frightful. *One thousand* children are annually exposed in the wheel, but a terrible mortality speedily reduces that number,

* "Rome in the Nineteenth Century"—a clever book, written twenty-five years since, and much read by travellers—will mislead them as to the morals of Rome at the present day.

owing to mismanagement, unhealthy apartments, and insufficient nurses; insomuch that the calculation is, that hardly *one-tenth* part of the children exposed reaches manhood; and those who escaped death, writes Dr. Donovan, were so feeble, that when the French government wished to employ the young men in the navy, of all those brought up in the institution from the ages of ten to twenty years, but 362 were found possessed of a healthy constitution.

Professor Mittermaer shows that the number of exposed children from 1831 to 1840 in Rome, under the care of the San Spirito, amounted to 34,689. A considerable number of these unhappy beings are believed to be the offspring of married parents; and in the period referred to, several hundred were restored to their unnatural parents, but the vast majority are illegitimate. This is the more surprising, since there are many charities in Rome for the express purpose of giving dowries to girls, in order to get them married. We have touched upon this last-mentioned subject in a former portion of this work. The evils of the system are enormous, and not decreasing.

In the last return of the San Spirito hospital, procured for me by an Italian physician, I find the following particulars:—

Exposed children remaining from the year 1845 . . .	1,945
Exposed in the wheel during the year 1846	916
Making a total of	2,861
Legitimate children restored to their parents	94
Put to trades till marriagable	124
Died at nurse, and in the house	696
Remaining for the year 1847	1,947
	2,861

The mortality, it will be perceived, is terrible; amounting to nearly 700 in the year, in which 916 only have been placed in the wheel. And this, although from another part of the return it appears that not 200 are nursed in the city; the residue being put to nurse outside the walls of Rome. The management is very bad, and the institution seems but a contrivance, although well meant, for the waste of human life.* In connexion with this establishment, I must draw attention to another of a very singular character, which assists to supply the San Spirito with inmates. I allude to the hospital of St. Rock, of which I extract the following account from the third volume of Dr. Donovan's (late professor in Maynooth) book on Rome.

"This lying-in hospital adjoins the church of Saint Rocco in the Ripetta. It contains seventy beds, furnished with curtains and screens, so as to separate them effectually. Females, who may have had the misfortune to become pregnant from illicit intercourse, are admitted even a considerable time before parturition, without giving their name, their country, or their condition of life; and such is the delicacy observed in their regard, that they are at liberty to wear a veil, so as to remain unknown even to their attendants, in order to save the honour of their families, and prevent abortion, suicide, or infanticide. Even should death ensue, the deceased remains unknown. Those who wish better fare than that afforded by the hospital, may be accommodated by paying accordingly. The children are conveyed to San Spirito; and the mother who wishes to reclaim her offspring affixes a distinctive mark, by which it may be recognised and recovered. To remove all dis-

* There are thirty-four foundling hospitals throughout the Papal dominions. The number of children annually exposed, exceeds 3,000.

quietude from the minds of those who may enter, the establishment is exempt from *all civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical jurisdiction;* and its threshold is never crossed except by persons of the establishment—that is, the physician, surgeon, two midwives, the prioress, the prior, who is a priest, and two female servants—in all, eight persons. Of nearly 2000 pregnant women admitted during ten years, only eight died in childbirth."

These are institutions not to be wondered at in a city where so many thousands of both sexes are forbidden to marry. But I ought to add, I never heard any well-authenticated case of immorality against the priesthood, nor perhaps was I likely to be informed of any; but I have heard tradespeople in Rome declare it as their opinion that the priests should be allowed to marry. Professor Mittermaer writes, that most thinking men in Italy consider these institutions should, if not abolished, undergo a rigid reform. There is a curious note, appended by the Italian translator of Mittermaer's book to page 180, wherein the mischiefs produced by the monks and priests interfering with the physicians in the management of the sick and others in the public hospitals are pointed out. The meddling spirit of these ecclesiastics appears strikingly in their resistance to the doctors, obeying in preference their own superiors, and often tormenting the minds of the sick at the very moment in which they ought to be at rest. This, and countless other evils, will never be abated till the laity get the upper hand in Rome.

As to the mad-house, I got into this establishment in connexion with San Spirito, and then comprehended fully why the Italian physician dissuaded me from the visit. To those accustomed to the order, neat-

ness, and regularity of lunatic asylums throughout the British islands, this Roman mad-house would exhibit a most painful spectacle. While waiting to be admitted, my ear was saluted with horrid yells and cries, from a number of unhappy maniacs enclosed in one common apartment; and when two attendants were procured to conduct me, what I saw was quite as distressing as what I had heard. Passing through some corridors, we reached a square-flagged yard, crowded with insane men, talking, or rather shouting, at each other, pointing with their fingers, and evincing a frenzied demeanour. A burning sun beamed upon them; there was not sufficient space for wholesome exercise; no kind of occupation was afforded to these inmates, although they were said to be the least disturbed in their understandings. Their appearance also was melancholy, for they were dressed in their own old clothes, which were broken and worn; some were without shoes or hats. The attendants stopped under the arcade, to unlock the door of a small dark cell, padded all round, wherein dangerous maniacs are confined, and cannot injure themselves. While in this cell a number of the unhappy beings in the yard crowded about us, poked their hands into the cell, pointed at me, laughed, seemed to express how glad they would be to see me shut in there, insomuch that I was heartily rejoiced to escape. I was conducted through the entire establishment, which is on a vast scale, although not particularly clean. That San Spirito requires a thorough reformation, there cannot be a doubt. The salaries of its superior officers are shamefully extravagant. Pius IX. has already commenced the good work of reform after a personal visit, and it is certain will persevere.

Inquiring from my legal friend, who accompanied me, whence the income of San Spirito was chiefly derived, he answered, "By various bequests and donations; nearly the whole country between Civita Vecchia and Rome (fifty miles), belongs to this single institution." The condition of that district, in point of cultivation, affords a signal example of the mischief of permitting tracts of land to become vested in corporations of this nature. No improvement takes place, and nobody cares to make it; and while the present system lasts, the evil will increase, as well in reference to the convents and monasteries as the great hospitals, equally in the hands of the priests and monks.

The two prisons I visited were the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Carcere Nuovo, the latter of which was the scene of the murder from which the trial described sprung. As to the first, the building is well adapted for a fortress, but not at all so for a prison. It is exactly the shape of the Martello towers built round the Irish coast, (as a native expressed it,) to puzzle posterity; there are no yards, no space for exercise, and the lower chambers are dismal. Yet here, in the time of Gregory, many an honourable gentleman pined for *ten years of his life*, deprived of liberty, because he dared to wish for it. St. Angelo is still the favourite prison for State offenders.

The Carcere Nuovo is a solid and extensive building, containing spacious halls, staircases, and lofty apartments, and is every way worthy a great city. The yards I saw were too confined, and there were too many prisoners crammed together in them. The apartment where the suspected were detained, was very comfortable, and the gentlemen I saw therein seemed to be quite at their ease. The arrangements

throughout this prison were much superior to what I had expected, although the classification of criminals was bad—very wicked offenders being in the same room with persons scarcely guilty of any crime. I was ultimately conducted to the cooking department, and here I was astonished at the food preparing for immediate distribution amongst the criminals—excellent beef, bread and wine; not, as I was informed, at the cost of the State; but supplied by a charitable association, whose fancy it is, to feed the guilty in preference to the innocent. In the office the clerks were preparing the daily return to be laid before the Governor of Rome, containing a precise account of the prisoners received, discharged, and remaining in custody on the evening of that day. The Governor is supreme over the prisons, police, and management of the city.

Reviewing the state of crime, criminal justice, and morality of Rome, the picture may appear somewhat gloomy, but there are immense resources, if rightly applied, for bettering the condition of the people. And when the laity get authority, and productive industry is encouraged, rather than idleness and mendicancy, (the result, in part, of well meant, although mistaken benevolence,) the improvement in the habits of the population will, it is to be hoped, be rapid, and the really destitute may and will be more generously relieved, than the same afflicted class in any city of Europe.

CHAPTER XVII.

Free-trade in Rome.—Mr. Cobden.—Roman Eloquence.—Character of the Aristocracy.—Triumph of the Press.—Suspicions of Gizzi. Conspiracies begin.—The People and the Cardinals.—Reforms demanded.—The Edict of April.—Political Dinner.—Azeglio's Speech.—Projects of the Patriots on Death of Gregory XVI.—A political Sketch of Pope Pius and his Family.—Expulsion of the Austrians, and re-settlement of Italy long projected.—Conduct and Designs of Charles Albert of Sardinia.

Rome, till 1st May, 1847.

THE visit of Mr. Cobden originated the extraordinary event of a public dinner—a decided proof that Rome was progressing towards political freedom. The persons who managed the entertainment were few in number, but distinguished by intelligence and zeal for improvement. The question of free-trade, of course, was neither comprehended nor discussed by the mass of the people. I can vouch for the delight which Mr. Cobden's judicious compliment afforded the Roman gentry, viz. "That England derived the origin of her commerce with her system of book-keeping from Italy." The Italians were tickled at the idea of having taught the English how to do business. The Marquis Dragonetti, inspired by the speech of the unaffected Englishman, uttered the following classical sentences, which, for moderation and purity of style, would be worthy of the British House of Commons:—

"Honour immortal, then, O Cobden, to thy unconquerable constancy! and may it rejoice thee to be applauded and feasted in the city of ever-famed triumphs, and near the immovable rock of the capitol of Rome! The ancient conquerors ascended that rock on chariots of gold, because they had rendered the world the province of Rome, and added subject nations to her empire. Thou, with thy peaceful and legal victory, hast given the strongest impulse to the universal association of nations; and the glory of sanguinary conquests grows pale before the splendour of thine, sanctified by that love which sanctifies all things—the love of virtuous liberty. Thou, with heroic constancy, hast given the world a magnificent example how these Utopias may be reduced to facts of inestimable value, and thereby hast become immeasurably meritorious towards humanity and the dignity of reason. With full hearts we would render thee honour for the fair virtues possessed in common with thy illustrious colleagues; and with religious respect we revere that virtue personified in thee, being that which we, the sons of Italy, have most need of to regenerate our father-land. A new and returning deity, of whom thou art priest, we would desire this evening to instal there where once had his temple the Capitoline Jove, for the consolation of Italy."*

The eloquent orator ought to have added the lines of the poet—

"Si quid mea carmina possunt
Nulla dies, unquam memori vos eximet ævo,
Dum domus Eneæ capitoli immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit."

When the Marchese Dragonetti concluded, we read,

"Sorse il principe di canino e disse, 'I vigorosi e bellissimi sentimenti del Marchese Dragonetti espressi con tanta nobiltà di forma forniscono una prova novella, mancare solo le circostanze all' Italia per avere un Cobden."

* Roman Advertiser.

The movement in favour of free-trade amongst a few titled men in Rome, induced me to inquire from an Italian devoted to literature the character of the Roman aristocracy. He said, Potenziani, Canino, Corsini, and Dragonetti, (the latter I believe a Neapolitan,) have exhibited zeal for reforms and political progress, together with a taste for science, antiquities, and literature. The rest—that is, the great majority of the nobility, some having vast inalienable possessions,—are a worthless, unintellectual race, without capacity to lead the people in a career of improvement, or spirit to originate and execute brilliant schemes of policy. Even as to improvement in their lands, spoliated often from the State, they were so backward that Pius IX. has been compelled to frighten them into exertion, by threatening to do for them at their own expense what they have failed to do themselves. Prince Canino, my friend I believe correctly described as "*un Birbone*," although possessed of talents. If Rome is regenerated it will be despite the incubus of her worthless aristocracy, who prefer inglorious ease and luxury, not unmingled with superstition, to the noble exercise of permanently useful benevolence.

The Pope finds his error. In the conflict with the press he has failed, yielding with an excellent grace what could not be refused. Advance he *must*, notwithstanding the time-serving policy of Gizzi. The popularity of the minister has been severely damaged. The men of the press have triumphed, the obnoxious edict lies a dead letter, and political discussion has become more spirited than ever. Good government is the thing desired by the people, and the means relied on to obtain it are tangible, viz. some legisla-

tive assembly, a national guard, and a free press. The belief gains ground that the personal feelings of the Pope are rather in favour of liberal concessions; and the strongest proof afforded to the people of their sovereign's desires, is the hatred evinced towards him by their determined enemies. Conspiracies have begun; monks and some priests, and more than one cardinal, have been detected in plots against Pius IX. People express not the least surprise at these events; they say openly, that the number of men who prospered under the corrupt system of the papacy, and by its abominations, is so great, they will never yield up their prey without a struggle.

An Italian showed me at this period a political poem, written by a young physician, lampooning the suspected cardinals under the characters in a puppet-show. I was only permitted to look over this pasquinade, and note these lines:—

" Oh che a fare ha incominciato,
Dio lo su nel suo papato,
Quante cose medita,
Se non torna nei confini,
Vuò vedere se Lambruschini
Gli l'arsenico dara !"

The Italian who had possession of the manuscript laughed exultingly over the effusion. I asked, was it possible to believe in the truth of the insinuation—would his own cardinals dispatch their chief, one whom they called Christ's vicar? It was answered, *Some* amongst them would not hesitate to do so, if he persevered in his career of reformation. I remembered Leo X. and his pious cardinals, and shuddered.

In recording the events of this extraordinary epoch, I do not pledge myself to the truth of popular state-

ments; but what I have narrated was deliberately asserted to me, by as devout a Catholic as any within the walls of Rome.

What a picture it affords of the morality of those who affect to be the guides of the whole Christian Church on earth, and who are, unfortunately, so regarded by millions, whom their system has blinded or deceived! Pius IX. had done no act of harshness or injustice, but distinguished himself by an extension of unbounded mercy, and by a promise of wise and necessary political reforms. He had not whispered of ecclesiastical changes, yet his throne and life are in danger, and from the manuœvres of those sworn to preserve both. A dark page of Italian history is this. These gloomy thoughts were dispelled by the conviction, that the Roman laity in the bulk were sound, alive to the critical situation of the Pope, and to their own duties. Lustily did they cheer their kind-hearted prince with the words—"*Coraggio, Pio Nono.*" There can be little doubt the discovery of the conspiracies formed against him, had a quickening effect upon the mind of the pontiff. If he lost the support of the people he lost all; therefore, again was he driven by the necessities of his position to advance, and advance he did more boldly and wisely than ever, sustained by the invincible power of public opinion. A remonstrance or petition had been presented to the Pope, demanding several reforms, and backed by the signatures of some members of the Pope's family. A municipal system, based on popular representation, was required; also the admission of laymen to *all* offices in the State; and the formation of a general council in Rome, to be composed of members chosen by the local councils throughout the provinces. The

answer to this petition consisted in the memorable edict of the 19th April, 1847, whereby the Pope proposed to call to Rome a person from each province, who, from position, fortune, and education, would unite the qualities of a loyal subject, while he possessed the esteem of the people. The governor of each province was commanded to send in three names of persons eligible, from which the selection would be made by the Pope. The duties or the functions of these deputies were not defined, and it mattered little, for to any observer, whatever the Pope may have expected, it was clear the people would soon insist on the propriety of relieving his holiness from the labour of choosing their representatives. The effect of this step was immense; it imported a radical change in the papal tyranny, and its consequences must reach to every quarter of the peninsula. Thousands of young men flocked to the Quirinal, and Pius IX. learned the nature of his concession, by the applauding shouts of a people resolved to be free. I doubt greatly whether Pope Pius comprehended the feeling of his subjects; but we may be almost certain, he had not yet conceived the thought of departing with any portion of his supreme, arbitrary power. Two days after the promulgation of this edict, a grand festival was held in the Baths of Titus; nearly one thousand persons were at the feast; the excuse was to celebrate *the foundation of Rome*, the reality, to talk politics. Dragonetti and Azeglio were there; and the latter, in a patriotic speech, permitted the darling idea with Italians to escape, namely, the expulsion of the *Huns*, i. e. *the Austrians from Italy*; an idea heartily responded to by the enthusiastic audience. The newspapers which

published the speeches were seized and suppressed. This was not surprising, as Austria still had her ambassador in Rome; and it would be scarce consistent with good faith for the government openly to countenance the project of expelling one of its allies from his dominions. The historian, hereafter, in reviewing the life of Pius IX. may, perhaps, conclude, that a succession of conspiracies led to a succession of political reforms, the course of events obliging the Pope to grant concessions he had never originally contemplated.

In reference to the political movements in the peninsula, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to be informed what the projects of the liberal party in Italy were, shortly after the decease of Gregory XVI. Austria took the alarm speedily, asserting that the subversion of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was aimed at by them; and in this Austria was perfectly right. Happening to meet a gentleman in Rome connected with a foreign embassy, he was so kind as to lend me a political manuscript in French, although I suspect originally drawn up in Italian, and which professed to give an accurate account of the position of the Pope, and the objects aimed at by the popular leaders in Italy. I do not believe this political paper emanated from the French embassy. My informant, himself a diplomatic agent, assured me there was no doubt of its truth. A few extracts will not be unuseful, as casting light on the history of an eventful period.

The paper describes the various parties existing up to the death of Gregory XVI.; the association formed by Mazzini in London, and the maxims of Fabrizi in Paris; the abortive efforts made by the

liberals to revolutionize Italy; and the consequent state of security into which the Italian government had fallen. "The views of Fabrizi," (it is stated,) "of establishing a great Italian monarchy under one king, were more generally acceptable than those of Mazzini in favour of an Italian republic. All the governments were alike opposed to change or reformation. *On the death of Gregory XVI., a general revolt was expected in the States of the Church during the vacancy of the papal chair.* The speed with which the new pontiff was elected—the disunion of the revolutionary committees, in Bologna and Ancona—the indecision of Mazzini—and the distance from London, whence orders were expected, saved the peace of Italy, and the new Pope was allowed quietly to ascend the throne.

"Pius IX. is one of a family who have always been attached to the liberals. His brothers conspired against the government of Gregory XVI., were condemned, and afterwards pardoned. The Pope had scarcely ever been in Rome; he did not know anything about the government except by the complaints he had daily heard from the inhabitants of the provinces, and was rather prejudiced against its abuses. Pius IX. seems to be of a very amiable character, sincerely beneficent, of a goodness of heart almost bordering on weakness, with the best will in the world, but no experience; and though a long time in deciding, his decisions are neither marked by talent or genius. The first days of his reign he thought it his duty to display some energy, and the unexpected results of this display have contributed more than anything else to place him in the path he seems inclined to pursue. It is a fact that the Pope accepted

with fear the first demonstrations of applause showered on him by the people, and at the same time showed some vanity in speaking of his popularity. He repeated often the words, '*Sono l'uomo del popolo.*'

"It would be too long to examine into the reasons which have induced the Pope to enter the path of the above-mentioned reform. We shall only observe, that there are sufficient indications for supposing that the present popularity of the Pope is only owing to the results of the meetings of the liberal party, and that the Pope himself is the dupe of their manœuvres: they flatter and caress him in order to induce him to take some decisive steps, and thus compromise him with the cardinals, the priests, and with the other sovereigns of Italy. They hope in the confusion which would then take place, to overthrow more easily the papacy and the government of the priests.

"The fact is, that the popularity of the Pope proceeds from the almost general idea that the Pope himself belongs to the liberal party. This idea is false; the Pope himself declares it is so. This false supposition once generally admitted, there was no more restraint among the Italians. The liberals who were already known and declared, were elated beyond measure; those who had wanted either the courage or the opportunity to declare themselves such in the preceding reign, now did so, and the great majority of the middling classes were induced to demand reform, to show themselves liberals and to applaud the Pope.

"The exultation did not stop in the Romish states. All Italy was seized with it, and the praises of the liberal Pope resounded through the peninsula. A

book by Gioberti, well known in Italy, sustained this idea, and plans were immediately *formed for reforming all Italy, and placing the Pope at the head of the nation.* These were dreams which some cardinals, the prelates, and many of the priests encouraged; hoping thus to revive all the ancient splendour of the papacy and the priesthood. At the same time the popular associations were not idle; they also desired to draw some advantage from the liberal Pope, and endeavoured to procure influence among the people who surrounded him. They have to a certain degree succeeded, and it is ascertained that they have at Rome associates, and powerful managers, who direct by their manœuvres the applause which the populace presents to the Pope.

"Although the changes asked for were numerous, the grand majority demanded only the introduction of reform, *the expulsion of the Germans from Lombardy, and the reformation of Italy by means of liberal institutions.* This public opinion wanted a centre, a head. The new liberalism formed by the conduct of the Pope could not submit itself to the young Italy; and when they saw the Pope had no intention of placing himself at its head, they began to look for a desirable one elsewhere.

"Last September several persons assembled at Rome to deliberate on this matter. They agreed to create a new liberal association, and decided to assemble themselves in December at Pootoni, each member bringing some authorization, in order to be able to act with some show of legality. These people did, in fact, assemble in December at Pootoni, a place chosen apparently by them on account of its proximity to the court of Turin, where it appears they

had associates and powerful assistants. They deliberated on the state of public opinion, and they established a secret society like Carbonarism, making different degrees between the members of the association. The result of their labours was, a plan for the division of Italy, and the future arrangements, the copy of which follows:—They gave to their assembly the pompous name of '*National Italian Congress*,' naming five general commissioners, to act with full power, and make the necessary arrangements for spreading their sentiments among the mass of the people, and gaining partizans. Their first care naturally was to gain the support of the sovereigns of Italy. *It appears, they were sure of the King of Sardinia, and wanted to get at the Pope by means of one of his brothers. The Pope appears to have given a decided refusal, for at the last sitting of the Congress of Pootoni, they agreed to make no further efforts to gain him, but to wait quietly until events forced him to agree with the arrangements of the Congress, and to work in the meantime on the minds of the people.*"

The following were the resolutions of the National Italian Congress—

"1. The form of government to be adopted shall be a confederacy.

2. Political territorial division of Italy. Sardinian kingdom as at present constituted,—king, Charles Albert. Lombard-Venetian kingdom to consist of the Lombard-Venetian territory, and the country of the Tyrol, as far as the Swiss Alps. The king remains to be chosen.

3. Pontifical States as at present, without the duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo; instead of which will be annexed the duchy of Mirandola to the banks of the Po. Sovereign, the Pope.

4. Grand duchy of Parma, consisting of the actual duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalle, with the addition of the province constituting the actual duchy of Modena (with the exception of the city of Modena and its territory), and the duchy of Mirandola as far as the Po. Sovereign, Charles Louis of Lucca.

5. Grand duchy of Tuscany, as at present constituted, with the addition of the duchy of Lucca. Grand Duke, Leopold.

6. Modena, with its territory, free and federal city.

Principality of Monaco, and republic of St. Marino, as at present actually constituted and governed.

They will be represented at the Diet; the first under the protection of the Sardinian kingdom, and the second of the holy Roman empire.

Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, as at present constituted, with the addition of the duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo.

Each Italian government shall be essentially representative. The French treaty of 1830 shall form the base. The pontifical states remaining elective shall have a national representative.

Federal Agreement.

1. The Italian states above-mentioned shall form a national Italian confederacy.

2. The Italian confederacy guarantees to each state that belongs to it, independence.

To each kingdom, the liberal exercise of its royal prerogatives.

To each people, the constitution granted by its sovereign and recognised by the Diet.

To itself, a progressive development of political and civil prosperity.

3. (*a*) To this effect are to be disposed a land army and a federative fleet.

(*b.*) The confederation, in its relation with the external powers, will have a collective representation. All treaties, political and commercial, with the external states, shall only be formed in the name and with the authority of the Diet.

(*c.*) A custom-house law will define the limits of the Italian confederate cities for an honest revenue.

(*d.*) A scientific institution of industry and literature in Rome, (and at which will assist the members of every Italian province,) will overlook with assiduity the interests of material and intellectual prosperity.

4. A Federal Diet will be established in the free city of Modena, the states participating in the Diet in the following proportions:—

	Votes.
Lombard-Venetian kingdom . . .	5
Sardinian kingdom	4
Pontifical states	3
Kingdom of the Two Sicilies . . .	5
Grand Duchy of Parma	1
Grand Duchy of Tuscany	1
Total . . .	19

The plurality of the votes shall determine the deliberations of the Diet. The Pope and his successors are by right perpetual presidents of the Diet.

5. The attributes of the Diet are—

(*a.*) The perfect maintenance of the declarations contained in the Article No. 2.

(*b.*) The overseeing and application of what is expressed in the Article No. 3.

(*c.*) Every object of national interest, which, from the plurality of the representation of one or more confederate states, shall be subject to its decisions."

The reader perceives this programme contemplates

the expulsion of Austria from Lombardy, and asserts that Charles Albert was, from the first, privy to the design formed for that purpose, which I do most firmly believe. Remembering what I heard in Geneva and Rome, comparing the actions of Charles Albert with the statements in the above diplomatic paper, it is manifest to me that at an early period after the decease of Pope Gregory, the sovereign of Sardinia formed the perfidious project of expelling the Austrians from Lombardy, and seizing that beautiful kingdom for himself. To gain this object, he flattered the political writers and literary men of Italy, affected liberality, while he bound himself to nothing definitive in favour of popular freedom, and stimulated national hatred against the government of Vienna. Outwardly, Charles Albert continued on terms of amity with Austria, maintaining strictly his ancient character for perfidy and treachery. That he was suspected by the liberals of Italy cannot be doubted. Possibly they may, if they succeed in driving out Austria, prefer the Duke of Leuchtenberg. Probably the course of events may induce them to accept Charles Albert as king, but with limited authority; or else, a Federal Republic may be established—a form of government which, were they strong enough, the inclinations of many amongst the liberal party would incline them to adopt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Italian Crime.—Love and Murder.—A Criminal Process in the Roman Law.—A Trial and capital Conviction in Rome.—The Judges, the Law, and the Lawyers.—Amount of Crime in the Papal States.—A Curiosity in the form of a Political Process.

Pope Pius has gained my esteem, by a declaration said to have been made by him, "*That justice ought to be administered publicly, in order to ensure the respect and confidence of the people.*" This may hereafter be accomplished, but it was a misapprehension to suppose the great reform had actually been effected. It seems to have been deemed prudent to postpone publicity of trial till the promulgation of the new criminal code, which may be a distant event. Meanwhile, by special permission, a few individuals were allowed to be present at important criminal trials, when they desired that indulgence.

The crimes of Italy are peculiar, generally prompted by sudden passion, slighted love, jealousy, revenge for fancied insult; and they are often in their circumstances terrible. Murders are usually perpetrated with a weapon, partaking of the knife and dagger; stabbing is common. I shuddered at the narrative given me in Rome of a horrid tragedy which took place in the Comarca, springing from disappointed love. An Italian youth passionately loved a girl, who rejected his suit and preferred another. Jealousy

succeeded to affection. Having waylaid, he assassinated the girl he had adored, then plucked out her heart and wrapped it in a cloth. Soon after, the miscreant visited the girl's mother, and requested her to dress for him a calf's heart, which he produced. Through anxiety to soothe him, the innocent woman did so, and partook of the same when cooked. Then the villain told the unhappy mother she had eaten her child's heart, and fiendlike exulted in his revenge. The monster was guillotined.

Soon after the above narrative had been given to me, I purchased at the Stamperia a judgment of a criminal court, printed on four broad sheets, and which, in the usual fashion, had been placarded on the walls about Rome. This was a case of atrocious murder, perpetrated by Luigi Reconari, near Tivoli, in the Comarca, on the person of a girl named Rosa Jacione. The accused being an orphan, had been generously treated by the family of Rosa, to whom he became attached. Rosa vowed she would rather fling herself into the Tiber than wed Luigi, and plighted her faith to Francesco Meddi, her first lover Lombardozzi having been condemned to the galleys, and having handsomely released Rosa from her promise in consequence. The marriage of Rosa with her second lover was now arranged; Luigi became furious, sold his little property, purchased a sharp dagger, and watched his opportunity to murder Rosa. On the 14th April, the young girl went a little distance from her dwelling to wash linen in the river; Luigi suddenly sprang upon his victim, twisted one hand in her hair, with the other stabbed her in the throat, and when she fell, inflicted eighteen wounds on her body; and then, having satiated his vengeance, fled into

Rome. There, in consequence of threatening to assassinate Rosa's brother, Luigi was arrested, and transmitted to Tivoli for trial. The dates of the proceedings show the tardiness of Italian criminal law, and the value of an appeal. The crime was committed 24th April, 1844, the prisoner was arrested on 5th of May, same year, and tried at Tivoli 15th July, 1845. The appeal to the Sagra Consulta was heard before Il Secondo Turno del Supremo Tribunale, on 2d September, 1845, and it was reheard before Il Primo Turno del Supremo Tribunale, on 3d April, 1846, and the prisoner was not guillotined for some months after. The defence relied on was, that the crime was not deliberate, because committed under insane excitement, produced by love and jealousy. The court reprehended this mode of exhibiting love, and declared passion must be restrained. The ultimate appeal is only for the purpose of having argued and decided the right application of the law to the facts before established.

The sentence placarded before the execution, narrates not only the history of the accused and of the proceedings, but of every witness and person connected with the case.

During this winter my attention was excited by an extraordinary event which occurred in the principal prison of Rome. Several prisoners under sentence having procured knives, rushed suddenly upon the gaoler and many others, stabbing, it was reported, fourteen individuals. Before the trial of these offenders I applied, through an advocate of my acquaintance, for permission to attend it, which was courteously granted; and in order to enable me to understand thoroughly the proceedings, my legal

friend procured for me beforehand the process, that I might analyze the same.

A criminal process in the Roman law is a curious document. It is not a dry technical indictment; but a narrative of facts, a statement of evidence, with a copious argument on its effect.

The paper was headed, "Risultanze del Processo, Tribunale del Governo di Roma." It was printed on coarse paper, half the page left vacant for marginal observations, and it contained forty-one pages. The accused were V. Cardinale, carpenter; R. Formilli, tailor; G. Francioni, shoemaker; L. Adami, weaver. The process thus began, "In a cause of qualified theft, February 1847, L. Sorrentini, a prisoner, was granted a pardon on certain conditions, and with reservation of a year's detention. By his disclosures several of his associates in custody were inculpated, and amongst them the four persons named. The case of theft was heard 25th November, 1846, and the four prisoners were condemned chiefly on the evidence of Sorrentini, against whom they became enraged." The situation of the rooms, halls, corridors, and windows of the prison are then accurately described. The process proceeds, "On Sunday morning, 29th November, the turnkey coming to distribute the usual allowance of bread, negligently left a specified door open behind him. The four prisoners, armed with knives, rushed in, overpowered the turnkey, and stabbed every person they met, but especially Sorrentini. Having fully gratified their vengeance, they submitted to the guard, and were distributed in separate cells." The above is the substance of the case, but it extends to a great length. Of eighteen persons in the hall, ten were wounded,

one died; Sorrentini survived, having suffered severely. There is next given a partial confession made by three of the prisoners, which was to the effect, that Sorrentini had promised to retract his statement, yet perfidiously repeated his accusation; and that the knives were found accidentally, wrapped in a cloth, in a corner of the corridor, and used without premeditation in consequence of Sorrentini's jeers and insults.

The process next falsifies the matter of these several confessions, "*in linea generica*," *i. e.* in a general way; then "*in linea specifica*," *i. e.* specifically. Under this latter title the whole case is gone into, in sections, and by proofs and probabilities, and concise reasonings on both, concert, malice, and deliberation are established. As to the procuring of the knives, one A. Rea, a prisoner, having been examined, proved that by the aid of a small looking-glass, peeping through the bars of his window for a purpose of his own, he saw a boy tying to a cord, (let down from another window of the prison into a back street,) a bundle containing two loaves of bread, and heard the boy announce to the prisoners above that the loaves were heavy. Rea *suspected* these loaves contained the knives, and on inquiry it appeared the prisoners were accustomed in this way to introduce every forbidden object. The contradictions in the statements of the accused are next pointed out with great particularity. We have now arrived at page 34 of the process. The precise case against each prisoner is now separately stated, and the evidence in sections regularly numbered, pointed, and applied to each of the accused, and thus the criminal process closes.

This document was clear, methodical, and full, and would afford an admirable model for a criminal brief

in serious cases, even in England. The cause is now ready for public debate, and it is time, as we have reached the 6th of March, and the crime was committed in November in the principal prison of Rome. A copy of this process is furnished to the advocate for the accused, and ample time is allowed to prepare for the defence. The trial took place 13th March, at nine o'clock, in an apartment of the court-house, which was clean and profoundly quiet. On a raised platform sat four judges, three with black caps, the fourth in a dark purple gown. The procurator fiscal, dressed in a black silk gown, sat at the corner of the table, near enough to whisper to the judges; *he* was a gentlemanlike person. At a small table below the platform, on one side of the bench, sat, arrayed in coarse black gowns, the advocates for the prisoners; near the oval table before the judges was a chair for witnesses, and close to it was a glazed picture of the cross lying flat on the table. There was one registrar, of unprepossessing aspect. These persons were all shut in by a rail, having a passage in the centre open for witnesses. Right opposite the judges was a bench, and on it, close to my seat, were placed the four prisoners. One leg of each was firmly bound by a rope to a holdfast behind the bench, the other leg left free. Guards with fixed bayonets stood behind the accused, who were all young men. There were, besides the officials, about eight persons present at this serious trial; no relative or agent of the prisoners was there to take a suggestion from them, or assist or befriend them. The chief judge, a coarse, blustering man, commenced the business by reading briefly parts of the process. He then severely interrogated each prisoner, first as to birth, occupation,

&c.; then on the merits, telling the accused what had been proved against them, and how very wicked they were, demanding what they had to say to that. Then began a shocking scene of abuse and noisy recrimination between the accused and the speaking judge, who was certainly "no well-tuned cymbal." The prisoners spoke with boldness and insolence. Whatever they alleged, the chief justice invariably answered, it was a lie. Each of the accused in turn indulged in an angry declamation, explanatory of his conduct, and made his case thus:—"I was unjustly condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment; the evidence of Sorrentini was false; the sentence cruel. When I saw Sorrentini in prison, he scoffed at me, and told me jeeringly I should be happy in the galleys. Incensed by his gibes, on the morning the door was left open in the gaol, I ran in, and finding by accident some weapon, I struck at Sorrentini, not intending harm against any other person. As to what passed in the corridor, being inflamed by passion, I cannot say."

The Chief Justice violently replied to all this; asserted their original condemnation was quite just, and their behaviour wicked. After this scolding match, in which it appeared clearly enough the mind of the judge was made up on the business, the Chief Justice cooled down, called the first witness, examined him entirely himself. Rarely was a question suggested to the court by the submissive advocates for the accused. Each witness was sworn by the judge, and the form consisted in laying the hand on the cross described, after the judge declared the oath. Sometimes the judge scolded the witness for not giving such evidence as was expected; frequently he

recounted to the witness what a previous witness had proved, or what was stated in the process, and asked him what he could say to that. Then the Chief Justice, if so disposed, would mock the witness, at which all present, including the prisoners, laughed heartily. Of the five or six witnesses who were produced, most of whom had been prisoners, all, with one exception, had either been in custody for wounding another, or had themselves been wounded. The Chief Justice always asked the witness who was his father, and whether he was dead or alive. When the turnkey appeared, the judge fell upon him with surprising fury, abused him for leaving the door open, for gross neglect of duty, and for having created the whole trouble of the trial by allowing the prisoners an opportunity of rushing at Sorrentini. The attack over, questions were put to the terrified turnkey, and if *he* hesitated an instant, the judge assailed him unmercifully. When the examination of the gaoler was finished, he was seated in court during the rest of the trial, and appealed to in all difficulties. When a witness was examined, the Chief Justice, addressing each prisoner, asked what he had to say to that. The prisoner, shaking his loose leg, generally answered, it was a lie. This inflamed the mild temper of the judge, who angrily asked the accused how he dared say that; how could he expect the judges would disbelieve so many witnesses and his own partial confession? There seems to be no law of evidence whatever, as we understand it, in the Italian procedure. The judge desires the witness to tell all he saw, heard, thought, or believed about the matter, and the witness does as he is bid, counsel never interrupting or remonstrating; every

statement is received in evidence—a system fatal to innocence.

No doctor was examined, nor was the important evidence of the introduction of the knives given; the statement in the process was relied on, I suppose, as sufficient for these matters. The Chief Justice having the process before him, called as many witnesses as he pleased. Sorrentini was produced, a wretched looking man; he survived eighteen stabs, while another prisoner died from a single wound.

When the Chief Justice stopped, the procurator fiscal began, and spoke, sitting in the position described. His style was very gentlemanlike and easy. His exordium consisted of an eulogium on the Roman law; he talked of *filosofia e divina sapienza*, in a very amusing strain; then he referred to the code, and cited a few articles, to prove the crime premeditated murder; but he did not review the evidence, preferring generalities, and submitting to the profound wisdom of the court. The burly Chief Justice whispered to the sleepy old man beside him, then mended his pen, and looked pleased on the procurator fiscal. This gentleman spoke an hour. Then commenced one of the advocates for the accused, who likewise spoke sitting; he ranted the most arrant bombast, with theatrical gestures and in the wildest manner, about philosophy, wisdom, the Roman heart, and the over-ruling Providence. Not an allusion did he make to law or fact, and concluded in a storm. Signor Raggi, the official defender of accused men who are too poor to employ advocates, then spoke composedly, and like a man of sense; he argued that the act was unpremeditated, dwelt on the excitement of the prisoners, owing to the insults of Sorrentini, and

observed fairly, that no evidence had been given to show the knives had been surreptitiously introduced to the prisoners, or to contradict their statement of having found them accidentally, and therefore contended the crime of premeditated murder had not been committed. We were now turned out of the chamber where the judges remained, and in half an hour their minds were made up—they sentenced the four young men to be guillotined, and, until executed, to be loaded with irons, and confined in separate cells. Not a little affected by what I had witnessed, I hastened away, comprehending more clearly why the Italians preferred taking their chance on the field of conflict with the government, rather than submit to their tribunals. The accused were no doubt guilty, but there was a coarse cruelty, a heartlessness, and insulting violence exhibited towards them, inexpressibly shocking to one accustomed to the temperate and impartial administration of justice.*

The evening of the same day, an advocate who had been present in court visited me, and inquired what I thought of the Italian mode of trial. I told him frankly my opinion. He admitted there was much that was odious in their criminal code, and in the system of administering justice, but that now they hoped for better things. The Chief Justice was, he said, *a great rascal*, but the new procurator fiscal, who had been promoted from Perugia, by Pope Pius, was a learned and excellent person. This advocate added what I could well conceive—that a

* Several months afterwards I learned the fate of the four individuals I had seen condemned. One of them died in prison; the punishment of the remaining three persons was commuted into hard labour in the galleys for twenty years.

political trial with closed doors in the time of Pope Gregory was infinitely worse than anything I had seen. What real reform Pius IX. can effect in the legal system which exists here, I am anxious to discover.

One of the advantages of the partial freedom of discussion now permitted in Rome has appeared in the publication of a journal of jurisprudence and criminal law, compiled by Signor Raggi, the official advocate for the poor, to whom I am indebted for much courtesy. The learned author prints important judgments in criminal cases, (a novelty,) essays on particular subjects of jurisprudence, and the like. *No such journal ever appeared before in Rome*; nor, so far as he is aware, in any other part of Italy. This publication is highly creditable to the compiler, and will be eminently useful to the public and the profession. Several criminal cases are pithily reported, the necessity of improvements pointed out, the benefits of education in repressing crime, and similar topics, are considered. There is also an excellent article, translated from a Swiss publication, on our English system of trial by jury. The origin, history, and value of this tribunal are shown; but it is well argued, such a mode of administering justice must be received in connexion with the character, habits, institutions, and education of the people; and that what suited England, with her independent gentry to form grand juries and act as sheriffs, would or might be totally unsuited to Italy, Germany, or Switzerland, or even France. The author writes—

"The smallest state in Germany may in two hours settle a jury system on paper: but may Heaven defend me from falling under the jurisdiction of such a tribunal!"

All this is very sensible; men must be accustomed to such an institution before they can understand its value, or use it advantageously.

It is very difficult to ascertain with exactness the state of crime in the papal states. There were no official returns; and the object of the priestly government was to conceal everything. The present Pope has commanded tables of crime to be kept regularly in future.

I applied, however, to a well-informed advocate for information on this subject, in reference to the single class of crime of stabbing, and of murder in consequence. His written reply stated, that the number of assassinations in Rome and the Comarca* in one year amounted to about 90; and that cases of stabbing were innumerable.

The returns of Dr. Bowring in 1832, give but an imperfect idea of crime in the papal states; for example, political offenders have increased enormously since. It appears, in the delegations of Macerata and Ferrara, criminal statistics were attended to. Macerata contained 212,061 inhabitants in the year 1835; there were 18 homicides, 229 cases of stabbing, 950 of less serious bodily injuries, with a variety of other classes of crime, amounting to 2,145 cases. In Ferrara, the population was 210,883; and in 1843 there were 41 homicides, 450 stabbings, 1,150 cases of theft, 37 of horse-stealing, 26 setting fire to dwellings, with other offences, amounting in the whole to 2626.

A dismal picture this of the morality of the modern Romans! Little wonder is it that Pius IX. exclaimed, "*Educate these people.*" Idle is it to say, such education

* Province of Rome, containing about 280,000 inhabitants.

as may be given by weak nuns and fanatical monks will store the mind with sound principles, repress violent passions, and qualify men for society. No doubt, hatred and distrust of the tribunals, and their abominable systems of procedure, have had much to do in extending crime amongst the people. The Romans are not worse than other nations naturally; and Napoleon's prefet, in his valuable work (chap. vi. book iv.), has shown how (by publicity, impartiality, and justice in the tribunals, combined with promptness and certainty in the punishment,) Rome was comparatively free from crime during the French occupation. Under the opposite system, crime has enormously increased. May it be the glory of Pius IX. to lessen the evil, by removing the causes or applying a remedy!

I had long been anxious to procure a *political process* in the Roman law, but found it difficult to do so. Through a friend of the gentleman affected by it, I at last obtained a process, which had been compiled in 1847, under the orders of Pius IX. It was drawn up in consequence of a petition from Pietro Leoni, who had been discharged under the amnesty, after ten years' imprisonment, to be restored to his former office.

Pietro had acted as official attorney to the poor, and had been in 1831 arrested on a charge of being connected with a political society. He was acquitted, yet the governor of Rome added to the judgment of acquittal, sentence of deprivation of office, "induced by certain prudential considerations."

Against this arbitrary act Leoni remonstrated warmly, but ineffectually. To sustain an aged father, wife, and children, Leoni now laboured inces-

santly. In November, 1836, he was again arrested suddenly, and torn from the embraces of his family. Thrust into the Castle of St. Angelo, he was subjected to a rigorous examination, from which nothing could be elicited, nor could he divine the cause of this second prosecution. The procurator fiscal said he had reason to believe the accused was a vehement propagator of liberal principles, emanating from a secret society, for which he had incurred the penalties of the law. Leoni demanded justice against his accuser. Not long after one S., a vine-dresser, came forward to accuse Leoni, and made this absurd allegation:—That Leoni, although before wholly unknown to him, called at his house, and in the presence of him and his sons conversed with him, S.; then called him aside, and consigned to him a manuscript concerning *La Riforma Settaria,* to which he had belonged for some years. That he, S., received the paper, and buried it with some arms at the root of a tree in his garden. Leoni denied all this assertion. The wife and sons of S. were called, and contradicted S. The garden was then searched, but nothing was discovered under the tree, nor did the ground appear to have been disturbed.

Leoni now demanded his discharge. Ultimately, 18th August, 1837, his process was fully heard, when he was condemned, not for the crime alleged of being the propagator of liberal opinions, but of conspiracy against the sovereign; and sentenced to the galleys for life. This incredible sentence depended on the information stated by S., and on the information of three witnesses (God knows who they were), who deposed, they *understood* Leoni belonged to some secret society, although they had no knowledge of

him whatever. On this proof of hearsay on hearsay, (*non di fatto, ma dictum de dicto*), Leoni was pronounced a *conspirator*. In the year 1846, he presented, after a cruel imprisonment of *ten years*, a memorial to Gregory, printed in this process, which is one of the most affecting documents I ever read. It begins—

"Most holy father, divest yourself of the splendours of royalty, and, dressed in the garb of a private citizen, cause yourself to be conducted into these subterranean prisons, where there is buried not an enemy of his country, not a violator of the laws, but an innocent citizen, whom a secret enemy has calumniated, and who has had the courage to sustain his innocence in presence of a judge prejudiced or corrupted. . . . . Command this living tomb to be opened, and ask an unhappy man the cause of his misfortunes."*

The memorial concludes thus—

"But, holy father, neither the prolonged imprisonment of ten years, nor separation from my family, nor the total ruin of my earthly prospects, should ever reduce me to the baseness of admitting a crime which I did not commit. And I call God to witness that I am innocent of the accusation brought against me; and that the true cause of my unjust condemnation was, and is, a private pique and personal enmity. . . . . Listen, therefore, to justice—to the humble entreaties of an aged father—a desolate wife—unhappy children, who exist in misery, and who with tears of anguish implore your mercy."

* "Beatissimo Padre—Spogleativi degli ornamenti della sovranità, vestite le spoglie di privato cittadino, e fatevi quindi condurre . . . in quei sotterranei, dov' è sepolto non l'inimico della patria, non il violatore della legge, ma il cittadino innocente, che un inimico occulto ha calumniato, e che ha avuto il coraggio di sostenere la sua innocenza allo aspetto di un giudice prevenuto, o corrotto . . . Fate che quella tomba si apra, dimandatte a quest' infelice la causa delle sue sciagure."

This appeal produced no effect on the stony hearts of the men who practised such cruelties as this paper discloses; and very natural it was that Lambruschini and Marini should have resisted the amnesty which enabled hundreds of gentlemen, such as Pietro Leoni, to unmask their villany to the world. A Roman advocate assured me this political process accurately exemplified the iniquity of the Papal system under Gregory.

I ought not to omit recording my opinion of the abilities and learning of the Roman civilians: were I to judge by the printed arguments of Signor Vanutelli, several of which he was kind enough to present to me, they are of a very high order. The argument on a serious question is drawn up carefully—I might say, elaborately—in Italian, and occasionally in Latin; it resembles an essay. When printed, it is laid before the court. The subject is dealt with in a scholar-like fashion, and *principles* are reasoned or derived from the famous writers on the civil law, and learnedly applied. The discussion is not so practical as with us, nor are cases quoted in the like tradesmanlike style. Such compositions, therefore, of the Roman advocates as I have referred to, are far more interesting to read than English reports of cases. The authors generally prefix to their essay a Latin quotation, and constantly refer to the classics throughout, and felicitously apply the same. The Latin of these arguments might safely be termed classical. I think knowledge of the civil law and acquaintance with classical literature is possessed by the learned members of the Roman bar, in higher perfection generally than with us. In their manners the Roman advocates are friendly and courteous. I believe

them to be patriotic; and if an opinion could be formed from unreserved conversations on political subjects with two or three advocates, they are, as a body, resolutely opposed to intolerance, misgovernment, and oppression, and necessarily anxious for the abolition of the tyranny of the priesthood. I believe the Roman lawyers well qualified to enjoy all the rights of freemen, and will hail with delight their advent to power and authority in the State.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GEMS OF ROME.

During a morning's walk on the Pincian hill, I fell in with a learned sculptor of my acquaintance. The treasures of the Vatican became the subject of our conversation; he said he had been for many years convinced that the arrangement of the galleries was radically erroneous, particularly in the department of sculpture; the good, the bad, the indifferent objects of art, were all crowded together, so that the visitor was embarrassed by the profusion, and distracted by the multitude of objects spread around him. It would have been more judicious, observed the critic, to have separated the excellent things from the mass, and so have made a little museum of the gems in the Vatican, which would have afforded a great facility of inspection to the stranger, even to the artist. The truth of these remarks I was more fully convinced of each time I visited those prodigious collections, and laboured through my thick catalogue. It would be a work of years to examine the whole contents of the Vatican accurately, and it would be labour misapplied. It occurred to me it might be of use to have a selection made of the works of classical or historical interest, of the great masters in sculpture, for the assistance of the visitor, and even for the entertain-

ment of the general reader. Distrusting my own judgment upon such a subject, I applied to the most distinguished living sculptor in Rome, (and whom I rejoice to think is an Englishman,) and mentioned to him what I desired to have particularized by some competent person—viz. the gems in sculpture existing in Rome. I cannot forget the courtesy of Mr. Gibson; he was at the moment engaged on a highly classical composition; he laid down his chisel, and bade me take my pencil and he would dictate to me the list (not a long one), of those masterpieces of sculpture which constituted the glory of the art. I give that list as I received it, merely adding a few words of explanation where necessary.

1. The *Minerva Medica*, in the Nuovo Braccio of the Vatican, is the study of sculptors for its gracefulness, dignity, and majestic beauty. It is of Parian marble, and said to be the finest *draped statue* in existence. The traveller should never omit the opportunity of gazing on this famous specimen of Greek sculpture. Exactly opposite the Minerva stands another draped figure of *Minerva Pudicitia*, so called, which although not named by my scientific friend, may surely be mentioned in the briefest catalogue of the gems of Rome.

2. The *Statue of the Nile*, a wonderful piece of sculpture, carried off by Napoleon's orders to Paris, and now restored. The group is allegorical; a grand colossal figure in a recumbent posture is surrounded by sixteen children, exquisitely formed, and sporting around their gigantic parent, in every conceivable attitude; the forms of these children are graceful and true to nature. On the base are symbolical representations of the river, boats, alligators, the hippopotamus, &c. This colossal statue was discovered in the Pontificate of Leo X., on the site of the Temple of Isis.

3. *Demosthenes.* This seemed to me more to resemble a philosopher than a vehement orator; the figure is standing as it were listening, it may be to the denunciations of Eschines. The marble of this statue is old and worn, not having a smooth or polished appearance; the figure is grave and severe, a countenance full of impressive dignity, tinctured with pride: the severe taste of the Greek exhibited throughout. I could not examine details; my attention was fastened by the character infused into the marble by the genius of the great sculptor. This celebrated statue my informant pronounced one of the best to examine repeatedly in the whole collection.

The Museo Pio-Clementino, where rests the classic sepulchre of Scipio, contains:—

4. The *Torso Belvedere,* called *Michael Angelo's Torso,* as he declared his power of delineating the human form was acquired from the study of this fragment so prized by sculptors. This headless, footless relic, which Winckelman pronounced as approaching almost to the sublime, and which is so famous, is said to be the fragment of a statue of *Hercules in Repose.* The greatest modern sculptors, following the example of Michael Angelo, make it their study; certainly it exhibits bone and muscle, and wonderful execution. John Bell contrasts this fragment with the *Farnese Torso* in Naples. "The grandeur of the Belvedere Torso is in the form of the shoulders; it was eminently fitted as a study for the grand and fiery Michael Angelo; it suited his temper and genius."

5. The *Apollo Belvedere,* in one of the cabinets of the Cortile Belvedere, found at Antium in the reign of Julius II., and supposed to have stood in the baths of an imperial residence.

The contemplation of this glorious work of ancient art inflamed the genius of Byron:—

"Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty flush their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity."

6. The *Laocoon.* This celebrated group was also found in the Pontificate of Julius II., who is said, from the great value he attached to the possession, to have rewarded the discoverer with a large portion of the revenues of the basilica of St. John Lateran. It is an amazing piece of sculpture, "the wonder of art," as Michael Angelo, who was in Rome at the time of its discovery, pronounced it. The group consists of a father and two sons, writhing in anguish in the folds of a serpent's mortal grasp. The poet's description is most graphic.

"Or turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain,—
A father's love, and mortal agony,
With an immortal's patience blending:—vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain,
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp." *

* I may remind the classical reader of the lines in Virgil, from which the design of this extraordinary composition is taken:

"Ecce autem gemini, a Tenedo tranquilla per alta
(Horresco referens) immensis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago pariterque ad littora tendunt.
Illi agmine certo
Laocoonta petunt; et primum parva duorum
Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
Implicat, et miseros morsu depascitur artus;
Post ipsum, auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem
Corripiunt

7. The *Mercury of the Vatican*, commonly called the *Belvedere Antinous*. This is one of the most graceful, admirably proportioned, and highly finished statues I have ever seen. The general symmetry of the figure is somewhat impaired by the loss of the right arm, but the faultless form and elegant repose of this statue fix it in the memory not less firmly than do the life, action, and manly beauty, which characterise "the lord of the unerring bow," the Belvedere Apollo.

GALLERY OF STATUES.

8. The *Ariadne*, (called improperly *Cleopatra*,) a colossal draped figure, recumbent, in the attitude of profound sleep. The form, drapery, and posture of this statue are considered most graceful.

9. A fragment of *Cupid*, called, I believe, the *Genius of the Vatican*, of Parian marble, and supposed to have been the work of *Praxiteles*.

10. An *Amazon*—a statue greatly prized.

11. Two *Greek Philosophers*, sitting.

In a small apartment of this Gallery, called the *Cabinet of Masks*:—

12. A crouching *Venus*.

13. A *Faun*, in Rosso Antico.

14. *Adonis*.

15. A little *Paris*.

HALL OF THE VASE.

16. Colossal head of *Jupiter*.

17. *Hercules* with a child.

Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus, et jam
Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.
Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos,
Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno,
Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit."

Æneid. II. 205.

18. The finest colossal bust of *Hadrian* in existence.

19. The *Antinous.*

20. *Jupiter Serapis*—colossal bust, first-rate piece of sculpture.

21. Colossal statue of *Juno.*

HALL OF THE BIGA.

22. The *Discobolus,* by Myron. This statue is in a stooping posture, and considered the gem of this apartment.

23. A *Discobolus,* standing; a remarkable statue.

24. The Indian *Bacchus;* also very fine.

25. A *Bacchus.* The statue, curious as mingling the form of man and woman.

In the long gallery, *Museo Chiaramonti,* Mr. Gibson selected but two pieces of sculpture out of seven hundred.

26. The beautiful bust of *Augustus,* as a boy, copied by almost all the modern artists. It shows the consummate hypocrite to have been eminently beautiful, and it bears a resemblance to the countenance of Napoleon. This bust was found at Ostia, by the late British consul, some fifty years ago.

All else, said the English sculptor, are inferior in the Vatican. These are the finest things now existing in the world; you never can waste time in studying them. He added, the *Venus* and the *Apollo* in Florence might be classed with these gems.

The Gems of the Capitol are:—

27. The *Dying Gladiator.*—A statue true to nature, that rivets the attention of every beholder. How accurately is it described by that just critic John Bell!

"It is a most tragical and touching representation, and no one can meditate upon it without the most melancholy feelings. Of all proofs this is the surest of the effect produced by art. He was a slave; he had no family; no friends; he was bought with money, and trained and devoted to death. No picture of tragic effect is presented—it is one impression; and if any artist has ever given that one impression, it is the author of the DYING GLADIATOR. The design is in this sense finer than anything in statuary I have ever seen. The forms of the Dying Gladiator are not ideal or exquisite, like the Apollo—it is all nature—all feeling. The visage is mournful—the lip yielding to the effect of pain—the eye deepened by despair; the skin of the forehead a little wrinkled; the hair clotted in thick sharp-pointed locks, as if from the sweat of fight, and exhausted strength. In short, for powerful effect and mournful expression, never came there from the hands of the artist a truer or more pathetic representation."

We must ever regret John Bell was not spared to add to or complete his criticisms on Rome and its treasures.

28. The celebrated statue of *Antinous.*—The distinguished anatomist is eloquent in his commendation of Antinous—his criticism is professional; the charm of the composition is, that it conforms to the rules of anatomy. This statue has elicited the praise of all beholders, from its surpassing gracefulness and beauty.

29. A Head, called that of *Ariadne.*—There is also a *Venus* in a private room in the Vatican, very beautiful.

30. To these may be added, the gem of the Villa Albani. The beautiful *Antinous*, crowned with lotus flowers, as fresh and as highly-finished as if it had just left the studio of the sculptor. "This work, after the *Apollo* and the *Laocoon*, is, perhaps, the most beautiful monument of antiquity that time has transmitted to us." It is a bas-relief.

Of the colossal equestrjan group in Monte Cavalla, supposed to be the work of Phidias and Praxiteles, Mr. Gibson pronounced the statue of the man, said to be by Phidias, magnificent, but the horse not equally good.

In reply to another question relating to the Moses of Michael Angelo, in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, he declared it to be a work of genius, full of imperfections. With all these gems of art, Mr. Gibson seemed as familiar as with his alphabet.

We may reckon in the above list thirty pieces of sculpture, and they are chiefly of the Greek school. The marble used by the Greek artists can be easily discerned from that worked by the Romans; the Parian being very different from the Carrara. The Emperor Hadrian employed Greek sculptors, and thus the Antinous sculptured for him is Greek.

I entertain no doubt that, after the stranger shall have run through all the galleries in Rome, if he desires to carry away with him a clear recollection of the grandeur of the art of statuary, he must fasten his attention upon the objects above enumerated; their excellences can never be sufficiently admired, and all may be retained in the memory.

If the inquisitive traveller desires to observe by way of contrast the supremacy of Greek genius in the art of sculpture, let him, having imbued his mind with an accurate knowledge of the subjects we have specified, then inspect and examine the works of Michael Angelo—such as the Moses, in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli; and the Christ, in the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina; the celebrated statue of Christ, in the subterranean (Corsini) chapel of the Lateran, by Bernini; the statue of Jonah, alleged to

have been sculptured by Raffaelle, in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo; the statue of St. Susanna, by Fiammingo (Du Quesnoy), asserted to be one of the greatest productions of modern art in Rome (of the seventeenth century), and which is in the church of St. Maria di Loreto, in Trajan's Forum; the recumbent statue of St. Cecilia, by Stefano Maderno, greatly prized, in the church of St. Cecilia, in Trastevere; the early works of Canova, in the church of San Apostoli; the more successful labours of his mature age, in the Vatican and St. Peter's; and the statues by Thorwaldsen. Then, his comparison made, the traveller may be likely to ask, what can modern art effect in comparison with the finished execution, exquisite taste, exalted genius, and sublime conception of the ancients?

The statue of Demosthenes is still present to my view; the mighty orator is restored to life. The Dying Gladiator seems just to have sunk down before my eyes in the arena; his resolute spirit, in the moment of mortal agony, breathes in the marble. Wonderful triumph of genius, which can thus by the chisel tell a history!

I shall next endeavour to select the paintings most prized in Rome from the vast number of pictures with which the galleries are crowded; the Corsini alone reckoning *six hundred.* Indefatigable sight-seers wade through the voluminous catalogues presented to them, but works of mediocrity everywhere abound. To aid him who may prefer rather to retain the recollection of some beautiful things, I have made out a list of the gems in Rome in the department of painting. The enumeration is given alphabetically, according to

the names of the masters whose productions are noticed. The pictures are scattered in the various palaces, museums, and churches through the city, which are particularized.

ALBANI (*Francesco*).

There are but few of Albani's paintings in Rome; the subjects he selected not being generally religious, but those in which a playful fancy could expatiate, such as smiling landscapes and mythological groups. There is much elegance pervading all his designs.

Palazzo Colonna.—The Rape of Europa.
Capitol.—Madonna and the Saviour.
Palazzo Spada.—Time unveiling Truth.

BUONAROTTI (*Michael Angelo*).

The genius of this great man was universal. He was at once, sculptor, architect, painter, poet, musician, and scholar. He was also a profound anatomist. His celebrated work in the Sistine Chapel we have already described. The ceiling of the same chapel represents the most important events recorded in the book of Genesis—the creation and fall of man, and its consequences. In the compartments are sitting figures of prophets, and of sybils, who are supposed to foretel the coming of our Saviour.*

CARACCI (*Annibale*).

Annibale Caracci was by far the most distinguished of his family. In the gallery of the Farnese Palace, a series of frescoes of mythological designs are conceived and executed in masterly style. The subject is the triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne, drawn in golden cars by tigers, and

* See the note on the Sybils, in the excellent work of Kugler, by Eastlake, page 203.

surrounded by satyrs, fauns, and bacchantes, led on by old Silenus, &c. It is said, this work occupied eight years of constant labour, and the great artist was rewarded by the Cardinal Farnese with 500 crowns!

In the Capitol.—A Madonna and Child, with St. Cecilia and a Carmelite Saint.

Borghese Palace.—A Pieta. Head of St. Francis; finely coloured.

Doria Palace.—A Magdalen. The Flight into Egypt. The Assumption of the Virgin. The Entombment of Christ. The Nativity. St. Francis, with Angels; and the Adoration of the Magi.

Caravaggio.

The works of this powerful painter are characteristic of his mind and mode of life; he is said to have been a man of wild passions, and to have passed through a most tempestuous career. He is most successful in scenes of sorcery and murder, or painfully minute representations of martyrdom. One of his greatest efforts is the *Entombment of Christ,* in the Vatican. The lights and shades of this striking picture are executed with almost unmatched power. It is copied in Mosaic in St. Peter's.

Sciarra Palace.—The Cheating Gamesters; one of his best paintings.

Capitol.—Gipsy Fortune-Telling. Meleager.

Corsini.—St. Peter.

St. Maria del Popolo.—Crucifixion of St. Peter, and Conversion of St. Paul.

Doria Palace.—Hagar and Ishmael.

Spada Palace.—A Female Musician. St. Anne and the Virgin.

Borghese Palace.—A Holy Family.

Coreggio.

A great master. Kugler truly says, "Coreggio knew how to anatomize light and shade in endless gradation, to give the greatest brilliancy without dazzling, the deepest shade without offending the eye by dull blackness.

Borghese Palace.—The Danæ. She lies half raised on a couch; Love, a beautiful youth, sits beside her, catching the golden rain-drops in her drapery. In front of her couch, two Cupids are employed sharpening an arrow, with graceful *naïveté*. The form of Diana is exquisitely modelled.

This is the great picture of Coreggio in Rome, and should be frequently seen.

S. Luigi in Francesi.—A Virgin in the Sacristy.
Capitol.—Marriage of St. Catherine.
Corsini.—A small picture of Christ.

It may be doubted if these three last-named are by Coreggio: but in Rome they are confidently asserted to be his.

Domenichino.

The Vatican contains the celebrated picture of this great painter, "*The Communion of St. Jerome*," considered second only to the Transfiguration by Raffaelle. It is copied in Mosaic in St. Peter's.

The Borghese Palace contains another of his best works; an oil painting representing Diana and her nymphs, some of whom are shooting arrows, and some bathing. This is a most graceful painting, full of life and animation.

Borghese Palace.—The celebrated Camæan Sybil.
S. Andrea della Valle contains some of his great frescoes. In the vault of the *Tribune*—The Flagellation and Glorification of St. Andrew; and in four angles are frescoes of the four Evangelists.
S. Gregoria Church.—Another celebrated fresco of the Flagellation of St. Andrew, (described elsewhere.)
S. Luigi de' Francesi.—Some brilliant frescoes.
St. Maria in Trastevere.—The Assumption. A fine fresco.
S. Silvestro di Monte Cavallo.—Four paintings on the cupola of the second chapel, representing David dancing before the Ark. The Queen of Sheba sitting with Solomon on the throne. Esther and Ahasuerus; and Judith displaying the head of Holofernes.

For composition and the style of the drapery, Lanzi considers these amongst his finest frescoes.

St. Maria degli Angeli.—The great fresco of St. Sebastian. Copied in St. Peter's in Mosaic.

GUERCINO.

This painter is of the school of Caracci. His works display great power and depth of feeling, as we see in that most touching picture, the Dismissal of Hagar, in the gallery at Milan. There is also much sweetness, and a most delicate combination of colour, in his paintings.

Vatican.—The Incredulity of Thomas. A distinguished work.
Villa Ludovise.—His celebrated Aurora, in the garden pavilion.
S. Pietro in Vincoli.—The beautiful picture of St. Margaret.
Capitol.—The celebrated Persian Sibyl; and Sta. Petronilla. The finest picture in the gallery of the Capitol; it was formerly in St. Peter's, where it has been replaced by a copy in Mosaic.
Corsini Palace.—The Ecce Homo.
Doria Palace.—The Magdalen.
Sciarra.—St. Jerome—St. Mark—St. John—St. James.
Spada Palace.—David with the head of Goliath. Dido; one of the finest pictures in this collection. The countenance of Dido is expressive of great beauty, the figure and posture of peculiar grace, and the drapery gorgeous.

GUIDO (*Reni*).

This refined and gifted artist, whose genius we have before extolled, needs but a passing allusion: his reputation is fully established. His greatest productions are, I believe, in Bologna; but Rome possesses many of his exquisite works.

Rospigliose Palace.—The matchless fresco of Aurora.
Gregorian Convent.—St. Andrew adoring the Cross; a fresco.
Cappucini Church.—The Archangel Michael.
Vatican.—Europa: very fine. St. Sebastian; a celebrated picture. In the secret cabinet is—The Fortune of Guido, called by Lanzi, "one of the prodigies of Guido's art."

S. Lorenzo in Lucina.—At the high altar, the sublime picture of the Crucifixion.

This great work must be frequently visited.

Barberini Palace.—Beatrice Cenci.

The most celebrated portrait in Rome, and perhaps in the world.

POUSSIN (*Nicholas*).

Doria Palace.—Nozze Aldobrandini, (already described.)

ROSA (*Salvator*).

Capitol.—Two Landscapes.
Doria Palace.—Death of Abel. The well-known landscape called the Belisario.
Spada Palace.—Head of Seneca.

ROMANO (*Giulio*).

Borghese Palace.—Copy of Raffaelle's St. John, in the Tribune at Florence.
Corsini Palace.—The Judgment of Paris.
Capitol.—Judith; very fine: and a Holy Family, in the Hall of Audience.

SPAGNOLETTO.

A Spaniard. His pictures exhibit great power; but, like Caravaggio, whose style he adopted, he selected painful subjects, such as executions, tortures, and martyrdoms.

Barberini Palace.—St. Jerome.
Borghese Palace.—St. Peter.
Pontificio.—St. Jerome.

TITIAN.

This great painter, who flourished in the fifteenth century, received a learned education, and lived in habits of

intimacy with the philosophers and poets of his time. Princes and emperors honoured him as the first of portrait painters. He was twice received at Augsburg by Charles V.; and he was invited to Rome by Paul III. He died of the plague, in his ninety-ninth year.

Kugler says of this great master—"The beings he creates seem to have the high consciousness and enjoyment of existence so like, yet so different from the marble idealizations of Grecian antiquity. The air of an harmonious unruffled existence seems to characterize them all. Hence they produce so grateful an impression on the mind of the spectator—hence they impart so refined and exalted a feeling, although generally but a transcript of familiar objects. It is life in its fullest power—the glorification of earthly existence. In the representation of the naked form, Titian displays peculiar mastery. The magic of his colouring is here developed in its fullest power; but his highest merit is perhaps displayed in his portraits, in which he shows the noblest conceptions of nature. This consists in the same element of beautiful colouring, and especially in the admirable disposition of the figures. These masterly portraits are to be found in all the fine collections in Europe." His pictures in Rome are—

Sciarra Palace.—A Madonna and Child; very beautiful.

Vatican.—Madonna and Child surrounded with Angels. St. Sebastian; a fine figure, pierced with arrows. St. Frances, with the Cross. St. Anthony of Padua, with the Lily. St. Nicholas, St. Ambrose, and St. Catherine.

Capitol.—Woman taken in Adultery.

Barberini.—Two Portraits.

Borghese Palace.—Sacred and Profane Love. An allegorical subject; the colouring of this picture is peculiarly brilliant, and the delineation of the human form masterly.

Corsini.—Children of Charles V. Two Portraits.

Doria Palace.—Portrait of an Old Man. The Holy Family and St. Catherine.

Spada Palace.—Portrait of Paul III.

VOLTERRA (*Danielle da*). A scholar of Michael Angelo.

In the *Trinità di Monte*, is his great work—The Descent from the Cross.. (Before described.)

Capitol.—St. John the Baptist.

VINCI (*Leonarda da*).

This accomplished and gifted artist appears to have possessed an universal genius—painter, sculptor, poet, and musician, as well as master of all the sciences bearing upon art; author also of some works on physics. It is said of him, he visited all frequented places, the scenes where the active powers of man are most fully developed, and he drew in a sketch-book which he always carried what most interested him. He followed criminals to execution, to witness the pangs of their despair—invited peasants to his house, and related laughable stories to them, that he might learn from their physiognomies the essence of comic expressions. His easel pictures are very scarce, and highly prized. One of the best authenticated is in Rome, in

The Sciarra Palace.—Modesty and Vanity. Two female half figures. Copies of this much admired picture are to be found throughout Italy. The original is indeed a gem.

Corsini Palace.—A Female Portrait.

S. Onofrio Church.—A Madonna, in fresco; admitted to be genuine.

VERONESE (*Paul*).

The pictures of this artist are celebrated for brilliant colouring and their gorgeous display of drapery, costumes, and architectural accompaniments, &c. They are well described as "like full concerts of enchanting music."

Capitol contains the Rape of Europa. A repetition of the masterpiece in the Ducal Palace at Venice.

Capitol.—The Kneeling Magdalen.

Borghese Palace.—St. Anthony preaching to the Fishes; before alluded to.) Venus and the Satyr.

Braschi Palace.—Lucretia.

RAFFAELLE.

The greatest artist of modern times. Like Michael Angelo, his genius was not limited to one branch of art, as we find he fills an important place as an architect; he was also an antiquarian; and there are proofs of his genius as a sculptor. But all his other talents were eclipsed by that for painting. His "magic power is the spirit of beauty, which filled his whole being, and shines through all his creations." He executed some frescoes for churches —one in

Sta. Maria della Pace,—representing four Sybils, surrounded by Angels; one of his most perfect works.

St. Agostino Church.—The Prophet Isaiah and two Angels, holding a Tablet.*

The Sciarra Palace contains a celebrated work, called The Violin Player.

Barberini Palace.—The Fornarino.

Borghese Palace.—The Entombment of Christ, painted for the Church of San Francesco, in Perugia. His first historical picture, executed in his 24th year. This is a solemn and most affecting painting.

Another picture, executed about this time, and said to have been finished after his death, by Giulio Romano or F. Penni, is the Coronation of the Virgin, now in the Vatican. I myself do not admire this picture.

But my readers are aware that the great works of Raffaelle are contained in the Vatican. Three stanze, or rooms, and a large saloon, all painted in fresco, are now called the "Stanze of Raffaelle." Each wall is covered with some large picture, and the entire ceiling is also painted. The proximity of Michael

* A very beautiful fresco of the Last Supper has been lately discovered on the wall of an old convent in Florence—an undoubted work of Raffaelle; one of the figures has his name transcribed upon it.

Angelo, then at work in the Sistine Chapel, perhaps inspired him. What a pair of rivals!

We shall first describe the loggie, or open galleries, built round three sides of the court of the Vatican. They consist of three stories: that facing the city was finished by Raffaelle; the first arcade of the middle story was decorated with paintings and stucco under Raffaelle's direction. This leads to the stanze; the harmonious combination of architecture, modelling, and painting here displayed, is the production of one mind. The paintings of the vaulted ceiling are the chief ornaments of the arcade. The subjects taken from Scripture, chiefly the Old Testament, are called "Raffaelle's Bible." Many of these were executed by Giulio Romano. The second and third arcades are by inferior artists, and contain the New Testament history. However beautiful and curious this loggie is, we cannot but regret the genius of Raffaelle should have been misapplied to labours in a place not worthy of it.

Another of his works was the execution of ten great cartoons, intended as designs for tapestries to adorn the Sistine Chapel. These tapestries are kept in one of the rooms in the Vatican. The subjects are taken from events in the lives of the Apostles. The cartoons, some of which have been preserved in the palace of Hampton Court, are bold and masterly in execution. But the wonderful genius of the great artist is best exhibited in the frescoes covering the "Stanze of Raffaelle." In the first, called—

1. *Camera della Segnatura*, the subjects which engaged his great powers, included Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence. That called—

Theology is divided into two parts. The upper represents our Saviour throned in the clouds—the Virgin on his right, and St. John the Baptist on his left; a half figure of the Almighty, with the Holy Spirit in form of a Dove, is seen above; Apostles and Saints surround this group. In the lower part of the picture is an altar with the Host, the symbol of Christ on earth. Near this are seated the great fathers of the Church, while at each side are groups of figures, pressing forward to participate in the holy mystery. Some of these are remarkable as containing portraits—Raffaelle is himself seen and Perugino as bishops—Savonarola clad in black—and Dante, whose head is encircled with a wreath of laurel. There are also portraits of Bramante and St. Thomas Aquinas.

Philosophy, known as "*The School of Athens.*" We have here represented a stately building or hall, in the centre of which, on a flight of steps, stand Plato and Aristotle disputing on their doctrines, and on either sides are groups of attentive hearers. Socrates is seen explaining his principles to attentive listeners. In the foreground the Sciences of Arithmetic and Geometry are presented in separate groups; on the left, Pythagoras, as the head of Arithmetic; on the right, Archimedes draws a Geometrical figure on a tablet placed on the ground. Zoroaster and Ptolemy, as representatives of Astronomy and Geometry. Apart from all, reclines on the steps, Diogenes with his tub—a youth turns from the Cynic to the instructors in a higher philosophy. Near the group which surround Archimedes, Raffaelle himself appears with his master Perugino.—This grand composition cannot be too highly praised. It contains fifty-two figures, of masterly execution. In the grouping of these figures, their dignified expression, graceful attitude, and picturesque effect, and in the general arrangement of the subject, the inventive genius, exact taste, and unrivalled powers of the great artist are fully developed.

Jurisprudence is represented by three sitting female figures, personifying *Prudence, Temperance,* and *Fortitude.* Under the latter figure is the Emperor Justinian, delivering the pandects to Tribonian, in allusion to the civil law. At the other side, Gregory XI. is seated on the Papal throne, delivering the decretals to a consistorial advocate, in allusion to the canon law. This fresco occupies the arch over the window, and the wall at each side. I greatly prefer the conception of that named—

Poetry. Apollo and the Muses are grouped under laurel trees on Mount Parnassus. Immortal poets are placed in proper order below. Homer is exhibited as if in the act of dictating or reciting verses. Near to him are ranged Virgil and Dante—Pindar and Horace—Petrarch and Sappho, somewhat lower down than Homer. The conception of this composition is poetical and exalted—a delightful harmony pervades all the parts, and the spectator enjoys in beholding it a refined pleasure.

2. "*Stanze of the Heliodorus;*" so called from its principal picture—*The expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple.* Lanzi says of this great work, "Here you may almost fancy you hear the thundering approach of the heavenly warrior, and the neighing of his steed, while in the different groups who are plundering the treasures of the Temple, and in those gazing intently on the sudden consternation of Heliodorus, without being able to divine its cause, we see the expression of terror, amazement, joy, humility, and every passion to which human nature is exposed."

The bold execution and rich colouring of this composition is unsurpassed.

The Mass of Bolsena, over and on each side of the window. This represents the miracle wrought before a priest who, doubting the doctrine of Transubstantiation, was convinced by seeing blood flow from the wafer he was in the act of consecrating. Groups of persons, their countenances expressive of wonder and awe, press forward. On one side of the

altar kneels Julius II., attended by several cardinals, and his Swiss Guard.

Attila. This fresco represents Attila, at the head of his army, about to enter the gates of Rome, when his purpose is stayed by the warnings of Leo I., and the apparition in the heavens of St. Peter and St. Paul, at which he gazes in terror, while his army, in wild confusion, begin to retreat. The Pope is a portrait of Leo X. the then reigning pontiff.

The Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison. This picture occupies the wall around a window, and is particularly celebrated from presenting four different lights; over the window the angel is seen through the gratings of the prison awakening Peter, who sleeps between his guards; he is then led by the angel through the guards, sleeping on the steps. The figures here are all illuminated by the beams of light emanating from the angel; on the other side of the window are seen the guards, aroused and in sudden alarm searching for their prisoner—one holds a torch; the moon shining in the distance lights up this group. This picture is deeply interesting, as well from the subject as from its effective execution, especially in the curious and varied light it displays. It is one of the few pictures criticized by John Bell.

3. *Stanze del Incendio.* This also contains four great frescoes—The *Incendio del Borgo*; the *Justification of Leo III. before Charlemagne*; the *Coronation of Charlemagne by Leo III.*; and the *Victory of Leo IV. over the Saracens at Ostia.* Much of this was done by the scholars of Raffaelle.

4. *Sala of Costantino.* This was painted under the direction of Giulio Romano. The principal piece is the battle of Constantine and Maxentius at the Ponte Molle near Rome. It represents the moment of victory, and, as a composition, exhibits an animating and spirited representation of a great battle. Maxentius struggles in the waters of the Tiber; his great rival presses forward in triumph.

We now come to speak of the last effort of this unrivalled but short-lived artist—*The Transfiguration!* Panegyric has been exhausted on this great picture. Bold the genius of the artist which could attempt to delineate by the pencil the mystery of the Transfiguration, and succeed almost to perfection. I never beheld this sublime composition without wonder and delight; and however admirable the few great pictures in the same apartment are, they look cold and feeble in immediate contrast with this sublime performance. Some small critics have objected that here are, in fact, two separate pictures, and not one united whole. Raffaelle has, in the lower compartment, portrayed the events described in the passage of the 9th chapter of Mark, which immediately succeeds the account of the Transfiguration. Here are nine of the disciples actively engaged and variously depicted, their countenances agitated by contending emotions, their costume singularly appropriate; each face is a distinct and admirable portrait, and all are as graphically drawn as those in the Last Supper by Da Vinci. But what has excited the disciples? A demoniac boy, possessed, is presented to them, which their frail powers cannot heal. The youth struggles fearfully with his tormentors, his eyes are turned upwards and distorted, his arm outstretched, every nerve is strained; his parent stands near, imploring aid from the disciples with the eyes of faith, and a finely-drawn female figure, suffering from affliction, gives additional interest to the scene. The great artist has cast into the countenance of the disciples a look of deep compassion, combined with a consciousness of helplessness. The grouping of the various figures in this lower part of the grand picture is masterly. The design of this portion of the painting is to exhibit the miseries of human life; the prevalence of a devilish influence; the helplessness of the best men unassisted; and the necessity of appealing to a divine power. But it is the upper part of this picture (which is formed by an elevation to repre-

sent Mount Tabor), that transcends all praise. The three disciples are in different attitudes, nearly prostrate on the earth, awed by the marvellous glory and radiant light which surround their beatified Saviour. Whether we regard the figure, divine countenance, or seraphic beauty of Christ floating in the air "in serene beatitude," we are equally amazed at the courage of the artist in attempting to portray a scene so awful, and at his success in the execution of his design. The two prophets, Moses and Elias, accompany their Saviour God, and are delineated with the like felicity. The very drapery of these figures, in colour and form, as it waves by the motion in the air, exhibits the genius of the great painter. In the Transfiguration, writes Lanzi, "Raffaelle has developed all his combined ideas of majesty and beauty; it may be considered his masterpiece, and seems to us the most sublime height to which the genius of the artist, *or even the art itself*, was capable of aspiring."*

I am not carried away by a passion for the fine arts, but deliberately do I assert, a man is compensated for his journey to Rome by beholding this single picture of the Transfiguration, painted by him who was described by Vasari "as a magician, whose presence diffused joy and happiness, made the marvellous possible, and effected the closest union between the most opposite minds."

I cannot quit this interesting subject without alluding to the private collection of Etruscan antiquities made by the Cavaliere Campana, which is one of the greatest curiosities in Rome. This accomplished

* The only blemish on this great picture is that caused by the introduction of two figures of priests, thrust into one corner most inappropriately. The reader will not be surprised to learn, Raffaelle was over-persuaded by, I believe, the son of Giuliano de Medici, brother of Lorenzo, and afterwards Clement VII., to introduce these figures in honour of his family—a piece of inordinate vanity, in keeping with the character of the family.

gentleman has devoted his fortune and his time for fifteen years past to the collection of Etruscan antiquities, and his museum is perhaps unique in Europe. Himself a scholar, and imbued with a passion for *real* antiquities, he has from the tombs of Etruscan cities, and from various towns, made up his valuable collection. His rich materials are arranged with consummate judgment in a series of spacious apartments, carpeted, heated by fires, and being in winter as comfortable as an English mansion. This is an agreeable lounge, whereas such a gallery as the Hall of the Animals in the Vatican (an ice-house in temperature) is death to the invalid. Here are vases, sarcophagi, bas-reliefs, ancient armour, gold ornaments of the most delicate workmanship, a *bed* of Etruscan time, curious *glass* vessels found in tombs, looking glasses, &c. It would be impossible to describe minutely the contents of this choice and well arranged museum.

I was much struck by the representation on bas-reliefs, (not marble, but of a hard stucco,) taken from Etruscan monuments, of the adventures of Ulysses; here he appears bound to the mast, and the wicked syrens in vain singing to his deaf companions; on another he is represented as meeting Penelope, &c.: the workmanship inferior, but it seemed to me, this plainly proved the superior antiquity of the Greeks, for *their* Homer afforded subjects for Etruscan art to work upon.

The enjoyment of this gentleman consists in giving pleasure to others. On certain days in the week he throws open his house, to all, I may say, for tickets of admission are easily obtained, by the English particularly; and the Cavaliere Campana takes delight in

explaining to others what he so thoroughly understands himself,—the antiquities of his native country. He is the best specimen of an Italian gentleman, frank, courteous, educated, tolerant; his heart beats with love of country, and he proves how capable Italy's gifted sons are of intellectual labour and political freedom. There is something more useful to the English nobleman to be learned, as he enjoys the examination of this gentleman's museum. How does that English nobleman act with respect to his own collections in London, or the country parts of England? Will he permit the curious visitor—the native or the foreigner—to peep at his costly pictures? or will he shut himself and his paintings in his mansion or castle, in gloomy pride and aristocratic selfishness? What vast treasures must there not be collected in London, in the dwellings of the rich and noble! Can the stranger, or the native, gain access to the precious collections? No: the great proprietor would shudder at a contact with vulgar intruders on his privacy. And yet what could be more simple for those who really desire to afford innocent gratification to their fellow men, than to assign a few hours on one or two days in each week, for admission to their galleries by tickets; and at least the good citizens of London might be suffered to creep into the stately mansion for a view of Titian or Raffaelle when "my lord" is out of town.

The harsh observation made occasionally, that the English people would not know how to conduct themselves in a private museum or gallery, is not only false, but offensive. Cavaliere Campana, every nobleman in Rome, and over the continent, could refute the calumny. No class of people behave

abroad with more exact propriety than the English sight-seers, and it is not to be believed they could fail in this behaviour when received with courtesy at home. It is high time for the aristocracy and rich plebeians in England to lay aside all pride, and exhibit towards their countrymen the same courtesy and kindness which they are accustomed to receive on the continent, especially in Rome, Florence, and Naples. The tendency of the present age is not so favourable to aristocracies of any kind as could be desired. The members of these privileged classes have it in their power to conciliate general good-will, by that which would really cost them nothing—civility and kindness.

CHAPTER XX.

EXCURSION TO VEII.

The Flaminian and Cassian Way.—Situation of Veii.—Walk across the Campagna.—Italian Cultivation.—Wretched Condition of the People in this District.—Sweeping Reform required.—The Etruscan Tomb of Veii, coeval with the Foundation of Rome; its Situation, Appearance, Formation, and Contents, described by the Discoverer, the Cavaliere Campana.—His Contribution to the Archæological Society of Rome translated.

Hæc fuit illa dies, in qua Veiantibus arvis
Ter centum Fabii, ter cecidere duo.

20th March.

THE morning was as genial and warm as our finest June weather. In an open carriage a joyful party started to examine the antiquities of Veii, the Etruscan city, famous in Roman history for the ten years' siege under Camillus. We issued from the Porta del Popolo, and journeyed along the Flaminian Way, across the Milvian bridge and the old Tiber, which flowed pretty much we may suppose as it did 2,000 years ago. It seems the gardens of Ovid were near the spot where the Flaminian and Cassian Ways diverge.

"Nec quos pomiferis positos in collibus hortos,
Spectat Flaminia—Claudia juncta viæ."

There was and is a hostelry near this spot, where Nero used, and the low fellows of Rome still

carouse. We now diverged to the Cassian Way, which, notwithstanding its fine name, was not much better than other roads in this country. Five miles on, we reached the ruin on the road side called foolishly the tomb of Nero—a ridiculous misnomer. This huge sarcophagus of marble proves that the custom prevailed of erecting tombs along many of the great roads leading from Rome, as well as on the Appian Way. We are now at La Storta, eight miles from Rome, and keeping to the right for about five miles, we arrive at our destination.

As to defining the limits of Veii, that appears to me pure speculation, as also pointing out the spot where the 300 Fabii were hurled into the river, and where the camp of the Romans besieging Veii was placed. It appears natural to believe, that the citadel was perched on the height where now stands the remains of an old castle, because it was a position of commanding strength. This cliff is called the Isola Farnese, being of volcanic formation, and separated, in a manner, from the rest of Veii by two streams, one called anciently the Cremera; the second, forming a cascade eighty feet high, by the addition of two smaller streams, is described as the Fosso di due Fossi; it unites with the Cremera below a place called the Piazza D'Armi, and falls into the Tiber ultimately; and these streams define the outline of the old city. I shall omit all irrelevant matter, and come to the tomb discovered by the Cavaliere Campana. It is a good walk of three miles across the country from the wretched village of Veii. The Etruscans did not bury their dead within the walls, consequently we must pass beyond the precincts of the city. Skirting occasionally the river, we were pointed out what the

guides state to be part of the old walls, but which looked very like the tufa rock of the country; then, struggling down the steep bank to the margin, we looked at a grand arch cut in the rocks, over which a bridge stood, once a gate leading into the city.

What a strangely affecting scene does the Campagna around Rome ever present to the eye of the most indifferent observer; a prodigious plain interspersed with ruins, stretching for miles and miles, with scarcely a tree to interrupt the view, till blocked up by the distant mountains! No agriculture, a few bare dwellings like stone towers, or a wretched hamlet, and a wretched people; a solemn region in which to trace the remains of past grandeur. The vast tracts we behold are for grazing sheep and cattle till June, when they are deserted by all their winter inhabitants except the wretched victims of the malaria. Our guide informed us the estate we traversed (some 400 rubbios) belonged to the Queen of Sardinia, and she let it to the minister (I suppose, clerk) of Torlonia, the prince, tobacconist, and banker; he grazes it, but it is not desired to let patches for small agriculture; the inclosures would impede the cattle. When so let for tillage, a higher rent is asked, but the miserable small farmers have no capital for improvements, so there the prodigious waste lies, and the dismal population wither.

The guide and the persons we conversed with were very discontented subjects of the Pope, and complained of the sufferings of the villagers, who, in dirt and beggary, drag on a miserable existence. There did not appear to be any want of water in this part of the immense Campagna, so it clearly might be cultivated; but the great proprietors are averse to

agriculture, *finding it less troublesome* (like the Irish and Scotch absentee proprietors) and more profitable, to graze in large tracts. I think a revolution must take place in the mode of holding property in the Roman states before any improvement can succeed. Leopold's reforms must be introduced, convents demolished, their lands sold, entails cut off, &c.

The day was delicious, but very warm, and so we were fatigued with our walk across the Campagna; at last we reached the approach to the curious Etruscan tomb, discovered and preserved by that persevering antiquary, the Cavaliere Campana.

What an excellent idea it was of the antiquary, instead of stripping this Etruscan tomb, to preserve it, and the most of its contents, just as it stood, in order to exhibit by ocular inspection what was the mode of burial of the ancient people of Etruria! I will not trust myself to describe this interesting monument. Shortly after my visit, the Cavaliere Campana gave me his paper, recently read before the Archæological Society of Rome, which details accurately and gracefully the discovery and the contents of this Etruscan tomb. Nobody can so well describe it as the learned and accomplished gentleman by whom it was discovered. I therefore translate the paper for the advantage of the reader.

"Laborat annalium fides
Ut Vejos fuisse credamus."

"About half a league from the modern post station called La Storta, outside the Porta Flaminia, stood formerly the ancient capitol of the Vejenti. It was situated on one of the largest and most beautiful hills of that vast tract, once flourishing with so many people and cities, with agriculture, with commerce, and with arts. Since then,

having been reduced, by the well-known calamities of the time, to nakedness and poverty, it rarely shows so much as here and there a furrow of the plough, whilst thorns and briars have made themselves masters of that ground which the hand of man has long ceased to cultivate. The hill, on whose plain Veii used to stretch forth its borders, vaunting itself now only in the recollections of antiquity, has lost even the vestiges of its ruins; and, were it not for the discoveries made there in our days, its very position would even yet be matter of doubt. Two rivulets, which encompass the hill, meet at its foot, at which point it presents the appearance of a promontory, and there united they are called the river Cremera.

"Opposite the city was placed the burial-ground of the Vejenti, which extended itself all along those picturesque hills, already a respected and tranquil abode for the dead, which the Cremera separated from the city itself. It was this abode of death which, leading my mind to moralize on the sad destinies of great nations, became the favourite field of my archæological researches, and gave me hopes of being able to draw from the obscurity of the tomb some ray of light on the glories of that celebrated Italian people.

"The fruit of several seasons of excavations was the discovery of a sepulchre, which we shall call by the usual name, a sepulchral grotto, because, just like some at Tarquini, and at other places in Etruria, it has been excavated and cut out of the solid mountain. This was not the only one that I found in these precincts; but the only one among a hundred others that presented to me a state of extraordinary conservation, as though it had been spared alike by the destructive hand of time and by that of man. A path cut through the tufa rock used to conduct, and does so now, to the sepulchre. Two lions of very ancient style were met with at the entrance of the path, and two others exactly alike, also cut out of the stone of the country,

(a species of firm tufa called *nenfro*) stood at each side of the tomb, as if guarding its entrance. The door also was of stone, but had fallen in of itself, or more probably had been broken in by those ancient profaners of sepulchres, who seem to have restricted themselves to stealing articles of gold, leaving everything else safe from the rapacity of man.

"The tomb is divided into two chambers: the interior of the first may be said not to differ much in construction from those found near Tarquini, Cere, and other Etruscan burial-places, except that the inner wall at the arched entrance to the sepulchre presents to us irregular polygonal masses of solid tufa, placed one upon the other without cement, which construction many have thought fit to call *pelasgic*. On each side of the room are seen human remains reduced to ashes inside the vases, and on stone benches two skeletons at full length, one of them covered with his bronze armour — a discovery which furnishes us with additional proof of the custom established among the Etruscans, of either burying or burning the bodies of the dead.

"The rust and the damage, caused especially by damp, have spared only some remnants of the cuirass; and a helmet, in which last is to be noticed a perforation, caused by the stroke of a lance, which had passed through and through, and which probably caused the death of this unknown Etruscan warrior. I said unknown, for such must be all whose home is in this tomb, in the absence of any inscriptions, owing to there not having been any originally, or to the circumstance that they were engraved on the plaister, which has fallen from the wall, or to their having perished in some other way. At the sight of these nameless remains of ancient Italian heroes one cannot help lamenting, not so much the absence of all marble inscriptions, as the loss of the history and ancient chronicles of those people that have now so fatally disappeared.

"An entire metal candelabrum, a vase in the form of a

prefericolo, several looking-glasses, and a chafing dish, found in the middle of the room, give some idea of the bronzes placed in this tomb.

"But the most precious objects resulting from this discovery are the frescoes, in a state of wonderful preservation, which were found executed on the wall of the first room, alongside and over the doorway leading to the second. To save myself minute particulars, and a detail of the subjects, which would not be compatible with the brevity of this paper, I shall merely say that the paintings are composed of animals and men, that the style of art serves to show us the progressive efforts of human genius, that from a state of infancy it goes on step by step till it reaches perfection; that the sphinxes, the horses, and the panthers, present that hardness of outline, that excessive length of legs and bodies, which is commonly seen on the vases of the most remote epoch of the arts; and, finally, that in no tomb in Tarquinii or other Etruscan burial-places have been found paintings which claim more decided antiquity of style. And this same style agrees with the greater part of the objects in stone, in terra cotta, and in metal, and with the very architecture of the monument, insomuch that, to my mind, it would be a great mistake to doubt the very great antiquity that ought to be assigned to it, which, if it did not precede by a great while the foundation of Rome, must at least be coeval and not later than the first dawn of the eternal city.

"I shall not speak of the numerous vases of every shape found in these two rooms, which, whether covered with designs in black varnish, or with ornaments in relief, or black on a yellow ground, or finally, with figures of men or of animals, all bear the impress of the same style, which some call ancient *archaic*, others Asiatic Egyptian, but which I should rather call *the original Etruscan style*. The same may be said of the little figures in terra cotta, and of some animals sculptured in amber, which were found among the other curiosities of the tomb.

"I dwell not on the architecture of the second chamber, which is smaller than the first, and in which are to be noted three small cinerary urns of terra cotta, several pottery vases of large size, and various utensils. The walls present only a few objects, ornamented at the side by crowns composed of stripes of various colours, much in the same style as the figures which adorned the walls of the other room.

"I shall conclude, without considering the subject more at length, that this Etruscan tomb, besides being the nearest to Rome, is doubly precious as being the only entire one of ancient Veii, and as presenting to us one of the most authentic and remote monuments of the arts of that city. And it is to be hoped that this discovery is only the forerunner of others, which shall tend to throw more light on the manners and customs of that warlike nation, which derived its annihilation from Furius Camillus; so that the monuments which we hope to discover will present so much the more interest to the archæologist, as we shall be sure of their belonging to a period prior to the celebrated conquest of the Dictator. It is well known, in fact, that this city, abandoned by all, and then plundered by the conquerors, remained in that desolate condition till the time of Augustus, to whom belong all the works in marble found in this century by the Messieurs Giorgi; amongst which we would mention the superb sitting statue of Tiberius in the Vatican, as well as the beautiful columns of the Veii Forum, now destined by our munificent sovereign* to adorn modern Rome, by being placed in the portico† before the column of Antoninus,—pillars, the work of Roman magnificence, but which cannot be mistaken for ancient monuments of Etruscan Veii. Worthy of note is the testimony relating to them left by Propertius and Florus, who recollect in their times seeing the flocks feeding and the corn growing

* Pope Gregory.

† These pillars form the portico of the Post-office.

where this city had formerly shown forth its greatness; so that one could then hardly say, '*Here stood Veii;*'—so entirely had disappeared every trace not only of past splendour, but even of the ruins of that celebrated Etruscan capital, which was once compared in point of position and splendour to Athens, which sustained, like Troy, a ten years' siege, and which, before falling under the Roman eagles, made its proud though fortunate rival oftentimes to tremble.

"But, in spite of the renewed existence achieved by this city in the first centuries of the Roman empire, the melancholy destinies of Veii once more prevailed, and it again disappeared from the face of the earth, buried under its own ruins. The small but celebrated rivulet Cremera, long since witness of the generous patriotism of the Fabii, and of Etruscan greatness, as it moistens with its meandering streams this classic ground, now waters no more than a rank desert, where the traveller meditating, as he paces up and down, repeats with the Latin poet:—

> 'Et Veii veteres et vos tum regna fuistis,
> Et vestro posita est aurea sella foro,
> Nunc intra muros pastoris buccina lenti
> Cantat, et in vestris ossibus arva metunt.'
> *Prop.* lib. iv. eleg. x. v. 27, et seq."

Let me add, in conclusion, the excursion to Veii is omitted by many travellers, yet is it one of the most interesting to the antiquarian and scholar, around Rome. Nor should they be deterred even by the horrible story related by Mrs. Hamilton Gray, in her excellent book, published so late as 1841.

"Near the Isola Farnese is a most romantic rising ground, with cliffs and streams around it, presenting to view a quiet-looking hamlet with an inn. The inhabitants are all shepherds and vine-dressers, and to us were very civil. About three weeks after our visit, forty of them were taken up as

leagued banditti, and brought to Rome. The master of the inn was one of their leaders, and was said *at times to have given his guests human flesh to eat;* he had been detected by a young surgeon, who found a *finger* in his plate; and the landlord who came out to us at Fosse was captain of the band."

This fact is a match for that related by Forsythe, in his account of the landlady of the hotel in the Apennines.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXCURSIONS AROUND ROME.

The Appian Way.—Sepulchre of Scipio.—Circus of Romulus.—Tomb of Cecilia Metella.—Tomb of the Servilii.—Ancient Grandeur of the Appian and the great Roads from Rome.—Fountain of Egeria. Temple of Bacchus.—Temple of the god Rediculus.—Return by the Porta Maria Maggiore.—A Parting Word on the Baker's Tomb.

"Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread."

By the site of the Porta Capena, and through what was the Porta Appian, but is now the Porta Sebastiano, we pass to the celebrated Appian Way. The ancient monuments still existing there, from their unquestionable authenticity, are most interesting to the classical traveller of any around Rome. At the distance of half a mile we stop before a narrow gate: this will at once conduct us through a garden into the sepulchre, where the ashes of a race of heroes once reposed in peace. The *custode* lights candles, and, preceded by the guide, you walk straight into the sepulchre of Scipio. There is no descent whatever—it is as if you entered a tunnel. The chambers are dry; false inscriptions are now written upon the wall; for the true inscriptions, with the sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus, have been removed, I think impiously, to grace the museums of the Vatican. There is therefore nothing interesting now in the sepulchre itself, but an everlasting interest it

must possess from its associations and extraordinary antiquity. This is confessedly the oldest Roman tomb with which we are acquainted; and although in some particulars dissimilar, yet, excavated as it is in the tufa rock, it approaches in character the sepulchres of Etruria. The sarcophagus in the Vatican is made of coarse peperino, and I think, although of rough material, one of the most precious of the treasures in that storehouse of curiosities. There is a Roman simplicity in the form, ornaments, and inscriptions of this sarcophagus, and we might guess the character of the republican people from the tombs of their great men. I carried from Rome a little model of this sarcophagus, which had been twenty-two centuries in its suitable abode before it was dragged to the curiosity-shop of Rome.*

We enter this sepulchre of Scipio from the back; its front, formerly visible to the eye, faced, it is supposed, the Via Latina, and inspired the youth of Rome.

We proceed on our solemn excursion, reminded every step of the vicissitudes of all human things.

At the base of a sharp ascent, three miles from the city gate, we reach the entrance to the circus of Romulus, not the founder of Rome, but the son of Maxentius. Owing to excavations made within twenty years, the whole form, and shape, and arrangements of the Roman circus are here exposed to view, and very pleasing it is to trace them. The figure is oblong, the length nigh 1,600 feet, by 250 in breadth. The learned reader may succeed in discovering and distinguishing the Arena, Spina, Carceres, Meta; and

* Models of all the interesting objects in and around Rome, are to be had in the city, and are chiefly made of marble and bronze.

then ascertain, if he can, whether the large mass of ruin adjoining the circus be a temple or a tomb. We ought to give to a Roman nobleman (Duke of Bracciano), the credit he deserves for having excavated this circus; may it inspire the labours of his brother peers! In ancient days this circus was adorned with suitable ornaments, and here was found that obelisk now standing proudly in the Piazza Navona. We next ascend the roughly-paved hill, leading to the tomb of Cecilia Metella—a memorial of conjugal affection and of republican antiquity; for the Roman lady, with whose name Byron has made us familiar, flourished before the Christian era, and was the spouse of Crassus, who, being resolved his wife should never be forgotten, built her a tomb, which has defied, for 1,900 years, the ravages of time and war. But for violence done to the structure, we should see the fabric as originally finished. The form is circular, resembling the Martello towers, built round the Irish coast, for wise, no doubt, although inscrutable purposes. Its diameter is seventy feet; the blocks of travertine which composed the mass of the monument, were fitted without cement, and this part of the fabric, which may be called the outworks, remain, as also a portion of the beautiful frieze. The sarcophagus was torn from the chamber, where it had lain in the reign of Paul III., and may now be seen in the courtyard of the Farnese Palace. This prodigious pile has been used as a fortress, having been desecrated during the civil wars in the same manner as were other depositaries of the dead. Byron has written six noble stanzas on this "*stern round tower of other days*," and Sir John Hobhouse illustrated the glorious poetry of his friend in a pithy essay. It is not possible to behold this remark-

able monument, standing in solitary grandeur amidst wide-spread ruin, without ruminating on the past, and catching somewhat of the feeling which inspired the poet:—

> "I know not why, but standing thus by thee,
> It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
> Thou tomb! and other days come back on me,
> With recollected music, though the tone
> Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
> Of dying thunder on the distant wind;
> Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone,
> Till I had bodied forth the heated mind,
> Forms from the floating wreck which ruin leaves behind."

I remember visiting the studio of an artist in Rome, distinguished for painting animals; he was occupied in drawing for an English gentleman of classical taste, his fox-hounds throwing off *under the tomb of Cecilia Metella in the Campagna.* The Roman monument was oddly contrasted with the English jockey in his red coat, surrounded with his hounds, all drawn to the life. Fox-hunting is now a usual recreation of our active countrymen; in the Campagna of Rome it rejoices their manly hearts to bound over the remains of a great antiquity, and disturb the fox from the tombs of heroes. Beyond the monument we have described, the Appian becomes more broken and difficult; huge stones lie in the middle of the road; but it grows in interest from its solitariness, and from the views of ruined aqueducts and tombs. At a distance of two miles, we approach the tomb of the Servilii. There is a representation of this monument in the engraved sheet I have recommended to the traveller, of the antiquities of Rome. It is not to be compared with that of Cecilia Metella in size or grandeur, still the fragments were skilfully put together by Canova,

and the short inscription judiciously restored, instead of being carried off to the Vatican, to add to the overburdened museum: and, therefore, this monument of a noble Roman family interests the spectator deeply. When we remember these tombs lined the principal roads into Rome, in order that they should not appear dismal or offensive, they must have been constructed with architectural skill, and adorned with taste. The Appian, in its solemn beauty, was very unlike the repulsive aspect of our city grave-yards. Hobhouse assists us to realize the ancient grandeur of this, and the other roads branching from the capital of the world.

"The Appian sepulchres extend, at short intervals, for several miles. Let us fill the intermediate spaces with handsome edifices; restore the despoiled marbles to the tombs themselves, then imagine that the same decorations adorned all the other thirty great roads which branched off from the capital; add to this also the banks of the Tyber, studded with villas from as far as Otricoli on the Sabine side, to the port of Ostia; with these additions, which it appears may be fairly supplied from ancient notices, we shall account for the immense space apparently occupied by the city and suburbs of old Rome."

The Appian near Rome is now in a state of hopeless ruin, and never will be repaired, unless the old Romans come to life to do the work.

We may vary the route homeward, by turning off towards the fountain of Egeria, so called. Passing by the Temple of Bacchus, formerly called the Temple of Honour and Virtue, we reach the classic grotto. There is little to attract the eye, as it is a mere recess hollowed out of the bank with niches, on which it is said once stood statues; but all that remains now is one mutilated recumbent figure, not of the Nymph,

but, in all probability, of a water god. The sides of the grotto are now covered with creeping plants; once they were clothed with rich marble.

I tasted the delicious waters of the fountain before quitting the little glen, which is now abandoned to a solitude as profound as when Numa here held counsel with his Nymph in the sacred grove. In the woods of Egeria, the honest Umbricius stops to vent his complaints of the luxury of foreign manners, corrupting the nation which Numa had instructed in laws and religion. I may not, inappropriately, translate the well-known lines of Juvenal.

"Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,
I and my sullen discontented friend;
The marble caves and aqueducts we view,
But how adult'rate now, and different from the true!
How much more beauteous had the fountain been,
Embellished with her first created green,
Where crystal streams through living turf had run,
Contented with an urn of native stone!"

At a distance of half a mile from the Grotto, and across the undulating greensward of this part of the Campagna, stands the well-preserved ruins of a small temple, dedicated in modern times, no doubt, to the god Rediculus.* The position of this temple, in a sequestered place, tended to preserve it; the outward form is still complete; the pilasters remain, and a frieze, with portions of pillars and other ornaments. What surprises the beholder is the brightness of the work as yet standing.

* The conceit is, that this temple was founded to commemorate the retreat of Hannibal from Rome. This is a mere fiction. It could not have existed for centuries after the time the wily Carthaginian filled Rome with terror. Some antiquarians deny this building ever to have been intended as a temple, but rather for a tomb. I think the appearance of the ruin does not sustain this latter conjecture.

Forsythe happily observes, "So fresh are its red and yellow bricks, that the thing seems to have been ruined in its youth."

I imagined the antiquaries had entered into a plot to deceive us, in ascribing this little temple to the time of Hannibal; and that, in fact, it had been built by some modern Torlonia, who wished, like Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, to adorn his newly-purchased estate with a ruin built by himself.

However, I believe we may safely ascribe this shining little temple to the latter period of the Roman empire; but before invasions had wasted the Campagna, and when crowded with villas, adorned with stately tombs, refreshed by copious streams from the aqueducts, and studded with glittering temples, it must have presented a glorious appearance to the eye of the traveller, as he journeyed across its plains to the eternal city. Over the now deserted fields of the Campagna we walk, striving in our imaginations to restore its fallen grandeur.

We return from this excursion by the gate of St. Maria Maggiore; and, although not unwearied, yet must we pause again to examine the large and curious tomb of the Baker Eurysaces, and the representation of his busy men kneading the dough, and stamping the loaves with all the diligence and energy becoming those engaged in the worthy task of feeding the heroes of old Rome with wholesome bread.

But as this interesting sepulchre has been described fully in our journey of the fifth region of ancient Rome, it will suffice to refer to Canina, and refresh our recollections while reposing from the pleasant labours of the day.

CHAPTER XXII.

EXCURSIONS AROUND ROME.

The Protestant Burial-ground.—Pyramid of Caius Cestius.—Porta San Paolo.—The Tiber.—Basilica of St. Paul.—Return by Porta Giovanni.—Concluding Reflections on the Character of St. Paul.

THE Protestant burial-ground is close to the gate of St. Paul's, and at the opposite extremity of the city from that gate by which we enter Rome. It is within the walls, yet in a remote situation, near the deserted Aventine.

This cemetery possesses for us a peculiar and solemn interest. No Englishman departs from Rome without frequently visiting the last resting-place of so many of his countrymen. The invalid naturally desires to see the spot where his mortal body may probably be deposited, in hope, however, of a glorious resurrection. It is laid out with good taste, and a suitable regard to its object and the character of the people for whom it is destined. There are walks through the ground, and many of the monuments are excellently planned. The melancholy cypress rears its tall form appropriately in this receptacle of the dead. The pyramid of Caius Cestius is visible, and in perfect keeping with the scene. The pyramidical shape of this Roman monument seems peculiarly fitted for memorials of the dead, and its form is most enduring; there are writers who boldly assert the pyramids of Egypt were built before the deluge. A

bright sun shines over the graves of many of our countrymen, who visited Rome full of hope and joy.

In reading the inscriptions in the Protestant cemetery, it surprises one to perceive the Christian's hope in the resurrection is never referred to, nor the joyful anticipation of celestial happiness through faith in Christ expressed. The epitaphs consist of a record of the virtues of the deceased, or a narrative of the sudden and untimely fate which has overtaken so often youth and beauty, while engaged in the pursuit of pleasure. Amongst other inscriptions, we read those over the remains of the gifted John Bell, over Keats, and over the heart of Shelley; both the latter are affected. I had an opportunity of discovering why it was the epitaphs in the Protestant burying-ground were drawn up in this unusual fashion.

The lady of a dignitary of the Church of England died during my residence in Rome; her husband wrote an inscription intended for her tomb, in which he naturally introduced words referring to the hope of the deceased in the resurrection through Christ. The proposed epitaph as drawn up was, of course, submitted to the ecclesiastical censor for his approval, —that official struck out the words alluded to, and returned the inscription so erased and altered. There was a discussion subsequently on an appeal before the censor in person, and he decided, with many courteous observations, that the objectionable matter must be omitted, on the ground that it contradicted the fundamental doctrine of the Church, in asserting that an adult out of the pale of that Church could be saved; and, moreover, that it violated another rule of the same infallible tribunal, by quoting Scripture. "But," said the charitable censor, "you may ascribe to this lady the possession of all the virtues in the

calendar, provided you do not invade the doctrine of the Church." I saw myself, in Rome, the original inscription, with the lines struck out by the hand of this pious censor of Pope Gregory, and I am now enabled, by the kind permission of Archdeacon Beresford (husband of the deceased lady), to print a copy of the intended epitaph, inserting within brackets the parts so erased by the censor.

HERE LYETH

[*Until this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality,*]

THE BODY OF

MARY,

DAUGHTER OF COLONEL H. P. L'ESTRANGE,
OF MOYSTOWN, KING'S COUNTY, IRELAND,
AND WIFE OF
THE [*Venerable*] MARCUS G. BERESFORD, D.D. ARCHDEACON OF ARDAGH,
WHO DIED AT ROME, DEC. 31, 1845.

[*To her to live was Christ, and to die was gain.*
She is gone to the mountain of myrrh,
and the hill of frankincense:
till the day break, and the shadows flee away.]

QUI REPOSA

[*Finchè questo corruttibile avra rivestita incorruttibilità,*
è che questo mortale avra rivestita immortalità,]

IL CORPO DI

MARIA,

FIGLIA DEL COLONELLO H. P. L'ESTRANGE,
DI MOYSTOWN, KING'S COUNTY, IRLANDA,
ET MOGLIE DE
[*Venerabile*] MARCUS G. BERESFORD, D.D. ARCHIDIACONO DI ARDAGH,
CHE MORI A ROMA, 31 DECEMBRE, 1845.

[*Dessa il vivere era Cristo, e'l morire quadagna.*
Ella è andato alle montagne di mirra,
alla collina d' incenso:
finchè il giorno spunta, è le ombre sono papatè.]

1 APRIL, 1846.
INCIDATUR, SALVE LE CORREZIONE,
L. A. MIDEM, V.P.
S. T. M. S.

The reader perceives from the date, this intended epitaph was originally forbidden in the reign of Pope Gregory. Some months after the accession of Pius IX., a memorial, couched in most respectful language, was presented to his holiness, craving leave to inscribe the lines already given on the tombstone of the deceased lady. The memorial was, I presume, referred to the proper authorities, and a negotiation ensued, conducted on the part of Archdeacon Beresford by the resident chaplain, a discreet, judicious gentleman, thoroughly acquainted with Rome. He failed, however, in his kind mission. It was declared to be impossible to comply with so unreasonable an application, and the obnoxious epitaph was as rigidly condemned by, or under the authority of, Pope Pius, as under the rule of Pope Gregory. Politics may vary —the law of the Church is unchangeable.

Such a decision proves the madness of lodging supreme political power in the priesthood. They first invent the dogma of exclusive salvation, and then having the power to do so, carry out their intolerant principle by intolerant practice. At the same time, persons who, with a knowledge of the laws of the country, choose to reside in Rome, have no reasonable ground to complain of the ecclesiastical tribunals. The Roman lawyer and physician would scoff at the decision of the priest, as above recorded; but I considered it a sad proof of the bigotry still existing in the papal system, which would pursue its object beyond the grave; and, for no apparent object, wantonly hurt the feelings of the living.

The reader will remember we have described the ancient monument of Caius Cestius in the thirteenth region of Canina's book. We are now before this

imitation of Egypt's pyramids. It has stood uninjured 2,000 years, and may stand as many more.

A little distance from the pyramid we note an excavation: this is of the ancient *Via Ostrensis*. Looking down to the depth of about eight or ten feet, we see the hard Roman pavement resembling the Appian, which has been now laid bare for some distance, and which in other days conducted the adventurous Roman to Ostia, whence he sailed for war and conquest.

We now pass through the Porta San Paolo, not, however, without observing the gateway itself, which is considered to be one of the most picturesque in Rome.

We are outside the venerable walls of the eternal city. The pyramid is here built into the wall, and presents a very odd appearance; although, so far as it extends, a solid front to the enemies of Rome. Doubtless, when the walls were repaired and enlarged by Honorius, the necessities of the empire were too pressing to admit of respect even for the monuments of the dead.

We cannot behold the Tiber flowing towards Ostia without remembering the opposite accounts given of its greatness by ancient writers. Pliny says, the Tiber was navigable for the largest ships; and asserts that the prodigious vessel which carried the obelisk of the Vatican from Alexandria to Rome, sailed up the Tiber as easy as it had sailed down the Nile.

Strabo, on the other hand, assures us that the vast heaps of mud which were washed down by the current and deposited at the mouth of the river, rendered it necessary for large ships to unload a part of their cargo before they could arrive at the city. Gibbon endeavours to reconcile these opposite accounts.

Pliny wished to exaggerate; his reasoning, moreover, is inconclusive; for it does not follow that, because the vessel which carried the huge obelisk sailed down the Nile and up the Tiber, that therefore the rivers were of equal size. The accumulations at the mouth of the Nile might have been removed at the command of the Caligula, so as to admit the obelisk; while merchants, in ordinary times, not having the power of the tyrant to employ an unlimited amount of labour, would be glad to unload part of their merchandize, and put it on board of lighters, and thus ascend the river more easily. In this way Strabo may be reconciled with Pliny. Unquestionably the obelisk of the Vatican could not now be got up the Tiber.

We drive towards the Basilica of St. Paul. The road is the ugliest out of Rome, the country flat, rather marshy, and proverbially unwholesome, scourged by the pestilential malaria, and in summer deserted wholly of inhabitants.

We meet Rome's greatest novelty—the *omnibus*, which daily conveys the curious citizen to the Basilica, to behold the marvellous waste of money there exhibited. Most readers are aware, that the old Basilica of St. Paul was nearly consumed by fire some twenty years ago. There can be no doubt, this was one of the most ancient Christian churches in the world; and, according to the description given of it, presented a strange aspect with its 120 antique pillars, mosaic saints of the middle ages, costly bronze gates, and various curiosities heaped together. The thick columns of the side aisle, a wide space, escaped the conflagration. Pope Gregory began the reconstruction of this Basilica on a very expensive plan, collect-

ing subscriptions from the Roman Catholic countries, and princes of the Christian world. During the first winter I spent in Rome, the drive of four miles to St. Paul's was the favourite excursion of Pope Gregory, and the progress of the building afforded his pious heart unbounded delight. Pius IX. followed up the work only because it had been begun by his predecessors; and towards the end of my second year's residence in Italy, the transept, and high altar, and what I may call the church, were finished, and the nave, where the old pillars still stood, was covered in with a new roof.

I cannot give the reader an exact idea of the cost of this work: it must have been enormous. The whole interior of the church is coated with marbles, gildings, mosaics, pictures; while expensive side chapels, loaded with ornaments, are opened. All this profusion of expense is incurred in one of the poorest kingdoms in Europe, and while reproductive employment was so much to be desired. But what fills the beholder with surprise, is, the conviction of its inutility: here is a vast Basilica, reconstructed in a place where there are no inhabitants, and never can be; where the horrid malaria for several months of the year afflicts the whole district, and puts even the sturdy monks to flight—a more preposterous project even for a pope could scarce be imagined, yet the Roman people did not seem to be alive to the glaring absurdity of it. These good people have long been accustomed to see all the exertions and labours of their popes begin and end in the construction of a church, the building of which, in addition to 300 already existing, must atone for a multitude of political evils.

There were lying near St. Paul's several pillars of the rarest description of alabaster, presented by the Pacha of Egypt to the Pope, to adorn the new Basilica. The public are admitted, by order from the governor, to behold these costly columns, to which certainly there is nothing similar in Rome, nor perhaps in Europe. The gifts of the infidel will be freely used in decorating the restored temple of Christian worship.

The tradition of the church is, that St. Paul was buried under the great altar of the old Basilica, as it also is the tradition that the mighty apostle was beheaded on the spot now marked by the site of the Church of San Paolo alle tre Fontane. To this church, two miles from the Basilica, let us now proceed if we can. The first time I attempted this undertaking, I was compelled to return; the road was so broken up as to be impassable for a carriage. In the succeeding spring, I reached the scene of the alleged martyrdom of St. Paul. There are here no less than three churches close together, for no earthly purpose consistent with reason. We enter first the principal edifice; the sacristan pointed out with perfect gravity the three fountains, whence the church has its name, which severally sprung into existence at the respective moments when the head of the apostle thrice rebounded from the earth after it had been severed from his body. In the church of San Vincenzo ed Anastasio we have the whole twelve apostles ranged in order, in frescoes, in the nave; while the third church, Santa Maria Scala Cœli, is built over the graves of the ten thousand Christian martyrs, who were all, says tradition, beheaded by the wicked Emperor Diocletian in a single day, after they had

been employed in the servile labour of erecting the immense baths, called still by the persecutor's name.

We may vary our returning route by driving under the walls of old Rome to the Porta San Giovanni—an excursion ever awakening recollections of the past, and its faded glories. Let us cast a parting glance at the remains of the Anfiteatro Castrense, built into the walls in a similar way to the pyramid of Cestius, and entering the city by the Porta San Giovanni, slowly pass the Lateran, guarded by its gigantic statues of the apostles; and, regretting that our delightful labours have finished, and our survey of Rome and the Campagna completed, reach home, saddened by the reflection of the brevity of human life, compared with the age of the old things we have been contemplating.

Rome must possess an eternal interest; here possibly Peter preached, Paul certainly reasoned and taught; here, probably, both were victims in the massacre of Nero, and here, undoubtedly, a precious deposit of truth was made.

The life of St. Paul furnishes, next to the miracles, the strongest evidence of the truth of Christianity; he was no heated enthusiast, but a man of sound judgment, liberal attainments, boundless benevolence, and gifted with an overwhelming eloquence. He pursued his great purpose with zeal and earnestness, endured every hardship and insult, danger and suffering, and was unsubdued. Nor was he to be diverted from the prosecution of his glorious task by the prospect of death. We must revere the spot consecrated by his triumphant labours; we must desire the rays of apostolic truth to shine upon, and emanate from it; we must hope that his divine teaching may in Rome

prevail in all the fulness of its power, and that the religion of Rome may become as nearly as it is possible, consistent with the lessons Paul has taught.

In this aspiration, all good Catholics of the universal Church may heartily unite, and there can be no mode more likely to accomplish this desirable object, than that of imparting to all a knowledge of the sublime truths he has taught, and in his own imperishable words.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EXCURSIONS IN SPRING.

The Campagna of Rome.—Frascati, and its Villas.—Tusculum.—Classic Recollections.—Lake Regillus.—Grotto Ferrata, and its castellated Monastery.—Frescoes of Domenichino.—Marino.—Alba Longa.—Castel Gandolfo.—Lake of Nemi.—Temple of Diana.—Genzano.—Aricia.—Alban Lake, by Sunset.—Italian Fair at Grotto Ferrata.—Description of a Capanna in the Campagna. Wages and Mode of Existence of the Herdsman.—A Roman Farm on a grand Scale, described by De Tournon.—Reflections.

"Nec ut superni villa candens Tusculi,
Circæa tangat mœnia."

The Campagna of Rome possesses a solemn and peculiar interest; roads branch out from the capital in every direction, inviting the tourist and scholar to explore scenes either of natural beauty or of classic association. There is a map of the Campagna, and a topographical and geological account of its antiquities and present condition, drawn up in French by Monsieur Tickler. These enable the traveller to comprehend, in some measure, what the Campagna of Rome once was. The melancholy contrast between its ancient glory and present desolation, impresses every reflecting mind with awe. We cannot, however, stop to moralize, this bright morning; the sun has risen

gloriously in the heavens, and we must hasten on our joyous excursion of three days, with pleasant friends and in cheerful spirits. Although the Campagna is gloomy, some twelve miles distant fresh gardens, and shady groves, and green woods, invite us to breathe pure air, and to be reminded of happy England. Nature, ever bountiful, if she has surrounded Rome with a parched, and in summer sterile plain, has placed at its outskirts wooded heights and mountains, to cool and invigorate the Roman citizen, and inspire him, if possible, with poetical or classic recollections. For myself, I should surmise, Frascati, just overhanging the Campagna, is too close to the malaria district for perfect security in the hot season. We have passed out of the Porta San Giovanni, and soon catch a view of the long line of arches of the Claudian and Marcian aqueducts, stretching over the Campagna, passing at a distance of three miles from Rome on our left the huge mound, perversely called the Monte del Grano, a favourite morning's drive. It was raised as the sepulchre of some celebrated person, although not the Emperor Alexander Severus, as asserted. I have been in the deep excavation made in the centre, whence was extracted that beautiful white marble sarcophagus, which stands in the "Hall of the Sarcophagus," in the capitol, adorned with *bas reliefs*, representing the history of Achilles; and the Londoner may be surprised to hear that in this sarcophagus was found the Portland Vase, now so prized in the British Museum. The chamber in which this splendid monument was buried has nothing remarkable to arrest attention. It was originally bored into from the summit.

We must not further delay to search out the

site of the temple of Fortuna Muliebris, built, as it is said, to celebrate the victory of Volumnia and Virgilia over the stern Coriolanus. We have reached the eminences clad with olives, leading to Frascati, and behold its shining villas embosomed amongst cypresses and ilex, and an occasional pine; further up the hill the noble chestnut trees abound. To enjoy Frascati we must see it frequently. On the first visit, the stranger is coerced to *do the villas;* that is, go the rounds in succession, under charge of a cicerone, who plagues you by his particularity. One villa is so like another, that the examination of the interior of the villa Borghese, called Aldobrandini, would suffice for all the rest. The grounds, and terraces, and waterworks belonging to this princely seat deserve our notice; its position also is commanding. From the lofty terrace facing the Campagna, a view can be had of Rome itself. I preferred, to all the pictures and statues in the interior, the bust of the late princess,* always described to have been an angelic character. Nor must we forget the waterworks attached to the villa, so pleasantly described by Forsythe.

"The whole court seems alive at the turning of a cock. Water attacks you on every side: it is squirted on your face from invisible holes: it darts up in a constellation of *jets d'eau:* it returns in misty showers, which present against the sun a beautiful iris."

They are somewhat mitigated at present. I cannot admire an Italian villa with its unnatural and artificial ornaments. The parks and grounds of an English house are incomparably superior. The Roman nobleman carries as much of Rome as he can with him

* Daughter of Lord Shrewsbury.

into the country, and has no taste for the healthy pleasures of country life, nor would he accept a lesson on farming from old Cato himself.

Escaping from the villas, the vigorous Englishman on foot, ladies and invalids on donkeys, prepare to ascend the heights to see the convent of the Camaldolines, and the ancient Tusculum. Our path lies partly through shady woods, and the ascent is not severe. The air is fresh, the scene natural, the associations connected with the place profoundly interesting. We must remember in approaching the site of the ancient Tusculum, that it was the birth-place of Cato, and the scene of the Tusculum Questions of Cicero, considered amongst the best of his speculative writings. An hour's ride brings us to the ruins. We can still see parts of the ancient, massive walls, citadel, and gates; a small theatre, of which the seats are nearly perfect, and the remains of an amphitheatre; also a portion of the old Roman pavement has been uncovered. For these excavations we are chiefly indebted to the French. The view from this spot was magnificent, while the air we inhaled was perfumed with the sweet fragrance shed by numberless wild plants and flowers. My thoughts ran on Cicero. He retired to this delightful spot, when wearied by factions and despairing of freedom, to enjoy the society of his intellectual friends, to philosophize, and by the composition of his Tusculum Questions (had he left no other memorial of his genius), to establish his immortal renown.

We are conducted over ruins said to have belonged to the villa of Cicero. There is no reasonable ground to doubt the residence of the philosopher was in this locality; and certainly there is a pleasure indescribable

in visiting places dwelt in by the great and good of the earth. Everything in and around Frascati vanishes into insignificance when compared with the interest belonging to the abode of Tully.

The ride to the convent of the Camaldolines is most agreeable: the priestly residence is as usual in a delightful situation; here, sleepy old monks in white move slowly about, show their convent to men only, and their church to the ladies. They have consecrated the chamber in which Pius IX. slept on the occasion of his recent visit. To vary the route, we may return by the Villa Ruffinella, now deserted, but once inhabited by Lucien Buonaparte. Here, some twenty-five years ago, the brigands paid a visit to the family of the Emperor, as they were sitting down to dinner, and ran away with the secretary instead of the Prince, keeping their captive in the mountains till a round ransoin was paid for his liberation. No stirring adventures of this description now enliven the tranquillity of Frascati. A vulgar police at present rules, and "the age of chivalry is gone."

From a day so spent, heartfelt gratification is derived. Another agreeable ride from Frascati can be made to Mondragone, a villa now deserted; but the road conducts through magnificent avenues of ilex trees, and the views from the villa are highly interesting. The height of Monte Algido, covered with woods, once the haunt of notorious brigands, is seen sloping from the grounds, and Monte Porcia, with the Lake Regillus, in the distance.

"Where, by the Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum
Was fought the glorious fight.

And how the Lake Regillus
Bubbled with crimson foam,
What time the thirty cities
Came forth to war with Rome."

Frascati also boasts a spacious hotel, most agreeable, I have no doubt, in summer; but at night in the month of March fearfully cold, which was not diminished by the polished tile floors of the apartments: but a day's wholesome fatigue ensures unbroken slumbers, and we arose cheerfully in the morning to pursue our excursion by Grotto Ferrata, Marino, and Castel Gandolfo, to Albano. Let me exhort the traveller, instead of returning to Rome, and thence on separate days visiting each of these picturesque retreats, to cross the country from Frascati to Albano. This will enable him to see the country to advantage, and he will find the contrast between it and the dull tracts lying around Rome no less agreeable than surprising. Woods, shady roads, the noble elm and the plane trees abound, with hills and romantic glens, and old castles, and a venerable monastery, and all that can gratify a romantic or a rational being. An hour must be devoted to the turreted monastery of San Basilio, where an abbot still rules; but not, I fear, as portly as of yore—for abbots are fast going out of fashion; but we must stop to examine frescoes painted by no inferior hand. Domenichino here proved his genius in a work becoming the place and the piety of the artist: he has preserved by his pencil for our edification the history of the miracles of St. Bartholomew, all fresh as when touched by his inimitable hand. That a demon should be overmastered with oil from the lamp of the Madonna is not so very surprising; but that the saint should have been able, as

represented, to sustain by his unaided arm a weighty marble column, when its props had fallen, and which during the building of the convent had nigh crushed the workmen, was miraculous; and I doubt the present abbot (believing soul that he is!) would not be willing to repeat the experiment, even although he had another Domenichino to record his triumph. The famous Italian artists of old had a very pleasing custom, that of introducing portraits of themselves and their attached friends into large pictures, where many figures were grouped together. Here Domenichino, in his fine fresco of the meeting of a saint and an emperor, has drawn himself, and Guido, and Guercino, and the girl he loved, whom, for sake of propriety, he transformed into a modest youth. I heartily thanked the monk for this spectacle, and failed not to admire his well-preserved miracles.

Connected with the country we are now traversing, it is interesting to know that the enlightened Cardinal Gonsalvi died in this convent, or rather in the fine palace attached to it, and it is said too, *suddenly*. In Frascati died, gently, the last pretender of the house of Stuart: Gonsalvi has far greater claims on our respect. We next pass near Marino, a glen where antiquaries say the Latin tribes met, and they did wisely to assemble on national affairs in the open air, and in a cool romantic glen, without seats for the members, which would facilitate business in our own parliament vastly. Whether Livy drew upon his imagination or his memory for his history, matters little for those who eschew Niebuhr, and read in faith; and so let the traveller conjure up all Livy narrates to have happened in this region. Nor would it be just to omit a tribute of respect to our countryman,

Sir William Gell, for searching out for us the true site of Alba Longa, which I never could have found; his book the traveller will consult to elucidate the Campagna and its topography. In this delightful district we have thick woods to give us shade, with bright meadows, and laughing women to cheer us; and so we approach Castel Gandolfo, perched on a cliff where popes take refuge from an autumnal sun, and the horrors of the malaria. A very beautiful road, shaded by ilexes, conducts to Albano, where we now are; but the day is not so far spent that we cannot accomplish something more: so, refreshing ourselves with some more substantial fare than Horace's thrushes, we drive to the lake of Nemi. This lovely lake, like that of Albano, occupies the crater of a long extinct volcano.

"Although only four or five miles in circumference, it possesses a variety and richness of beauty scarcely to be surpassed, and which is only to be appreciated by rambling up and down its steep banks, and round its margin, thickly planted with trees, every one of which would repay a painter's study. With that strange yet beautiful aptitude which is so distinguishing a characteristic of the heathen mythology, this calm and pure retreat was appropriated to the chaste Diana and her nymphs; and so calm, so pure, so lovely is it, as it sleeps in the sunshine, and draws to its embrace the deep blue sky, that it would seem impossible for aught not chaste and good to live within its magical domain."*

The village of Nemi, picturesquely placed on the margin of the lake, is exactly opposite Genzano.

* This poetical, but faithful description of the Lake of Nemi, I take from the text illustrating the sketches of Central Italy, by my friend Mr. Henry Cook.

There is here a fine old feudal castle with a round tower, which, with the town and a large tract of the surrounding country, belongs to Prince Rospigliosi, having formerly been possessed by the noble families of Colonna and the Cenci. The view from these heights is varied and interesting beyond description, and the surrounding country has been made known to us by Virgil's verse. We now return by the pretty little village of Genzano, and resume our drive towards Aricia. A more beautiful scene than this town presents, when under the influence of an Italian sunset, cannot be conceived; the wooded hill upon which it stands, presenting every imaginable variety of tone and shade, and the cathedral and towers standing out in brilliant relief against a sky glowing with golden hues; but we must hasten homeward, that we may linger on the borders of Lake Albano, ere

"The god of gladness sheds his parting smile."

Few spots are more lovely than the Alban Lake and its vicinity. Its circular basin lies buried among steep crags covered with verdure. The surrounding objects have been already in the journey to Naples described; these, with mountains and forests, the olive, and here and there the solemn, stately cypress, combine to form a glorious scene. The sun had but just sunk

"In one unclouded blaze of living light."

It was one of those delicious evenings in the clime of Italy, such as language or even painting can but feebly picture; and we lingered in the open air until the soft mist, floating like a silver veil over the landscape, warned us night was fast approaching.

Having exhausted the neighbourhood of Albano in

this a fourth visit, we were tempted to return to Rome by Grotto Ferrata, in order to see an Italian fair which was to be holden there. It was represented to me, the costume of the peasants on such an occasion would be picturesque, and the amusements characteristic of the national manners. The dress of the Albanian peasant is peculiar; the scarlet cloth boddice, trimmed with rich gold lace, suits well the pale complexion of the dark-eyed women, the costume of the men not less becoming to their manly form and fine aquiline features. A group of these, seated at a long table under a tent, their eyes rivetted on one who sang some evidently favourite national air, struck me as a scene in which Teniers would have revelled. I must confess, however, I was disappointed with this fair; perhaps it may have been from my inability to enjoy it: for the crowd, dust, and parching heat, without shade, became so disagreeable, that I was glad to take refuge in the convent church, where our old monk stood guard over the frescoes, and received toll from the curious before he admitted them to behold his treasures.

The direct road from Grotto Ferrata to Rome is rough and bad. When within a few miles of the capital, our notice was attracted by one of those strange erections in the wide Campagna, which resemble in the distance a large haycock, and form the habitation of the herdsmen, who during the winter months tend the cattle spread over the Campagna. I had never been inside one of these curious looking conical dwellings, with which, at considerable intervals, the vast plain is studded. Having walked half a mile across the country towards the aqueduct, which supplies the Acqua Felice, we reached the Capanna,

the name of these huts. It was very large, the doors were gone, so there was no difficulty in gaining admission. We found the occupants had removed, with the exception of one herdsman, a tall handsome Italian, with dark expressive eyes, who received us with the courtesy of a gentleman.

This habitation was run up to a conical top with strong ribs of timber firmly fixed in the ground, the whole admirably thatched with thick Indian corn straw, impervious to wind or rain. There were two entrances opposite each other; no window or chimney; in the centre stood a brazier, where the wood or charcoal fire might be kindled. The sleeping places resembled berths in a ship, and ran round the interior in tiers; these were likewise composed of the Indian corn straw. Thus simply were five-and-twenty of the herdsmen, whom we see driving the cattle over the Campagna, accommodated in this cheerless winter abode. It is pulled down before the hot months set in, when animated nature deserts the pestilential wilderness. The man whom we met informed us of their mode of life in this wigwam, near the walls of Rome; the herdsmen relieve each other in their severe duties, and *he* received one paul (five pence) per day as wages; his food was bread and herbs; and when asked what was his drink, he pointed to the aqueduct, and said with a graceful inclination, *Acqua felice*.

I suppose this to be the lowest rate of wages paid to labourers near any of the great capitals in Europe; less than a half of what is set down as the rate in the books on the statistics of the Papal States. These laborious men at the approach of summer remove with their herds to the mountains, and so gain a precarious subsistence.

But the reader must not conclude there is no skilful or extensive farming throughout the Papal States. If we turn to the masterly work so often quoted, by Napoleon's prefet, we find a very graphic description given of a Roman farm conducted on a grand scale. The Count introduces us to the interior of the colossal farm of Campo-Morto.

"Cette ferme occupe une grande partie du territoire de Corioles et d'Antium, dont les champs virent Marcius Coriolan, vainqueur, gagner l'épée à la main son glorieux surnom, et peu après fugitif, venir s'asseoir humblement au foyer du roi des Antiates. Aujourd'hui quelques bâtimens peu étendus occupent seuls une vaste solitude qui s'étend dans tous les sens sur un plan presque horizontal."

The farm consists of 4,309* rubbj, 1,000 of which is arable land, 1,100 permanent pasture or meadows, and 2,200 forest. The arable land is divided into four lots, which are subject each to a different rotation of crops and fallows according to the nature of the soil. One wheat crop is succeeded by two or three years' fallow, or the wheat crop is followed by oats and beans; or, lastly, after the oat harvest in the second year, the ground is sown with Indian corn or beans, after which it is left fallow for one year, and then sown with wheat again. The wheat crop returns in general nine for one, the other grains and beans about fifteen. The cultivation of the farm requires 65 ploughs and 320 oxen; 250 bullocks are kept fattening for the market, besides about 800 cows and calves, and about 100 buffaloes. One hundred horses are required for the cattle-drivers and servants of the farm, who are always mounted, as well as for the

* 17,000 acres.

carts, &c., and 250 mares and colts to keep up that number. Two thousand sheep graze on the farm. The agents and servants permanently employed amount to 180. About 400 labourers are engaged from October to June, and about 800 in harvest time. The former are paid from one franc and a half to two francs a-day;* the latter in general about two francs. They come chiefly from the mountains of the Abruzzi and Sabina. The rent paid to the chapter of St. Peter's, who are the proprietors, is 120,000 francs; the whole produce of the farm is valued at 355,000 francs. But the expenses attending this great establishment swallow up so much of this sum, that the real profits of the farmer consist in his commercial and banking speculations, which he carries on by means of the produce of his farm. The Count de Tournon then adds:—

"En considérant cette immense manufacture de produits si divers, en voyant cette multitude d'ouvriers, ces innombrables troupeaux, cette abondance de biens, cette aisance de la vie; en examinant l'ordre qui règne dans ce mouvement si rapide, on est saisi d'estime pour l'homme qui sait diriger vers le même but des fils si nombreux, qui anime cette prodigieuse machine. Ces scènes variées, ce bruit, cette activité au milieu des solitudes du Latium, sur le sol où s'éleva Corioles, en vue du promontoire d'Antium, et de la poussière qui fut le temple de la Fortune ou la Maison de Poppée, reportent la pensée vers les tems antiques, remplissent l'âme d'émotions."

Notwithstanding the admiration of the Count de Tournon for the management of this establishment, it may be questioned if farms of sixteen thousand acres

* Quere.

can be beneficial to the country. A rare example of skilful arrangement and cultivation may be met with, but it cannot be for the permanent good of the community to vest such large tracts in one man. This vast farm belongs to the chapter of St. Peter's; the annual rent is 120,000 francs. Without boasting of prophetic powers, my conviction is, that the whole system of locking up tracts of land in corporations, or convents, or in individuals, who grant nine years' leases only, will be broken up, the law changed, priests will be relieved of the irksome labours of farming or managing estates, and, through a great social revolution, the condition of the people permanently improved and raised.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Excursion by Hadrian's Villa to Tivoli, and thence to the Sabine Farm of Horace.—Objects of most interest on this Route described.

" Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnere."
Horace, Epod. ii. 1.

April 9th, 1847.

The Porta San Lorenzo, anciently Porta Tiburtina, through which we issue into the Campagna, is remote from the inhabited quarters of the city, and shows the wide space enclosed within the walls of Rome.

The venerable basilica of San Lorenzo, some three miles from the capital, founded in the fifth century, invites a visit. The portico is adorned with six Ionic columns, four of which are twisted, and it contains some curious old paintings. The interior presents a nave, separated from the side aisles by twenty-two Ionic columns of Egyptian granite. The tribune is elevated above the nave, and distinguished by ten splendid fluted columns of Pavonazetta marble, buried nearly to the top of their shafts below the pavement of the church. The capitals, with two exceptions, of the Corinthian order, are beautifully carved. These support another range of smaller columns, two of which are of green porphyry, surmounted by a

gallery. Two very ancient marble pulpits adorn this basilica.

Crossing the Anio, we arrive at the singular lake called Lago di Tartari, so named from the tartareous deposits with which it has the quality of covering vegetable matter which becomes petrified. This process of petrifaction produces travertine, the common stone of the country.

The sulphureous canal, named Flumen Albulæ, next detained us, but not long, for the smell of sulphur here would knock down a horse. Geologists and chemists have written volumes on the natural phenomena of this district.

We must again cross the Anio by the old bridge of Lucano, and stop before the well-preserved monument of the Plautii, which resembles in shape and size the tomb of Cecilia Metella. We here turned off to Hadrian's Villa; some cypress trees mark the site.

Our view of Tivoli, situated beautifully on the mountain, was now very attractive. Having driven into the prodigious enclosure of this extraordinary villa, which, covering an extent of three miles, rather resembled a ruined city, including as it did in one spot imitations of all that the restless emperor had seen most striking in his travels, we gaze around in wonder on these imposing ruins;—theatres, baths, temples, barracks, porticoes, &c. were spread over the vast space, the statues and rare works of art found amongst the remains of which, have furnished whole museums. Our cicerone informed us, no excavations of value had taken place for many years. In our walk, we encountered a long and ugly snake; our guide immediately killed it with stones, telling us its bite was *deadly*.

The ascent to Tivoli is very steep, but shaded with the olive and the ilex. We perceive, in approaching the town, a marked difference between the Tibur of the ancients, and Frascati of the moderns. The numerous white villas which adorn the modern Frascati are wanting at Tivoli, which, however, possesses higher claims, from its natural beauty of scenery and situation, and its classical associations. Perhaps one reason why the Romans do not now resort to Tivoli for a summer residence, may be, that its climate is considered capricious, even unwholesome. We have here ruined villas, ancient temples, and newly-made waterfalls. If, on gaining the summit, we turn round towards Rome at a sudden opening, what an expansive, magnificent view is before our eyes—the vast plain of Latium, with Rome for its centre, and the sea for its horizon. Thus Tivoli affords the delights of a fresh and smiling valley, wooded heights, and of a boundless prospect. The numerous cascades formed by the Anio, constitute, however, the charm of this celebrated district.

The unclassic visitor will exult in the superior accommodation of La Regina; but whosoever is inspired with a passion for antiquity, will establish himself in La Sibilla, an hotel which possesses in its narrow yard such a circular temple as is scarce equalled for gracefulness and beauty in the peninsula. Moreover, it is an undoubted memorial of the Augustan age: surely the Sybil must attract us by her spell. We are now in the Tibur of the ancients, and the natural advantages of its position, inaccessible from three sides, explain how from the most remote periods this has been the seat of a famous city. After its incorporation with Rome, Tibur became the favourite

retreat of the patricians, who were charmed by the freshness of its waters and the beauty of its prospects. Brutus, Cassius, Augustus, Mæcenas, there built their villas, while Horace preferred it to the rest of the world.

> "Domus Albuneæ resonantis,
> Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et uda
> Mobilibus pomaria rivis."

We step out at once to the temple sometimes called Vesta; again that of the Tiburtine Sybil. Its shape resembles Vesta's shrine in Rome, being circular. It is surrounded by a portico, formerly consisting of eighteen Corinthian columns, of stuccoed travertine, ten of which are now only standing: the foliage of the capitals is of the olive, and the entablature is sculptured with festoons of flowers, and heads of oxen. We have seated ourselves under the colonnade of this classical temple, which, perched upon an airy cliff, overhanging, as it were, a vast abyss, commands a view of the whole valley of the Anio, and of the profound gulph below. I question if, in our rambles round the hill, we can gain a more varied, romantic, or commanding prospect. Curious enough, were we to read the books describing the cascades of Tivoli, written twenty-five years since, we should be entirely misled; the fact being, that a prodigious wall, built by Sixtus V., over which the great volume of water fell into the gulph called the Grotto of Neptune, forming one of the grandest scenes in Europe, was carried away by the inundation of 1826; and the flood having also undermined the base of the rock on which the temple of Vesta stands; in order, amongst other good reasons, to preserve this precious relic, it was found necessary to divert the course of

the river; and the new Falls were then formed, by cutting a tunnel through Monte Catello, exactly opposite the temple. The river here rushes down into the valley to the depth of nearly eighty feet, in one mighty cataract. I must say, in my judgment, nothing can be more preposterous than the comparison so often made between the Falls of Terni and the cascade constructed at Tivoli. The former is immeasurably superior.

We must now quit our lofty and classical position, and make the circuit of the hill; this will occupy four hours, and a delightful excursion it is. Mounted on donkies, we set forward, and crossing the bridge over the Anio, our path lay along its banks, and by the base of a steep hill crowned with olives. At every step a new and beautiful picture presented itself to our view. Massive rocks, and headlong torrents, wooded mountains, and verdant valleys—the rushing river,

> "And the green steeps, whence Anio leaps,
> In floods of snow-white foam."

But it is not the natural beauties only which render so attractive this charming excursion. The Palace of Vopiscas, the abode of Horace, and many villas, called by classic names, almost cross our path; and further on, the site of the villa of the luxurious Mæcenas is pointed out. What a noble prospect did this villa command! on one side, overlooking the wide plains of the Campagna, (no desert then,) and glorious Rome in the distance, with its horizon of purple mountains. Here we may suppose the accomplished minister of Augustus spent many an Attic evening with Horace, Varro, and Virgil, and the learned and witty men of that polite and famous age.

There is another villa, more modern, called the Villa d'Este, built in 1549 by Cardinal d'Este; it is now deserted and falling into ruin However, it must be visited, because here there is a splendid view from a terrace which overlooks the wide Campagna, and the fascinating scenery all around. The gardens are laid out with the usual formality and perverted taste of the Italians in this respect—clipped hedges, shaped-out trees, and water converted into all manner of devices; but the noble cypress and stately pines that in this spot abound,* compensate, with its situation, for all other defects.

Having traversed this romantic district, we feel the force of Forsythe's description.

"The hill of Tivoli is all over picture. The city, the villas, the ruins, the rocks, the cascades, in the foreground; the Sabine hills, the three Monticelli, Soracte, Frascati, the Campagna, and Rome in the distance:—these form a succession of landscapes superior, in the delight produced, to the richest cabinet of Claude's. Tivoli cannot be described: no true portrait of it exists: all views alter and embellish it: they are poetical translations of the matchless original."

The cascade has been altered since this was written. Unlike the hasty tourists, who fly back to Rome, we compose ourselves for the night under the shade of the Sybil's protection. Seated at glorious sunset under the portico of the graceful temple, my fellow-traveller,* imbued thoroughly with the spirit of the classics, quoted felicitously from the poet whose verses are imperishably associated with the scenes before us. The associations connected with the place crowded

* Rev. C. Girdlestone, joint Editor with the Rev. W. Osborne of a late edition of Horace.

into our minds, "and the past predominates over the present." The founders of a mighty empire here reposed—the conquerors of the world here sought refuge from the torments of ambition; the patriots and poets of a famous people here strengthened their virtues and fed their genius. We can feel with Horace, Tibur would afford a most suitable retirement for the scholar and the poet.

> "May Tibur to my latest hours
> Afford a kind and calm retreat;
> Tibur, beneath whose lofty towers
> The Grecians fixed their blissful seat;
> There may my labours end, my wandering cease,
> There all my toils of warfare rest in peace."

Having arranged the night previously that our guide and the ponies should leave Tivoli at five o'clock in the morning, (a precaution necessary, as there are neither to be had at the cross road, or rather bridle-path, leading to the Sabine Farm,) we left at a more seasonable hour by the carriage road to Subiaco. Every inch we travelled convinced me of the good sense of Horace. Were I condemned to spend a summer in the vicinity of Rome, the Sabine hills would be my resort.

The drive along the banks of the Anio, up the country, was perfectly delightful; fresh wholesome air to breathe, green hills, cultivated valleys, mountains, and a dashing river to behold and admire. No villas, or castles, or gentlemen's seats, but the noble ruins of a portion of the Claudian Aqueduct were in our sight, stretching over the country, and showing us, from their position, what vast tunnels the old Romans must have made. Our turning point from the road was nearly opposite a convent, as usual in the choicest

situation, on a lofty eminence over the river. A few cypresses at the edge of the precipice gave a mournful aspect to the building, where some twenty-five monks vegetate and whine through their monotonous existence. This is called the convent of St. Cosimato, and is a little beyond the elevated village of Vicovaro. Here we turned to the left, by a bridle-path most difficult—broken, like the stony channel of a river. One of our party, overcome by the heat, soon fell back to sketch; we pushed on under a burning sun, through the valley of Astrica, formerly Astica, along which flows the Digentia, called now La Licenza. We passed high on our right Mandela anciently, now Cantalupo in Bardella. There was a profound silence around; we scarce met a living being. If Horace really travelled this road, what must not his bob-tailed mule have suffered! We passed a spot where had been erected a temple of Vacuma; and, at last, having toiled on three miles, got a view of Licenza; then we turned up a narrow path and came to a field where stood, they say, the villa of the poet; a fragment of mosaic pavement, a few broken pillars, and the name of the valley and mountain behind, called Lucretilis, with Horace's account, furnish proof of the locality. Referring to the description of his Sabine farm by the poet, as we stood on the ground, it seemed very applicable. There can be no doubt there is here a sequestered vale, cool and healthy compared with Rome.

> "Hic in reducta valle, Caniculæ
> Vitatus æstus."

The proprietor now calls the mountain, behind the poet's dwelling, Lucretilis.

"Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem,
Mutat Lycæo Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis, pluviosque ventos."

And if we apply the description in the Epistle to Quentius, it is still more satisfactory.

"A lengthened chain of mountains that divide,
And open to the sun on either side:
The right, wide spreading on the rising day,
The left is warmed beneath his setting ray.
How mild the clime, where sloes luxurious grow,
And blushing cornels on the hawthorn glow!
A fountain to a rivulet gives its name,
Cooler and purer than a Thracian stream,
Useful to ease an aching head it flows,
Or when with burning pain the stomach glows."

With truth the poet added,

"Hæ latebræ dulces, etiam (si credis) amœnæ,
Incolumen tibi me præstent Septembribus horis."

A more agreeable retreat in the malaria season there could not be found; nor should I omit the fountain of Bandusia, a name to be forgotten only with the poetry of Horace. At no great distance up the mountain, this fountain is pointed out. Hobhouse has observed, the only spot of ploughed land in the whole valley is on the knoll where this Bandusia rises, and aptly applies the words of the ode:

"Tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes, et pecori vago."

It is very satisfactory to find that Sir J. Hobhouse, whom I regard as a high authority on this subject, is of opinion, from the exact correspondence with the position of everything the poet has told us of his retreat, that we may feel tolerably secure of our site.

Horace not only has represented to us city life in Rome, but country life in different forms, in the elegant villa near Tibur, and on his farm in the healthy district of the Sabine hills, which we have now visited.

I was entertained by the remark of the present occupant of the Sabine farm—he wondered what brought the *Inglesi*, his chief visitors, to see this place. When it was explained to him that we were well flogged at school, failing to learn our boyish lessons from the works of this same Horace, and that so, when we grew to be men, we wished to visit the habitation of him who had been the cause of our early sufferings; he laughed heartily, and said he understood that perfectly. On inquiring who was the proprietor of the estate, we were informed Prince Borghese, whose classical spirit, it seems, has never induced him to visit the spot consecrated as the abode of genius. Certainly the Prince, by preserving the road in its horrible condition, tests severely the enthusiasm of the stranger who might desire to trace out the retreat of the most delightful, yet racy and instructive of our Latin poets.

CHAPTER XXV.

EXCURSIONS FROM ROME.

The Etruscan Tombs of Tarquinii.

" Thou so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

THE zealous traveller must not quit Italy without a visit to the modern Corneto (Queen of the Maremma), in order to examine perhaps the most ancient things on earth—the tombs of Etruscan Tarquinii. Fifty miles will not be traversed by the mere pleasure-seeking tourist, and indeed the drawings in Rome of these curious monuments would satisfy the ephemeral inquisitiveness of such a person; but the visit will be made by him "who travels with some knowledge of the past, and possesses sufficient imagination to use that knowledge in the reproduction of beautiful and mighty things long departed and forgotten."*

Time and expense may be economised, by reserving this visit to the site of Tarquinii till returning home by Civita Vecchia. Resting in the latter place, the excursion may thence be made with ease and advantage.

Corneto is about twelve miles distant from Civita Vecchia. The road lies along the coast, and, thanks

* Mrs. Hamilton Gray's book, p. 215.

to the convicts, is a very good one ; on one side there is an expansive view of the Mediterranean ; on the other, of the country, which is much better cultivated and more pleasingly diversified than most parts of the Campagna. The hills in our prospect are filled with wild boar, the flesh of which is so much relished by the epicure. We found Corneto perched upon a high hill, as is always the case with Etruscan towns. Hastening to glut our curiosity, we were obliged to be satisfied with the son of the real cicerone, as the chief guide was in attendance upon a cardinal. So, with his keys, and a tin case of lights, our young cicerone mounted the coach-box, and we proceeded to discover, at three miles distance, the tombs of as extraordinary a people as ever appeared in the world. It seems a difficult business to find out the entrance to these strange receptacles of the dead. A vast space of ground, hilly, stony, and now covered with a low coarse brushwood, and separated by a deep and wide valley from the ancient city of Tarquinii (of which only some foundation-walls and the position of six gates exist), was used as their Necropolis by the Etruscans. Here they scooped out of the rock these tombs, which have endured 3,000 years with slight injury. Excavations have been made from time to time, and in recent years 2,000 tombs have been opened; but the conjecture is, there could not have been less than two millions, as the Necropolis extended over sixteen square miles. The principal tombs are shown to travellers. You descend by a steep short path into what looks like a pit; at the end of this abrupt descent is a door, which, being unlocked, at once introduces you into the sepulchre—a chamber carved in the rock, dry, clean, and enduring. Above,

on the roof, around on the walls, you see figures of men, animals, &c. The games, funeral processions, banquets, amusements and customs of the Etruscans are here disclosed. The first we entered was called Grotto della Querciola, the largest of these tombs, but the colours are faded. The paintings represent horsemen, boar-hunts, games, groups of dancers, &c. The second tomb I saw was the Grotto del Triclinio, a fine chamber with a vaulted roof, the paintings representing many figures reclining at a funeral banquet; one of the ladies is in the act of breaking an egg, and one of the gentlemen is receiving a cup of wine; a tame leopard, a partridge, and a cock are picking up the crumbs. At another side is represented a dance, where the castanets are played. The third tomb opened for us was the Camera del Morto. This is small, but highly interesting. One painting exhibits two youthful figures laying out the dead body of an old man; it might be supposed to denote two children performing the last sad duties to an aged and loved parent; a very simple, but most touching representation. Another represents the funeral dances and ceremonies. We then inspected the Grotto del Barone, chiefly remarkable for some very spirited representations of horses in various attitudes. Then we came to the Grotto delle Inscrizione, of great size and most interesting. Over the door are two tigers; at one side two figures are standing with a fish, which they hold over a gridiron; at the other, two persons seated at a kind of table are playing with dice. The walls are covered with the greatest variety of groups; wrestlers, boxers, dancers, horsemen, lions, stags, dogs, &c. and various human figures, each having *an inscription*, which, although legible, cannot be understood, or deciphered

by any one. This tomb faces the desolate site of the ancient city—the seat of art and power, the once splendid home of those whose features we had but just seen delineated, and whose names we in vain attempted to decipher. The Grotto del Tifone is a very spacious tomb, the roof supported by a square pillar, on which is painted the Angel of Death, from which it takes its name. Several sarcophagi are here placed on ledges, three of which are on the sides of the wall. There is one very curious painting, though much faded, of a procession of souls, attended by genii to their final abode of good or evil. The band is preceded by a good genius, the expression of whose countenance is most pleasing; around his head is twined a serpent, and in his hand he bears a lighted torch. A handsome youth then appears, followed by a monstrous fiend, the most hideous representation of the evil genius of Etruria; in one hand he carries an instrument resembling a large hammer; the other, terminating in a claw, clutches the shoulders of the youth. A female figure of extreme beauty follows, attended likewise by an evil genius with a serpent round his head. Another highly interesting tomb, the Grotto del Cardinale, though fast fading, contains a painting of a similar character. Two winged genii are dragging in a car to judgment the soul of one deceased. They are each, the one good, the other evil, contending for the exclusive possession of the soul, which the Etruscans seemed to have thought preserved after death the likeness of the body it had quitted, though in a shadowy form.

The argument, that the Etruscans borrowed their religion from Egypt, derives some assistance from the striking similarity between the figures in these tombs,

and those appearing on some of the Egyptian mummies. I remember hearing in Nismes an explication of the figures represented on a very beautiful painted wrapping or case of an Egyptian mummy, and of a procession of spirits in the other world, appearing before the final Judge. The good and evil genii were depicted, conducting respectively the virtuous and the wicked, and the signification of punishment to be inflicted, or rewards administered, according to the actions of the deceased in life, in the mummy, agreed with the representation in this Etruscan tomb at Tarquinii.

Thus did we conclude a visit never to be forgotten, and quitted the Necropolis, where, as we have said, two millions are supposed to have been interred, from a city older than Rome—a people long extinct, who evidently believed in a future state of good and evil—who curiously buried their precious ornaments with their dead; gems which, now dug up after being buried for ages, while they stock the museums of the antiquary, teach us the history of a wonderful people. The raging curiosity of our day will not permit the dead to rest in peace. There were nine tombs preserved when Mrs. Hamilton Gray visited Tarquinii. To that gifted lady we are indebted for a valuable description of these remarkable monuments. The drawings are a little too good for the original, and not always in exact conformity with the figures in the tombs: but this is a pardonable error, and detracts little from the excellence of her book. She observes—

"An Estruscan Necropolis must have had a striking effect, crowded with monumental mounds crowned with sphinxes, and based upon foundations of solid masonry, with doors all round, and having cope-stones adorned with lions, sphinxes, and griffins."

From this it will be seen, how great is the error of those who suppose the Etruscan tombs were, when constructed, buried in the earth.

The brief description I have given may suffice to induce the restless reader to hasten his visit to these curious receptacles of the dead. The lover of home and its delights must be content with a perusal of Mrs. Hamilton Gray's admirable book.

CHAPTER XXVI.

POLITICAL EVENTS OF ITALY.

THE CONSPIRACY.

" O conspiracy !
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free ?"

July, 1847.

We resume the political history of Pius IX. The vehement desire of the Roman people for constitutional liberty displayed itself in endless processions, meetings, speeches, and songs. The Pope was very civil, promised temperate reforms, while he expressly guarded himself against the establishment of any system of government *inconsistent with the rights and privileges exercised by his predecessors from time immemorial.*

Pius IX. became suspected, and naturally, of insincerity, insomuch that Padre Ventura was driven to make a strong appeal to the people on behalf of the pontiff, during the delivery of his sermon in praise of the late Mr. O'Connell. The popular preacher spoke boldly in favour of reform, and political liberty, coupled, of course, with the supremacy of the Church. His sermon was suppressed by Grasselini. The Jesuits, unluckily for their safety, artfully and hypocritically attacked the novel doctrines of Ventura from their pulpits. This fact should be recollected. It shows how remorseless

is the hatred of that body to popular freedom, and explains the cause of the detestation felt towards them by the bulk of the Roman people; however, some parish priests embraced the views of Padre Ventura, and retorted on the Jesuits; and so there was a "very pretty quarrel as it stood," between the two orders of ecclesiastics.

Meanwhile, the censors of the press enforced their power, and repressed political discussion. What Grasselini and Gizzi exactly meant, it may be difficult to ascertain; that neither was favourable to the progress of liberty, is very certain. Gizzi, at a most critical moment, suspiciously resigned his office, and left the perfidious Governor to work out his abominable project, unopposed. The Pope named Cardinal Ferreti, an excellent man, successor to Gizzi; but the cardinal was at his bishopric, remote from Rome, and the present opportunity was seized upon to overturn the government and sacrifice the Pope, while destitute of a minister or adviser. The history of Italy, fearful as it has been, presents not a darker page than that which records the Conspiracy of July. It is, in every point of view, an important epoch in the Pope's reign; it committed him necessarily and irretrievably to the cause of progress, and identified his interests with those of the people; it disclosed the profligate wickedness of a number of ecclesiastics, officials, and papalini; in Rome their utter want of every sentiment of humanity or religion; and in contrast, the soundness and resolution of the great body of the Roman people.

The 17th of July had been fixed on to celebrate by a national festival the great event of the political amnesty of the year before. During the feast of a

delighted and unsuspecting multitude, a gang of discharged policemen, (such as Azeglio has described,) of disaffected carabineers, of vile spies, aided by the refuse of the gaols, armed with stilettoes, backed by a hired band of miscreants from the country and other cities, who had in small parties, secretly armed, been sent into Rome, were all combined to do as foul a work as ever human malignity devised. A grand display of fireworks was intended to have been exhibited in the evening of the 17th in the Piazza del Popolo; here, at the close of a happy day, the inhabitants were to have been gathered to witness the display and listen to music. The conspirators were to have been skilfully distributed in bodies through the multitude in various places: at a suitable opportunity a row was to have been excited, then a general attack was to have been made on the unarmed men and women in the piazza, as they would naturally endeavour to escape by the three leading streets (already described) running therefrom—namely, the Corso, the Ripetta, and the Babuino. They were to have been trampled down by the treacherous carabineers, who had been brought over by the conspirators. Those who escaped from the horsemen were to have been stilettoed without remorse in the back streets by the hired assassins, armed for the bloody work. Such was the plot hatched, and on the eve of being brought forth in the City of Priests. The reforming government, odious to many, was to have been overthrown, and Pius IX. either stilettoed in the confusion, or carried off to some fortress, or permitted, thenceforward, to exist as the minion of Austria. In this horrible conspiracy the Governor of Rome, sworn to fidelity to the Pope, was a prime

agent. Nothing more strongly convinced me of the difficulty of ascertaining a politician's real character in Rome, than the behaviour of Grasselini. I had seen him installed in the high office of Governor amidst general acclamations. The dissimulation practised in Rome was so profound, that this man was regarded as a friend to the Pope, and an advocate of reform; yet did he, beyond a doubt, engage in the conspiracy. He was master of the city, head of the police, governor of the gaols,—knew everything. Not only did he adopt no one measure of precaution against the conspirators, but he allowed them to fill Rome with their confederates, and make their preparations unopposed. Nay, he is charged with having sanctioned the liberation of prisoners, in order to assist in the massacre.

The way in which the plot was discovered was curious, although not surprising. A general uneasiness pervaded the public mind; it was suspected that some design was formed against the people, yet nobody guessed what it could be. The strangers of a doubtful class, who appeared in the streets of Rome, attracted some notice, and Cicerouacchio's* energies were aroused—the people almost instinctively discovered their enemies. One remarkable thing had excited attention: the letters S.S. were perceived to have been written on many houses of respectable citizens, and it was conceived that the letters meant *Sacheggio e sangue, i. e.* plunder and bloodshed, and denoted that the houses so marked were to be given up to pillage. This discovery, no doubt, sharpened the wits of the inhabitants. The mode in which it is said the plot was found out seems very natural. The "Man of the People," perceiving the strange

* The robust or fat-chopped man.

characters referred to in the city, three nights before the intended Sunday fête of July, set a trusty follower to watch the conspirators. The spy, dressed as a countryman, lay down, as if to sleep, in a door-way leading to the place of meeting of some of the confederates. Late at night he saw many men enter, and afterwards leave the house stealthily. He suddenly sprang on a single individual, put a pistol to his ear, threatened to shoot him on the spot if he did not disclose what he knew. The villain confessed, and was made prisoner. Cicerouacchio instantly aroused the brother of Prince Borghese from his slumbers, and despatched him to Pius IX. with the dreadful tidings.

The Pope was too well read in Italian history to doubt the story, or the malignity of his enemies; he immediately acted with vigour and promptitude—arrests were made, proclamations issued, the fête postponed; but the really important result was, the arming and summoning into activity of the mass of the people as a national guard. The formation of this armed militia, thus suddenly resolved and accomplished, was manifestly owing to *the force of circumstances*, which obliged Pius IX. to adopt a measure that rendered the future administration of government against the opinion of the people difficult—despotism impossible. The bulk of the respectable classes of society thus hurriedly armed, behaved admirably. The conspiracy was crushed, the traitors, foremost amongst whom was Grasselini, fled; Ferreti appeared at the right moment, to consummate the measures which had been taken, and the cause of the people was every where triumphant.

Naples and Austria were accused of fomenting this execrable plot; and that the agents of Austria were

mixed up in it, seems not unlikely. The Emperor, or his ministry, enraged at the independent course pursued by Pius IX., became alarmed at the consequences of *reform*, felt for Lombardy, and no doubt wished heartily to check the mischievous pontiff. The Roman people at once accused Austria, and declared Cardinal Lambruschini and his allies desired the execution of a great popular tragedy. Unquestionably the partial occupation of Ferrara on the 17th of July, the very day of the intended conspiracy at Rome, by the troops of Austria, might lead to the conclusion that the agents of that power expected something to occur on the same day in Rome, which would make it advisable for them, at almost the same time, to seize Ferrara; possibly all that the Emperor of Austria did, was but in self-defence, believing his expulsion from Italy to be the consequence of the new papal policy, and that, in fact, it had been determined; but from whatever motive that power acted, the step of occupying Ferrara was unfortunate, as it committed the Pope and the Emperor to bitter opposition, if not to open conflict.

On this day the war of independence began in Italy; all good Catholics were shocked at the behaviour of Austria towards the head of the Church, which that power professed to honour; all Italians breathed one common sentiment, impelling them onwards to a struggle for national independence and constitutional freedom. That such a struggle would have arisen, whether Austria invaded the Pope's territory under pretext of the treaty of Vienna, or not, is certain; but the movement of Austria accelerated the contest, as every accession to the cause of popular liberty in Rome inspired the Milanese

with fresh ardour, and quickened their impatience of German rule. Respecting this memorable conspiracy, one remarkable fact is to be noted: although many arrests were made and much information gained by the government, and although disclosures must have been obtained implicating distinguished persons, *no public trial ever took place exposing the guilty.* The whole affair was hushed up. The good of the Church required this prudent silence; priests, and cardinals, and officials, were accused, but not tried; the people, generous and triumphant, forgot vengeance in their victory, and the march of great events was so rapid, that the recollection of the criminals and their crime was lost amidst the din of arms and the bustle of war.

CHAPTER XXVII.

POLITICAL EVENTS OF ITALY—*continued.*

Character of Pius IX. developed.

THE occupation of Ferrara was followed by protests and counter-protests; Cardinal Ciacchi protested in the name of the Pope against the act, as arbitrary, illegal, and insulting. The Austrian minister insisted the treaty of Vienna, which gave to Austria the right of garrison in *the place* of Ferrara, conferred by the use of that expression not merely the right to garrison the citadel, but the town enclosed by the wall, and pretended he had always meant to exercise the right so secured.

The crafty King of Sardinia now appeared in the field of diplomacy, and he protested likewise against the occupation of Ferrara by the Austrians, and offered the aid of the weighty arm of the flesh to the holy father. This move was made when Charles Albert perceived how the tide of popular freedom ran in Italy. A flame of political excitement now burned all over the peninsula; the reforms in Rome and Tuscany, the grant of some freedom of the press, the institution of a national guard, the occupation of Ferrara, and the Pope's bold protest, added fuel to the flame. Naples and Sicily were almost in open conflict. Lombardy, naturally impatient of the despotism which oppressed her, heartily united in

feeling with the Pope. Austria, no doubt, miscalculated the effect of the movement in Ferrara. Had it been a mere Italian prince who dared to defy her power, she would have speedily crushed him; but could Austria, who openly confessed spiritual allegiance to the Pope, commence a war of violence against her holy father? Impossible; it would have shocked her Roman Catholic subjects; a general revolt might have been apprehended, not only in Lombardy, but in the Tyrol, and even Germany. Meanwhile, the Pope acted as if he apprehended invasion, and prepared for it, accepting also the aid of Charles Albert, who then appeared in the eyes of all true believers as the protector of the Pope and defender of religion.

In Naples every description of tyranny was practised by the bigoted sovereign of that beautiful but distracted country, to crush the rising spirit of his subjects. The people of Piedmont besought their willing monarch to assume a noble and imposing attitude, in order to defend religion, which was humiliated, and his throne and country, from the eternal and systematic enemies of his august house, exclaiming, "Command, oh sire; command! for life and property are no sacrifices to us when there are at stake independence and the glory of the Italian name."

Thus resistance to Austria was made a matter of religion. There was much popular excitement in Genoa. A petition was prepared to the king, demanding the institution of a national guard, and a qualified free press. This petition the municipal authority expressed their willingness to sign, provided it would not be unacceptable to the government. It was accordingly submitted for approval to the king,

at Turin, and that conscientious monarch forbade the petition, showing clearly what his real sentiments were. His whole conduct during this period was doubtful and suspicious. The force of circumstances, ambition, not a generous love of freedom, prompted the concessions subsequently made by Charles Albert.

Alarmed at the unexpected consequences which resulted from the occupation of Ferrara, Austria deemed it prudent to yield; and accordingly, late in September, re-delivered the possession of the town to the papal government, which in an evil hour she had taken. This was virtually a defeat of the power which had theretofore been considered the greatest in Italy; which reckoned in its ranks 400,000 men. The evacuation of Ferrara was communicated to Rome by a public dinner of English artists; and a patriotic song, composed, I shrewdly suspect, by the pleasantest of writers, Father Prout, was sung by a Scotch gentleman on the occasion.

THE NEW GERUSALEMME LIBERATA.

AIR—*Malbrouke s'en va-t-en guerre.*

The Germans are gone frae Ferrara!
So ends all their tantararara!
An "eagle" is now *avis rara*
In Tasso's poetical town.

Says the Pope, putting on his tiara,
To Austria—"You're drunk, *mia cara!*
Be off from the streets of Ferrara,
Or else I may 'fine you a CROWN.'"

Pay the wine-sellers, next, for the sack ye owe,
You have got the *strong place* of Comacchio;
But from that, too (says Cicerowhackio),
We'll bundle you out before long.

Three rounds of applause, my boys, let's gie
For General Field-marshal Radetski:
May he never get wet till he gets key
Fit to open Ferrara the strong.

The Germans are gone from Ferrara,
In spite of their tantararara;
An "eagle" is now *avis rara*
In Tasso's poetical town.

Two-neck'd double-crown'd dark and dumb bird!
Thy days are in ITALY number'd;
Pass the Po! from the land of the Lombard!
Try again—it will cost but a CROWN!

Some events which occurred in other countries at this time afforded insight into the real character of the Pope. A civil war was threatened in Switzerland, savouring of a religious character. The government, and bulk of the Swiss people, insisted on the expulsion of the Jesuits, and the submission of the priests to the temporal authorities. The Pope naturally sided with his priestly brethren. But we have in this instance a valuable example of the advantage of a press even partially free, and a striking proof of the good sense and liberality of the laity, contrasted with the intolerance of the priesthood. The popular journal in Rome, the *Contemporaneo*, published in the latter end of September a long and curious leading article, entitled "*Partito Catholico;*" the object of the writer was to condemn the project of what is called in Brussels and Switzerland, a *Catholic party in the State*, opposed to the ruling power. With what satisfaction must not every tolerant man, of every religious persuasion, peruse these excellent sentiments; and how strongly must it not be desired,

they were acted upon in one portion of the British empire with sincerity!

"Catholicism has never yet formed, and can never form, a political party. Its religious essence, which is equally made for the Greek, the Roman, and the barbarian, is friendly alike to the interests of all families of the human race, whether red or black, or yellow or white: it harmonises with all forms of government, democratic, constitutional, monarchical, or federative; for it is a religion of justice, of order, of charity, and cannot be shut up in its operation within the exclusive pale of any sect, or, as we have said, of any party. Since this proposition is indisputable, we are unable to conceive how several papers, both at home and abroad, can use the expression, 'Catholic party,' when alluding to certain individuals at Lucerne and at Brussels who oppose the decisions in the latter city of the constitutional government, and the decrees of the national Diet in the other. These individuals must be so entitled, not alone from the circumstance of their being Catholics, but because by their conduct they maintain the rights and independence of the Catholic church. Let us examine their claims on both points. The Catholic party at Brussels offers constant opposition to the ministry, because the ministers desire that the liberal provisions of the Belgian constitution should be applied in an even-handed manner to all citizens, whether Catholic or Protestant. This party, however, desires to form a privileged and exclusive body, as opposed to the Protestants, and to monopolise the emoluments of place and the magisterial authority. Now, we should like to know how Catholicism comes to be at all mixed up with these party bickerings, since there is nothing in its essentially charitable tendencies which prevents the members of the Catholic church from living under governmental arrangements on equal terms with Protestants. With respect to the liberal Catholics, they seem to us more worthy of the title than the non-liberals,

since they obey the laws of the country in which they live, and which are founded legitimately upon liberal principles. If we turn from Belgium to Switzerland, the title of 'Catholic party' is here less tolerable, and we may say, a more profane usurpation than in Belgium, when applied to the seven cantons who have prepared an armed resistance against the decrees of the national Diet. If, indeed, there were any attempt to force the consciences of Catholics, by imposing on them religious observances incompatible with their freedom of faith, or by prohibiting the free exercise of their rites, we should then have to deplore the necessity which would exist for an armed defence of their rights. But the question is a very different one that is now agitating at Lucerne. It is manifest that the Catholics are themselves there divided as to the policy of retaining a particular corporate body in the canton. Which is the best mode of deciding this question without coming to bloodshed? Is it not by appealing to the sentiments of the majority? A general Diet is provided in Switzerland, for the decision of questions of national interest, which Diet meets alternately in different cantons. When a dispute between parties attains a pitch that is dangerous for the public peace, it belongs to the national Diet to decide upon it. The case is this: At Lucerne opinions were taken for and against the Jesuits: they were found to be numerous on both sides. The party supporting them had the upper-hand, because they were more numerously represented than their opponents in the government offices. The opponents of the Jesuits, finding themselves kept down by force, protested against this violence, and party spirit becoming inflamed on both sides they met in arms, and no small bloodshed ensued. Under these circumstances the Diet was authorized to interfere, as the supreme political tribunal, and the question was thus brought upon its legitimate ground. But those who style themselves the 'Catholic party' protested against this jurisdiction of the Diet, as

undermining the independence of the cantons, and violating their rights. Instead of assisting to suppress the causes of civil war in a single canton, behold, this party extends the flame, and excites a new quarrel between the Catholic and Protestant cantons. These are acts that surely are not allowable to Christian Catholics; since no good Catholic can acknowledge them to be dictated by any principle of religion. We see that here no religious principle has been at stake. The question is therefore a political one, and confines itself to the best mode of preventing civil war and bloodshed; the duty of every good Catholic was, therefore, to bow to the decision of the Diet, which decreed that the cause of dissension should be removed. When the preservation of peace in a state is to be purchased, every sacrifice that does not compromise the conscience and endanger the soul must be held cheap, and be gladly offered. If those who form what is called the Catholic party were really good Catholics, they ought to love their fellow-citizens as brethren, and they would not then find it difficult to give up particular notions to which they might be attached, but which have no necessary connexion with the exercise of their religion."

Thus a Roman Catholic writer in Rome argues, that submission to the government, being Protestant, is a duty to be cheerfully performed by Roman Catholic subjects; and that the formation of a Roman Catholic faction in a state is not only unprincipled, but indefensible. The article was received with general approbation by the laity; not so by the Pope. This loyal doctrine was, however, distasteful to the mind of his holiness, and the censor of the press who had permitted the publication of the obnoxious article was dismissed. The official paper, *Il Diario Romano*, also published a condemnation of the admirable com-

position already quoted. It is not unfair to conclude, the real sentiments of Pius IX. were the opposite of those thus advocated in the *Contemporaneo*. The Pope exposed himself again to defeat;—there was a burst of indignation, not only in Rome but in Florence, in consequence of this arbitrary proceeding; Cardinal Ferreti plainly announced to the holy father that he must cease to be minister, unless the liberal censor was restored: the Pope yielded, and the cause of the people again triumphed. The incident is valuable, as enabling us to form a right estimate of the true priestly character of Pius IX.

To satisfy the popular demands, in the month of October a proclamation for the formation of a new senate was issued; this body was to be constituted on more enlarged principles than the feeble council before appointed by the Pope. It was to consist of one hundred members. The majority were to be landed proprietors, the remainder to be composed of lawyers or merchants, with *four priests* only.

I do not find these representatives, although they came from various districts, were chosen by any form of popular election. I believe these, like the former provincial deputies, were named at first by the Pope. It seems, each deputy was to be maintained while in Rome at the expense of his district.

The grand distinction between this senate and the first mockery of a parliament was, that the new senate was announced to be *a permanent body in the State*. But, still this senate was merely in the nature of a consultative body, not a parliament, according to our understanding of the thing. What the Pope thought of it, will appear from his opening speech, which is tolerably distinct.

"It has been with a view to the public good that, from the first moment of my being raised to the pontifical throne, I have done, under the inspiration of God, all that I have been able to do; and I am ready, by God's assistance, to do as much in future, *without, however, in anywise retrenching the sovereignty of the pontificate, as I have received it full and entire from my predecessors, so that I may in like manner transmit it to my successors.* I have for my witnesses my three millions of subjects—I have all Europe for a witness of what I have hitherto done to bring my subjects near to me, and unite myself with them, that I might become acquainted with their wants, and make provision for them. It is with the object of better knowing these wants, and providing for the exigencies of the public welfare, that I have united you in a permanent council—it is to listen, in case of need, to your advice, and avail myself of its aid in my sovereign resolutions, in which I shall consult my own conscience, and confer upon it with my ministers and the sacred college. He will deceive himself greatly who shall see in the Consulta di Stato, which I have just created, a realisation of his own Utopian notions, or the germ of an institution incompatible with the pontifical sovereignty."

However, all that the Pope had previously done, so far at least as other kingdoms were concerned, yielded in importance to the encyclical letter addressed to the Irish Roman Catholic bishops, on the subject of the new colleges established in Ireland. The imperial legislature in its wisdom had enacted the foundation of three collegiate institutions in different provinces, for promoting education amongst the middle classes of that country. Having regard to the condition of Ireland, Parliament deemed it expedient not to require any religious test, or the ascendency of any form of the Christian religion within these institu-

tions, while facilities were afforded for each denomination of Christians to give religious instruction outside the walls, to the students, according to their faith and opinions. The primate of the Established Church submitted judiciously to the will of the legislature, and wisely endeavoured, with his usual liberality, by a munificent subscription, to remedy any mischief which might possibly arise from the omission noticed, by providing outside the walls a system of religious instruction for the Protestant students. The Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland referred the decision of their conduct, in reference to these colleges, to the Pope; and in reply, his holiness addressed to them his memorable encyclical letter—a production which astonished the people of the British empire. The reader will not fail to perceive how opposite in principle this letter is to the reasoning contained in the *Contemporaneo*, on the subject of the maintenance of the Jesuits in Switzerland. The material passages of this epistle are the following:—

"First, we deem it our duty to declare, that it never entered the mind of the Sacred Congregation that the prelates who appeared to be in favour of establishing the colleges had anything wrong in view, since long experience has convinced us of their probity, and that they were induced to adopt those views solely from the hope of effecting greater good, and consulting the interests of religion in Ireland. However, the Sacred Congregation, having considered the matter maturely and in all its bearings, dares not promise itself such fruits from the erection of those colleges. Nay, more, it dreads that the Catholic faith would thereby be placed in imminent danger; in one word, it is convinced that an institution of this sort proves detrimental to religion.

"For those reasons it has felt it its duty to caution the archbishops and bishops of Ireland against taking any part in establishing them. But as the Sacred Congregation would have wished, before some of the prelates had entered into any negotiation with the government for amending the law regarding the aforesaid colleges, and procuring other measures in their favour, *that they had taken the opinion of the Holy See, so it doubts not but that from the profound obedience which the prelates of Ireland invariably exhibited towards it, they will retract those things which they have done to the contrary.*

"The Sacred Congregation is well aware how important it is that provision should be made for the scientific instruction of the youth, especially of the higher class; it therefore exhorts your Grace and your Suffragans to adopt all the legitimate means in your power to promote such instruction.

"Above all things, the Sacred Congregation would deem it advantageous that the bishops, uniting their exertions, should procure the erection in Ireland of such a Catholic Academy as the prelates of Belgium have founded in the city of Louvain.

"With all those things you will, we are sure, comply with the greater earnestness, as they are in entire conformity with the judgment of our most holy lord, Pius IX.; for, after he had obtained accurate information on the whole of this case, he sanctioned with his approbation the decision of the Sacred Congregation, and gave to it the supreme weight of his authority."

Two resolutions were passed by the assembled bishops of the Church of Rome in Ireland, on receipt of this encyclical letter.

"Resolved—That the warmest and most respectful thanks of the Catholic prelates be tendered to his holiness, for his decisions and instructions conveyed in the letter

now read from the Cardinal Prefect of the congregation *de Propaganda Fide*, in reference to the provincial colleges in progress of erection by the government; and that our chairman, the Archbishop of Tuam, be requested to forward to the holy father this expression of our unanimous and unbounded gratitude.

"Resolved—That notwithstanding the explanation so kindly given by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, we are still of opinion that the changes introduced in the national system of education are most serious and dangerous; that they are in opposition to the instructions of the holy father, who recommended that the property of the schools should be vested in the bishops and parish priests. That we therefore petition parliament for the amendment of such portions of the system as we deem incompatible with the discipline of our Church, with the full and free exercise of episcopal authority, and with the safety of the religious principles of our Catholic children."

My Roman Catholic brethren will not receive in an unkind spirit the observations which naturally occur to a Protestant in reflecting upon this extraordinary proceeding of Pope Pius IX.

It has been repeatedly asserted, Protestants display a discreditable distrust of their Roman Catholic countrymen—an ignorance of their real opinions, of the nature of their obligation towards the Pope, of his authority, and of the power of the priesthood over the laity. There may be some truth in these assertions; the Roman Catholic may point to several kingdoms in Europe where (after several struggles with the priesthood) religious liberty has been established by Roman Catholic nations; and he may justly say, he is willing to be as tolerant as the people of those kingdoms; and that thousands of the Roman

Catholics in Ireland think thus sensibly, and would act in a spirit of enlightened toleration towards their fellow-citizens. I cannot doubt but they will candidly consider the views which the most temperate Protestant must entertain of this late remarkable instance of papal interposition.

The Parliament of this Empire, after deep deliberation, frame a law to advance public education. The Pope of Rome, a foreigner, intrudes his *veto* on this law, and commands the Roman Catholic bishops, priests, and laity to resist and defeat it.

Those who feel themselves bound to obey the Bishop of Rome will do so, and nullify the act of Parliament if they can. Thus the Pope and the British legislature are in collision, and the man who assumes to be (without, I believe, the least foundation in Scripture or in reason) head of the universal Christian church, commands his spiritual subjects in Ireland to baffle a law enacted by the constituted authorities in the State.

The Pope asserts he has this power, and the Roman Catholic bishops assert the same thing, and have announced their resolve to obey the Pope, and not the legislature.* But if the Pope has the right and power to defeat this particular statute, he may enjoin disobedience to any law which *he* thinks hurtful to education or his system of religion, and thus paralyse the exertions of the British legislature. In reference to questions such as these noticed, the Pope, not the Parliament, governs, if the people obey him,

* It is worthy observation, there was no public protest from any section of the Roman Catholics in the United Kingdom, against the principle asserted by the Pope's encyclical letter. Whatever educated men may have thought upon the subject, they said nothing.

as in conscience many would feel bound to do. If the Pope can forbid these colleges, he might, on the like principle, command the abolition of those which already exist, if they were not to his taste; and as he regulates the colleges for adults, so ought he schools for the young. Every Roman Catholic parish school in Ireland should be under his control; nay, the *principle* of the Pope's authority might be pushed to this extent: that he ought to dictate to grown men what books they should read in their manhood, as he had dictated their studies in childhood, and this would exactly reduce the Roman Catholics of Ireland to the condition of their brethren in Rome—a condition which renders it impossible for a man to purchase any book except it is permitted by the priesthood. The ecclesiastical power, in assertion of its just authority, framed an *Index Expurgatorius*, and proscribed throughout the papal states literary works, (many of them of the highest value,) which no presumptuous mortal should dare to read. It must come to this, that whatever law the individual elevated to the papacy may think hurtful to religion, or any matter he may think connected with it, he is to have power either to prevent or pull down. It may be said, this chiefly concerns Roman Catholics; and no doubt, so it does. A Protestant can afford to smile at papal denunciations, or papal interventions; but suppose *a Protestant minority* in any country, (living under the control of a Roman Catholic majority in parliament, of men who conscientiously believed the Pope to be the only authority to decide on all questions of education and religion,) *that* Roman Catholic majority, if sincerely devoted to the papacy, would obey his commands, and pass or reject such laws, in

relation to the mixed questions of religion and education as the Pope would enjoin; and if so, the Protestant minority, as to these matters, would live, not under the authority of an independent Parliament, but of the Pope; nor could they be certain for one hour of the possession of their religious freedom, or liberty of education; for the Pope might say that such liberty, in its example and effects, was hurtful to the true faith, and the edict of the propaganda would be received as law. The priests and Roman Catholic bishops say, the existence of this supreme power in the Pope is perfectly right; but while they do say so, and so long as the people agree with them in this opinion, no Protestant minority ever could with safety submit to be governed by their authority, because, in so doing, it would be submitting, in many matters of the highest moment, *to the authority of the Pope and the propaganda.* That many of the enlightened Roman Catholic kingdoms in Europe would pay no regard to the Pope's intervention or encyclical letter, is very clear.

In Ireland it has been received with implicit deference. If we examine this papal pretension with the eye of reason, how absurd must it not appear! An Italian bishop, wholly unacquainted with our laws, language, customs, habits, and institutions, arrogates to himself the right of deciding what mode of public education is best suited for the youth of our country. This is as ridiculous and offensive, as if our bishops were to lay down a scheme of national education for the Italian people, and presume to intermeddle in their concerns. It is astonishing to reflect how long this delusion respecting the infallible or supreme authority of the Bishop of Rome has continued.

That it is rapidly subsiding, may be regarded as one of the greatest blessings of the age; but one of the most certain means of expelling this delusion from the mind, is to go out to Rome, and, residing near to the Propaganda, inquire into the talents, knowledge, and mental vigour of the cardinals who preside in its deliberations. Let the inquirer next ask from the intelligent natives, what they think of these rules of the Church—he will speedily learn, that all are agreed as to the utter incompetency of these weak old men to govern the affairs of their own people, especially the education of youth, much less presumptuously to intermeddle in the affairs of other nations. This question as to the Irish colleges was probably referred to a knot of cardinals who sat in the Propaganda, and the Pope was but the mouthpiece of their luminous decision; and very possibly the four or five priests who undertook to settle this question of their foreign policy, were the most unfit men that could be discovered for the purpose, in the length and breadth of Europe. Were the questions for consideration, how human beings could be best qualified to become priests, monks, or Jesuits, the Propaganda would no doubt be the fittest tribunal to decide upon it; but that very fitness incapacitates the same body from deciding how men ought to be educated, in order to become the useful citizens of a free and busy state.

But while I venture thus to reason on the condemnation of the Irish colleges by Pius IX. let it not be supposed I blame him, *as pope*, for as genuine an assertion of papal supremacy as ever was made even by Hildebrand himself. It must have delighted all zealous believers in the Church of Rome to perceive their chief bishop so determined and unflinching

in the maintenance of his prerogatives. The vast body of the Romish priesthood in Ireland and in Italy, the Sacred College, and the multitudes connected with ecclesiastical government, saw to their satisfaction, that Pius IX., whatever reforms or modifications *he* might introduce into the political system, proved the uncompromising asserter of the universal authority of the papacy over sovereigns, parliaments, and councils. There can be little question this chivalrous devotion to his Church, and maintenance of her assumptions, has given Pius IX. immense influence as a temporal ruler, and disarmed priestly opposition to his political reforms. That he will prove mistaken in his attempt to reconcile *absolute, infallible, ecclesiastical power, with political liberty, the right of discussion, and a free press,* I firmly believe; but it is not the less certain he will attempt it. Meanwhile, the impartial spectator beholds with interest, but without surprise, the apparent anomalies and contradictions in the character of Pius IX., which may be clearly comprehended by considering the politician apart from the priest. The liberal spirit of the enlightened reformer in things temporal, is curiously contrasted with the intolerant, intermeddling, and impracticable spirit evinced by him in things ecclesiastical. To encourage a factious outcry against popery, would in the present day be a thing contemptible and wicked; but it is forced upon the mind of every Protestant to examine in what respects, *in principle,* Pius IX. differs from the popes who domineered over Europe in the middle ages; like them he would, if he could, intermeddle with, control, and govern, the ecclesiastical affairs of all Christian kingdoms in the world. As if to compensate for this

escapade against the Irish colleges, our excellent Pope combined with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Sardinia, to effectuate a wise reform in the customs' law of these kingdoms, viz., the formation of a customs' league, and the abolition of the teasing restraints which embarrassed commerce. The abolition of the customs' frontier in these kingdoms was a stride in reform, and moreover, had a political effect in creating a common spirit amongst the people.

This was one of the favourite measures recommended by the so-called Scientific Congress at Genoa; those who then proposed scarcely expected its speedy realization. Italy is peculiarly fitted for this reform; its productions are nearly everywhere alike—wine, oil, corn, silk, are produced throughout the peninsula; so that there was no rational object in preventing the freest commercial intercourse. The population of these States, amounting to nine millions, are now united in the closest bonds of interest with each other. It may likewise be expected the liberal tariff of Tuscany will be substituted, in Rome, for the childish system of exclusion previously existing. In this important affair Pope Pius exhibited the conduct of a sagacious prince, alive to the spirit of the age, and anxious for the welfare of his people. At the same time, the Roman journals commenced exposing the corruptions prevalent in every department of the Papal States, and the absurdity of the monopolies formerly granted by the despotic narrow-minded governments. Naples and Sicily, during these wise and progressive reforms in Rome, Tuscany, and Sardinia, presented a dismal spectacle; all the abominations of flagitious tyranny were daily prac-

tised, and as universally asserted and believed; the judicious remonstrances of his ablest ministers to the sovereign were thwarted by the evil counsels of Cocle, his Jesuit confessor.

We have concluded the year 1847, an important one in *Italian history*. With unmingled feelings of satisfaction and joy we have seen the Italian people progress rapidly, yet peaceably, in the career of reform, and lay foundations, it may be hoped, deep and lasting, of constitutional freedom.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

POLITICAL HISTORY OF ITALY—*continued.*

Revolution in Milan.

THE death of the great Napoleon's widow afforded an opportunity to the inhabitants of Parma to demand reform. But the new duke (late enlightened ruler of Lucca), under the influence of Austria, would yield nothing. The petty tyrant of Modena also invoked the aid of Austrian bayonets, and exasperated his subjects, who openly avowed their revolutionary intentions.

Balbo, in the name of the Italian people, wrote an eloquent address to the King of Naples, imploring him to listen to the voice of reason and justice, but the appeal produced no effect on that impracticable bigot; meanwhile, Charles Albert announced several liberal measures of reform in his Sardinian kingdom; he effected a new territorial organization, on the French system of departments, and granted municipal institutions, founded upon a satisfactory principle of popular representation—education as well as property being represented.

In Rome, the new governor, Savelli, proved nearly as bad as his predecessor Grasselini; plunged the city into confusion, infuriated the people, and then, terrified by Cicerouacchio, ran away to save his head. To procure honest officials in Rome seems more difficult than to effect theoretical reforms.

On the 12th of January a general and successful insurrection broke out in Sicily, the clergy stimulating the people to action. In Naples, the tyranny of the government became more severe, descending even to the closing of the academies and universities, through apprehension of the students. Soon after these excesses, the frightened monarch vainly strove to quiet the enraged Sicilians and Neapolitans, by proposing futile reforms, the sincerity of which every man doubted, as they were evidently extorted by fear.

But the chief interest centred in Milan, destined to become the scene of great events. The people hesitating to engage suddenly with the forces of Austria, adopted the system of passive resistance, which, in reality, was a very active warfare against the financial revenue of the empire. The universal population of Milan simultaneously abstained from cigars and the use of tobacco, and abandoned the lottery. Those who have visited Italy, can comprehend what a trial this must have been to the Italian. The Milanese were resolute, and an annual revenue of half a million was lost to the empire.

Amidst contradictory statements, it is not easy to elicit truth; but the fact seems to be, that this determination of the people incensed the Austrian officials—*they* still smoked. An Austrian officer had his cigar knocked from his mouth, and insults of this description were repeated. A supply of cigars was now furnished one night to the soldiery, who were sent out next morning in bodies, to smoke through the streets of Milan. The minds of the soldiery had been previously inflamed, by a report spread in their barracks that a great conspiracy had been discovered

in the city against the military. Massimo Azeglio professes to describe accurately what ensued:—

"On the morning of the 3d of January, an ample distribution of brandy and cigars was made, six cigars being given to every soldier destined to take part in this honourable enterprise. As the day advanced, they appeared in the streets, twenty and forty at a time, intoxicated by the brandy they had drunk, and their indignation excited by the pretended publications against the military. Each soldier had a cigar in his mouth, and, in obedience to their secret orders, bantered and jeered the citizens—entering the cafés—making offensive remarks—multiplying provocations and insolence. To all this the people offered no further opposition than hisses and irony.*

"So passed over this day. When evening came, the brandy and cigars, to which they were unaccustomed, had produced their usual effect upon the soldiery; and, without being offended or attacked, they unsheathed their sabres, and, throwing themselves indiscriminately on all who crossed their paths, wounded and slew them as though they had been dogs without owners."

These assassinations were most numerous on the Corso of the Porta Orientale, and especially near the gallery De Cristofons.

"A thick fog rendered nightfall unusually dark. Conceive the scene of horror and desolation presented by the streets of Milan, filled with drunken soldiers, infuriated and armed, cutting the throats of an unarmed multitude—squadrons of cavalry trampling the population under foot. Of sixty-one victims, six were under eighteen years of age; five were sexagenarians; one was seventy-four, Don Carlo Manganini, a counsellor of the court of appeal, who had

* See page 30 of the pamphlet recently published by Azeglio, translated by F. Prandi.

always been the sworn friend of Austria. I will say no more; let us respect the secret of the grave, and adore the justice of God!"

The Marquis Azeglio gives a list of sixty persons who had been wounded, with their names, and various professions, and the character of their wounds: mostly all received sabre cuts on the head. These persons were engaged in their ordinary pursuits, and were wholly unarmed. Azeglio writes—

"Before the massacre began, orders were sent by the police to the hospitals, to prepare a number of beds *to transport the wounded.*"

According to this narrative, a more cruel and unprovoked outrage was never perpetrated, not even in Gallacia. A common feeling of hatred now pervaded the Milanese, which was inflamed by the clergy. The archbishop, from the pulpit of the cathedral, said, "*Brethren, let us implore God to inspire our masters with more humanity.*" Monsignore Opizzoni, the officiating priest of the cathedral, eighty years of age, went to the viceroy (uncle to the emperor) and said, "Thus to murder the citizens in the streets is neither to prevent nor punish crime; it is simply to assassinate them: and I, as a priest and as your pastor, protest against such enormities."*

Proclamations followed. The viceroy gave some hope of amelioration; but that was dashed by the reply of the emperor, in which he said, "I have already done all that was requisite for the welfare and satisfaction of my Italian provinces. I am not inclined to do more. I confide in the majority of *the*

* Azeglio, p. 34.

people; at all events, I rely on the well-known valour and fidelity of my troops."

Marshal Radetsky followed up this affectionate declaration of the emperor by a published address to his soldiers, in which he chivalrously exclaimed, "Soldiers! you hear the words of your sovereign, which I have the honour to repeat to you. The wiles of fanaticism, and the disloyal and perfidious mania of innovation, will break as harmless on your loyalty as waves upon a rock. My arm still wields the sword which for sixty-five years has gained honour in the battle-field; and I will now use it to protect the peace of this country, hitherto so happy, but now menaced with inevitable misery by the rashness of an inconsiderate faction. Soldiers! our sovereign confides in you; and I, your ancient commander, rely on you. I say no more: let them beware, lest they force us to raise the Austrian eagle, for her wings are unclipped."

The time approached, however, when the Austrian eagle must needs prove its high-born courage.

Azeglio asserts that the viceroy Rameri was a good-hearted man, and would have wished conciliation, but the court of Vienna was immovable. No doubt the assertion of the emperor—that Lombardy had been well governed in comparison with a great part of Italy, was perfectly true; but a paternal despotism would no longer be endured at Milan; and Prince Metternich seems not to have been able, with all his sagacity, to comprehend that great fact.

It certainly was now a curious spectacle to behold the influence of Rome, which had been for ages the worst governed kingdom in the peninsula, directed to overthrow the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, which,

since the treaty of Vienna, in things material, had been confessedly the best governed. It appears, all the Italian officials felt with their brethren, and remonstrances were poured in to the government from the corporations of Venice and Lombardy—institutions which Austria had permitted to exist.

I give a summary of the demands, which were not unreasonable.*

Revision of the budget by the council of state.

Appointment of Italians to all public offices except that of viceroy.

Retention of Italian troops in Italy.

Public trials, civil as well as criminal; prison reforms; and abolition of the punishment of death, at least for political offences.

Alteration of the laws of Mortmain, religious corporations not suited to the times, abolition of fiefs and entails (an ominous warning to the monastic bodies throughout Lombardy to set their houses in order).

Adhesion to the Italian customs' league, and free circulation of every description of merchandize in the interior of the State.

Power to travel throughout the Austrian empire without any impediment; and right to take a passport to go abroad whenever desired.

Reorganization of public instruction.

Liberty of the press, similar to *that recently granted by the Pope.*

These concessions were naturally demanded, and were all refused by the emperor.

All hope of reconciliation being over, the Milanese, burning with revenge and indignation, silently but rapidly and extensively began to arm for a contest

* See Appendix to the tract already quoted, p. 68.

now inevitable. The veteran marshal relied confidently on the courage of his troops for the repression of any popular outbreak; but the Austrians had a great difficulty to contend with, in the fact that the clergy were against them. The priests had never been permitted to govern Lombardy; therefore they desired a revolution, which would give supreme power at least to their countrymen, perhaps to themselves, or to their master the Pope.

CHAPTER XXIX.

POLITICAL EVENTS IN ITALY—*Concluded.*

WHEN we divert our attention from Lombardy to Naples, a curious combination of men and of events presents itself to our view. The enlightened Neapolitans, availing themselves of the successes of the Sicilians in their fierce struggle against the government which oppressed them, demanded constitutional reform, which, under the circumstances in which he was placed, the king feared to refuse. Accordingly he proclaimed what was styled a *Constitution.* The respectable classes accepted the kingly concession joyfully; a national guard was formed, and bright hopes were entertained for the future. But these hopes were quickly dashed. The lazzaroni subjects of a lazzaroni king at the outset opposed this reform, shouted "Down with the constitution!" and broke out into acts of rapine and violence. The national guard resisted the disturbers, and blood was shed. By whom the lazzaroni were instigated does not distinctly appear, but may be guessed. Debased and enslaved they were, and debased and enslaved they insisted on remaining; and, combining with their sovereign, they have ever since presented a formidable obstacle in the way of the enlightened, educated Neapolitans securing national freedom.

What a picture of the degradation of human

nature! The idea of conferring political power on a large portion of the population of Naples, would be madness. How the middle classes can guard against the effects of the ignorance, superstition, and rapacity which characterize the lazzaroni populace, I cannot anticipate.

One remarkable fact occurred throughout the contest between the king and the patriotic portion of his subjects. The latter abhorred the Jesuits, especially the confessor (Cocle) of the royal family, and demanded the expulsion of the obnoxious order. The king and the lazzaroni clung to the disciples of Loyola: this was natural, yet highly instructive to us.

The programme of the Neapolitan constitution was drawn up carefully, of course prepared by able lawyers, under the care of the enlightened ministry which forced the hesitating sovereign to proclaim it. The number of deputies was fixed at 164 (excluding Sicily); they were to be chosen for a period of five years. The elector was required to have an income of 24 ducats annually, while the qualification of the deputy was specified to be 240 ducats per year. There was an abatement in the franchise qualification of one half in favour of those who had an university diploma, and had exercised their various professions during five years.

All these provisions look very well on paper; the difficulty may be to find a sufficient stock of virtue and intelligence to make the paper constitution work. I think the elective franchise was too low for although it would exclude the lazzaroni class, and indeed the bulk of the population—still it would include too many not only unaccustomed to, but unfit for the exercise of political power. This latter remark

would apply more strongly to the rural districts than to the metropolis. I was delighted to learn that the truly enlightened advocate, to whom I was indebted for so much courtesy and information, was elected a deputy in the first Neapolitan parliament; but whether he has escaped hitherto the effects of the conspiracy formed between the king and the lazzaroni, I have not heard. The desideratum in Naples would be some independent council or senate, representing the opinion of the educated classes, and sufficiently strong to maintain itself against the king, the priests, and the populace.

Let it not be forgotten, that in the new constitution of Naples, there was no abatement of the great doctrine of intolerance: no religion, save the Roman Catholic, was permitted existence. Religious liberty is not comprehended in Italy; the very mention of it has been avoided. We are carefully to consider this fact in connexion with the position and influence of the Church of Rome at the present day. What a strange spectacle it would be, to behold political liberty established throughout the peninsula, while religious liberty was forbidden! This spectacle, however, would not last very long; in a greater or less degree the one will assuredly follow from the other. The Italian priesthood must at last appeal to reason, and not vainly endeavour to repress it. They should wisely take warning from the events passing before their eyes, and yield ere it is too late. The following narrative of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Naples is ominous of the fate of all or most of the monastic orders in Italy:—

"For some days past *well-dressed mobs* have collected before the Jesuits' College, hooting, hissing, and threatening

to burn the building down. A sort of deputation from the concourse had an interview with the director of the community, and declared that its leaving was essential to the peace of the city. After much reluctance the director promised to do so on the next morning. From this time the first battalion of national guards took possession of the college, an inventory was made of everything, and every portion of the building searched.

"The next morning I went up to see the finale: an immense crowd had assembled in the front of the college, as also in the streets. The national guards were stationed in the interior, on the roof, and the outside, where they were strengthened by a regiment of Swiss. Every now and then a person addressed the mob, amidst vivas or expressions of disgust: nor was there less interest manifested by *the well-dressed* persons who thronged the windows of the Toledo and the Largo di Carità. At four o'clock, P.M., the long-expected moment arrived: fifteen carriages issued from the gates of the college, bearing in them the holy fathers. On the box of each carriage was a national guard. Two more on horseback rode on each side, and round each carriage was a hedge of bayonets. Behind followed a battalion of the national guard, a regiment of the Swiss, and a squadron of cavalry. The people at this moment observed the most perfect silence. It was a picture well calculated to produce a deep impression. The procession descended by Monte Olive, until they at length arrived at the Mola, where the steamer Vesuvio was in waiting for them. The crowd here was most dense, and on the steamer leaving the land there was one general shout of joy."

This is the body which it is now proposed to establish in England. A Roman Catholic kingdom cannot tolerate the Jesuits, but they are deserving the warmest encouragement in Protestant England. I

admit, they can work least mischief in a Protestant nation; but whatever may be asserted of the Jesuits by the pretended friends of religious liberty, I can safely assert, I never heard the *system* adopted by the Jesuits spoken of in Italy except in terms of abhorrence, and this quite disconnected from any personal dislike to the individual members of the order.

The liberal party in Naples, or more properly speaking, a section of it, having accomplished the expulsion of the Jesuits, rashly attempted to banish or suppress the Carmelites and other orders of friars; the lazzaroni immediately rallied in defence of their beloved instructors; a religious war might have ensued, which was happily averted by the abandonment of the mischievous project. Thus, the lazzaroni preserved their superstition; it would have been endangered by the expulsion of the ignorant friars who are its mainstay. The observations made to me by the Florentine priest, would induce me to think, there is a large section of the educated priesthood of the Church of Rome who would rejoice at the suppression of these ignorant fanatics, who disgrace it.

About the period these remarkable events took place in Naples, there was a movement against the Jesuits in Rome itself, and a popular commotion was threatened. On Patrick's day, an Irish priest, in the course of his sermon in the monastery of St. Isidore, is reported to have declared that, "should foreign invasion or domestic conspiracy deprive Pio Nono of the old patrimony of St. Peter, Ireland would be proud to furnish a new abode of the popedom, a new central focus of fervent Catholicity. What Avignon *was*, let Dublin be."*

* I have taken this anecdote from one of the admirable letters supposed to have been written by Father Prout, from Rome,

More improbable events in this revolutionary age have come to pass, than would be the appearance of Pius IX. in the streets of Dublin.

I must now briefly advert to the doings of Charles Albert. This artful sovereign deemed it prudent to grant a constitution to his own subjects, before he proclaimed himself the assertor of liberty on behalf of other states. Accordingly, being pressed by his subjects, and impelled by his own ambition, he not only granted a free constitution to his people, but summoned Cæsare Balbo to his counsels, to carry the great project into execution.

The Piedmontese have secured freedom; and what is highly interesting to the Protestant reader, the once persecuted followers of the reformed faith, in the territory of Charles Albert, who had been barely suffered to worship God according to their consciences, and exist in their secluded valleys, were now invested with political privileges, and permitted to exercise the right of voting for members of the new-born senate. Thus a principle was established, which may in Italy lead to happier results. The commerce of Genoa and Leghorn is favourable to religious liberty; and, accordingly, in the states to which these busy towns belong, there is a larger measure of toleration accorded them than elsewhere throughout the peninsula.

Charles Albert was now in a condition to prosecute his darling scheme of ambition, and, accordingly, prepared vigorously for war, declaring in his proclamation, "That his heart throbbed to see the universal enthusiasm; that it would be glorious for him to lead a generous people on the holy enterprise, of which the

which have from time to time appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*, to the great entertainment of the readers of that journal.

sovereign Pius IX. had been the first promoter:" a well-deserved tribute to the head of the Christian church.

Of the army of Charles Albert, we may observe, it is composed of young, active men, whose dress and appearance are the opposite of the lubberly Roman soldier. I happened to be present at a review in Turin, and afterwards expressed my admiration of the appearance of the troops to a French officer, high in the Piedmontese army, whom I met with in the same city; the Frenchman said, that the troops of Charles Albert required a great deal of teaching. They appear to have given themselves some good lessons since. I may add, physically, the Austrian soldier is bigger, certainly a heavier man.

The Milanese were not slow in avenging themselves; their insurrection burst forth with a degree of fury, for which Radetsky does not seem to have been prepared. The struggle in the streets of Milan was not, however, long or sanguinary; in one account it was stated, not more than 150 of the citizens were killed. The clergy took a decided part with the people against their sovereign. We read—

"The conduct of the Archbishop of Milan throughout the struggle is mentioned in terms of the highest admiration. That prelate, from the commencement to the end of the conflict, shared all the dangers of the populace. His reverend figure was conspicuous, attired in his pontifical robes, above the barricades, having the crucifix in one hand, and waving a tri-coloured flag in the other."

I greatly doubt that this was conduct becoming a Christian prelate — a minister of the gospel of peace. I confess, I was surprised at the result of the contest between the Austrians and Milanese; not-

withstanding the proud boast of Radetsky, the wings of the Austrian eagle have been clipped.

No doubt the Marshal might have held his ground longer, had it been desirable to remain in Milan; but that city is not naturally a strong position; while the fortresses of Mantua and Venice are, and, in addition, fortified with the utmost skill; and the veteran Radetsky may have desired to take up a favourable position, before the whole population of the country had risen *en masse* to surround him, and the Piedmontese army had cut off his retreat. With the evacuation of Milan, the ascendency of Austria over Lombardy was at an end. I regard it as a thing impossible she can regain it; nor would it be desirable she should.

It is not necessary to follow the hostile armies to the open field. Unquestionably the Austrians have been unsuccessful. Charles Albert has displayed military talents, his troops high courage, and, if we can credit the accounts we have received, the battle of Goito was an important action, and the Austrian army sustained a severe defeat, as they did likewise at Peschiera. Exactly in proportion to his successes, has the ambition of Charles Albert been developed and gratified. Placentia, Parma, Modena, and Lombardy, have all by great majorities declared in favour of an union with Piedmont; thus, the King of Sardinia will become the sovereign of a great Italian empire. No one ever doubted his real object: to gain it his measures have been adopted with tact, and executed with ability and skill.

Mr. Lander, in an imaginary conversation lately published between this sovereign and the Duchess Belgioioso, makes the latter say, in reference to the proposed union between Milan and Turin:

"*Princess.* Your Majesty has inspired me with confidence to proceed in speaking out plainly. You are now in my country, and you can save it. Unless you do, you will lead an unhappy life; if you do, a happy one. Security of dominion is desirable, not extent. There are those who whisper, what I never can believe, that your Majesty is ambitious of being the King of Lombardy. Supposing it practicable, do you imagine that the people of Turin will be contented to see the seat of government transferred to Milan, or that the rich, and noble, and ancient families of Milan will submit to become the footstools of the Turinese? Never, sir, never."

Charles Albert has proved the thing to be very practicable; in fact, it is done. Perhaps it is the best arrangement which, under present circumstances, could be made in Italy. Certainly it is the one most calculated to secure its independence.

Although Austria has since gained some advantages, such as the capture of Vicenza, yet they have only been obtained while unopposed by the Piedmontese; and so soon as Venice declares in favour of Charles Albert, no doubt that wily monarch will march to her assistance. Concluding the rule of Austria to have really ceased over Lombardy, it must be admitted that rule was in many respects wise, judicious, and calculated to develope the resources, and promote the prosperity of Lombardy. It will be a happy thing for Italy, if, in matters of administration, the Italians imitate the steadiness, integrity, ability, and correctness, of their German rulers. From Vienna to Venice, Lombardy was carefully watched over, justice between man and man faithfully dispensed, property was protected, life secure, pauperism stayed, under the Austrian sway. Political

liberty Lombardy had not, and Austria wanted the grace and wisdom to yield, at the right moment, what could not in the altered condition of the peninsula be longer withheld.

Horrible scenes have been enacted at Naples; the false king, amidst a profusion of blood, has, for a time, crushed liberty in the metropolis, but it will spring up in force and power in the provinces, and probably crush him.

Reverting to Rome, we find Pius IX. acting in the same way we have before remarked. The tempest of the French revolution affected Italy by its fury. No sooner had the intelligence of it reached Rome, than the senate, as it was termed, presented a bold address to the Pope, demanding the constitution which had been promised, but not granted. His holiness was assured further delay would be attended with fatal consequences. His holiness, *under the force of circumstances*, complied with the irresistible demand; replying very truly, "That which in a secular state can be accomplished in one night, demands the most minute examination in a pontifical state, as it is very difficult to trace an exact line to mark the limits of the two powers." How the Pope accomplished his purpose, appears from the following summary of the Roman constitution:*—

"The Roman constitution cost some pains to render it as liberal as possible, consistently with the exigencies of the Pope's peculiar spiritual authority. The existing college of cardinals is to be retained. There is also to be a senate, or high council, and a council of deputies. The senators are to be appointed for life by the Pope: they will consist of

* I have extracted this passage from a clever paper, entitled "Italy, its State and Prospects," published in the *British Quarterly Review.*

high ecclesiastical officials and lawyers, and those possessing an income of 4,000 scudi (about 1,000*l.*) per annum. The Pope will appoint the president and vice-presidents. The council of deputies will be elective, in the ratio of one deputy to every 30,000 souls. The electors are to be the possessors of a capital of 300 scudi, or payers of direct taxes to the amount of 12 scudi per annum; and also diverse communal, learned, and legal officers. The qualification of a deputy is a capital to the amount of 3,000 scudi, or payment of taxes to the amount of 100 scudi, or the occupation of certain learned and ecclesiastical offices. The Roman Catholic religion is indispensable in all. Taxes and secular matters are placed within the power of the two councils; but the councils are precluded from interfering in ecclesiastical matters and mixed affairs, which come under the church canons of discipline, or the religious and diplomatic relations of the holy see. The taxes are placed under the control of the council of deputies. Ministers are responsible for affairs within the power of the two chambers. The functions of temporal sovereignty, during an interregnum, are vested in the sacred college. There is also to be a council of state (privy council), to draw up projects of law, and advise on administrative affairs in cases of emergency. The new councils are to open in June. In a preamble to the proclamation incorporating this constitution, Pius the Ninth frankly declared the difficulties which he had had to surmount in reconciling the new secular power 'of modern civilization' with the ancient ecclesiastical functions and usages of his government, and indicated the reasons for certain limitations in the functions of the new chambers; avowing the intention, 'to maintain our authority in matters which are naturally connected with religion and [Roman] Catholic morality entire and intact.'"

Thus we find Rome now for the first time since the days of Rienzi possessed of a free constitution.

No future Pope dare retrograde; if the rash attempt to undo what has been done were made, the Pope and the papacy would perish together.

The elections have been held; deputies have been chosen; the Parliament has met, and already stormy discussions have taken place.

The Jesuits have been expelled; and, I verily believe, had the Pope longer resisted the popular demand for a declaration of war against Austria, he would have been expelled also.

What the future condition of the papacy may be, or what effect this free constitution may produce on the spiritual authority of the Pope, it is not easy to prophesy. Some maintain the spiritual power will be greater, and more respected and obeyed, when divested of the arbitrary temporal power with which it has been so long associated and defiled. Others insist, the spiritual and temporal authorities have been so long connected, that they cannot exist in full independent action, separate and apart. I incline to the latter opinion; the habit of examining and criticising the Pope's acts, as a temporal ruler, will lead to the like practice in reference to his acts as a spiritual ruler; and reason may be applied to the consideration of his conduct in both capacities alike. Moreover, how is the Pope to enforce his spiritual edicts? Will the laity of Rome longer submit to be imprisoned if they do not attend confession? Most unlikely; and if the ceremonies of the Church cannot be enforced, what becomes of their value in the eyes of the people? How long will the *Index Expurgatorius* exist? How long the monasteries and convents, and the religious corporations?

The laws relating to landed property in the Papal

States must be changed; and, in so doing, the immense possessions of the Church will be interfered with, curtailed, or appropriated to secular purposes. The freedom of the press will encourage freedom of thought; and how the latter can co-exist with absolute, infallible, spiritual authority over the mind of man, it is very difficult to comprehend. That some reformation in the Church of Rome *must* be made, I believe; the only question will be as to its extent. My belief is, political liberty in Italy will ultimately advance the cause of pure religion.

In conclusion, how gratifying it is to every observer to perceive, that the revolutions which have occurred in Italy have not been stained with the cruelties and excesses which have disgraced France! The Italians are not infidels; they are restrained by the sanctions of religion; and their nature is gentler, kinder, and, I think, nobler than that of the French: therefore they have advanced temperately and wisely to freedom. May they be content with their successes, and be thankful and tranquil!

How interesting a spectacle to behold the Italians of the present day seated in the ancient halls of Florence and Venice, where their republican ancestors deliberated in dignity and splendour, guiding their countrymen, by the wisdom of their councils, to wealth and greatness! May their successors exhibit a like ability—a loftier virtue—a more temperate spirit—a wiser moderation!

APPENDIX.

CLIMATE OF ROME—JOURNAL OF THE WEATHER.

MANY and various opinions have been expressed on the nature of the climate in Rome. To enable the invalid or the traveller to judge for himself, I have translated a concise chapter from the book of Napoleon's prefet, Count de Tournon, on the climate; and have subjoined a journal of the weather, accurately kept during one winter by Mr. Glenny, a resident artist of ability in Rome, and during the second winter by myself.

"The province of which Rome is the centre, bounded by the sea on the south-west, and on the north-east by a chain of mountains, is exposed at the same time to the south winds and those of the north, rendered cold by their passage over the Apennines and the mountains of Radicofani; therefore, cold and heat are felt there in intense degrees, and succeed one another without transition. On the other side, the vicinity of the sea, the extent of lakes and marshes, and the situation of the mountains, maintain humidity, because the clouds which rise from the damp parts, driven back by these mountains, dissolve in rain on the plain; therefore, frequent variations in the state of the atmosphere and humidity are the principal features of this climate, and we shall see their effect on the constitution.

"The winter generally commences by a succession of rainy days in the month of December; but the months of January and February are very dry. The severest cold is felt at the commencement of the latter month; it rarely passes freezing point, and only lasts a few days; it sometimes happens, that the thermometer of Réaumur falls two or three degrees below zero; and during the winters of 1812 and 1813, the ice on the lake of the Villa Borghese, was of sufficient thickness to bear skaters. Snow seldom falls in the plain; and the moment it covers the ground, the workmen take refuge in the town, where government invariably distributes provisions, as in some unforeseen calamity. Almost every winter Monte

Cavo, Monte Genaro, and Cacumo, are covered with snow, and the Terminello preserves it even to the month of June, whilst its fall on the Pontine marshes is an event of rare occurrence.

" When at this season the wind blows from the north, the cold is extremely severe, though the thermometer does not indicate a very low temperature; but these winds are rare, and very frequently during the months of January and February, the pure air gives a passage to the rays of the sun, which spread a delightful mildness in the atmosphere. At Rome the orange trees are not injured by exposure during winter; but not so the citron and lemon trees. To the north of the town, orange trees are sometimes seen in sheltered spots; whereas to the south they are very plentiful, and grow to the height of 24 feet. Palm trees are rare at Rome, but very common at Terracina; yuccas, aloes, cactus, myrtles, jujube, arbutus and carob trees grow on almost all the mountains with a southern aspect: and artichokes and peas may be had in every season.

" The months of March and April, notwithstanding some rainy days and others, when cold winds bring destructive frosts, are extremely agreeable; the ground is covered with flowers, the trees clothed with verdure, and the young corn is seen peeping above the earth. The month of April is in this climate what the month of May is in the interior of France; it represents spring: Tasso writes thus—

> " Nè perchè faccia indietro April ritorno
> Si rinfiora ella mai, nè si rinverde."

" The month of May, on the contrary, partakes of summer; it is often extremely hot; and in its latter days, the meadows and corn fields ripen.

" From the month of June to September it is generally dry; and unless during a thunder-storm, rain never falls; then the clouds, driven by southern winds, cause a fearful darkness, interrupted only by frequent flashes of lightning. Torrents fall from the clouds, accompanied by peals of thunder, and in a few minutes streams are overflowed; but serenity is, however, soon restored to the atmosphere, and a burning sun in a few hours dispels all damp; the south-west wind or sirocco then prevails, bringing with it a stifling heat; the frame is in constant perspiration, breathing becomes difficult, strength pro-

strate, and the desire for repose and sleep can alone be overcome by great efforts, of which strangers are more capable than the natives. The close of the day brings but little change, for the evening and night retain much of the morning heat, and sleep is not refreshing. This wind lasts for many days.

"If the wind comes from the north, the close of the day brings dangerous results; a sudden cold succeeds the burning rays of the sun, changing into dew the humidity existing in the atmosphere; most dangerous is it then to remain exposed to the air; a closing up of the pores and hindrance of perspiration, will likely occasion a dangerous fever.

"Harvest commences about the 15th of June, and threshing, which immediately follows, is terminated by the 10th of July. From the speed with which the labourers work, one might suppose they were making an assault; and indeed, no assault can be more formidable for those poor workmen who are accustomed to the pure air of the mountains, than the one to which numbers become victims every year. After the 1st of July, nature seems in a state of decay in the plain; the deserted pasturage is scorched up, and the roots alone of some ligneous plants are the only remains of extinguished vegetation. The trees appear to have undergone the action of fire, the earth becomes dust, and rises in continual whirlwinds; not a living creature is to be seen, no bird interrupts the silence of the fields; the sky is clear and strongly azured; but the distant view of the horizon presents that exquisite harmony of colour, which some great painters have been able to represent. It is then, while in the midst of this burning plain, encircled by the fresh verdant mountains, that one anxiously seeks an asylum. It is then that the Cimino, Sabine, and Albano mountains offer a delightful sojourn. The heat of the sun is intense, but in the shade a pleasant freshness prevails. The terrors of the malaria are no longer felt after sunset, and the evening breeze may there be enjoyed without any risk of fever.

"During the greatest heat, the thermometer is from 22 to 26 degrees, and rarely rises to 28 or 30; for four months this heat accumulates, and consequently becomes intense; hail sometimes falls in this season, but without causing any ravages."

"From the month of September the heat gradually dimi-

nishes, and the nights become cool; it is then the effects of this double action become dangerous. At last the month of October arrives, and terminates the perils of the summer. This is the favourite month of the Romans, who regard it as a haven, after their severe passage through the burning season, affording a prospect of long life and health. Abundant rain then falls and penetrates through the earth, reviving the roots of the trees, and bringing forth the young buds. A second spring commences, and in a few days the burnt-up earth changes into fresh green soil; the cattle descend from the neighbouring mountains to take possession of their rights, the farms are inhabited, the plough is seen every where, and the general rejoicing is increased by the number of vintagers grouped on the slopes of the mountains; every where the sound of music is heard, and troops of dancers seen. The rich fly to their country villas, where their friends assemble to partake of their enjoyments, whilst the more humble classes enjoy themselves equally in their modest houses built in the vineyards. A brilliant sun shines forth during the intervals of rain, cheering and animating this glad scene.

"The continuation of rain at times interferes with the vintage, and is injurious to some plants and to the cultivation of the earth; at other times an early frost is often prejudicial to the late crops; and in 1810, before the 15th of October, a severe white frost did much destruction to the cotton. The greatest rain falls in the month of November: for days it pours with an impetuosity which cannot be conceived in the northern countries. This will not appear so astonishing, when it is known that the quantity of rain which fell in Rome during the lapse of some years was 30 inches, about half as much more as falls in Paris. The greater part falls in the space of three months. During the intervals, the temperature of the month of November is very mild.

"It results from this meteorological view, that if the sojourn in Rome be preferable from the months of January to June, the traveller who can only afford a short stay, should select the month of October. I would hardly advise those who suffer from affections of the chest to pass a winter in Rome, as I fear they would too often suffer from the inconveniences of a cold latitude, without being able to meet with suitable preservatives against cold and damp."

A JOURNAL OF THE WEATHER IN ROME,

From 1st November to 1st May, during the years 1845-6, *and* 1846-7.

1845.
Nov.
1. Dull day.
2. Ditto.
3. Rain part of the day. East wind.
4. Rain all day and night.
5. Splendid day.
6. Ditto. Cloudy sunset.
7. Cloudy day. (Sirocco.)
8. Thunder-storm and deluge of rain. More than half the average quantity of rain for the year fell, it was said, on this day.
9. Sirocco. Air very hazy. Heavy clouds.
10. Heavy rain in the morning. Cloudy afterwards. Moonlight.
11. Beautiful day.
12. Ditto.
13. Fine morning. Cloudy evening.
14. Ditto. Full moon.
15. Thunder-storm before daybreak. Heavy showers all day.
16. Heavy showers; intervals of bright sunshine. Splendid sunset.
17. Very fine morning. Showery aftern.
18. Thunder and lightning. Showers. Wet night.
19. Splendid day. Fresh.
20. Cold and cloudy.
21. Rain at intervals.
22. Showery morning. Thunder-storm. Fine evening.
23. Beautiful morning until 1 P.M. Heavy rain afterwards.
24. Fine day. Clouds and sunshine.
25. Splendid day. (Tramontana.) Cold.
26. Ditto ditto ditto.
27. Ditto ditto.
28. Ditto ditto.
29. Ditto ditto. New moon.
30. Fine day. Cloudy afternoon.

Dec.
1. A soft lovely day.
2. Ditto.
3. Ditto. (Sirocco.) A little evening rain.
4. Some rain. (Tramontana.)
5. Splendid day. Fresh. Fine sunset.
6. Some rain after mid-day.

1845.
Dec.
7. Fine day. (Sirocco.)
8. Thunder-storm and heavy rain.
9. Splendid day. Too warm.
10. Rain all day.
11. Splendid day. (Tramontana). Cold evening.
12. Heavy showers all day. Fine evening. (Tramontana.)
13. Splendid day. Cold.
14. Splendid day. Very cold. Full moon.
15. Ditto ditto. Thermometer 32½ at 10 A.M.
16. Fine day. Mild.
17. Beautiful day.
18. Dull and rainy. (Sirocco.)
19. Fine day with clouds, but damp.
20. Dull day with little sunshine. A little rain.
21. Heavy showers all day.
22. Ditto ditto, with hail and sleet.
23. Rain all day. Gusts of wind. Thunder and lightning.
24. Dull and cloudy. A little rain. Evening fine. (Tramontana.)
25. Splendid day.
26. Ditto. Warm in the sun.
27. Fine day.
28. Splendid day. Hard frost.
29. Ditto. Mild.
30. Ditto.
31. Ditto.

1846.
Jan.
1. Very fine day. Cloudy evening.
2. Ditto ditto.
3. Ditto. Much wind.
4. Splendid day. Cold wind.
5. Ditto.
6. Ditto.
7. Ditto.
8. Ditto.
9. Ditto.
10. Ditto.
11. Ditto.
12. Ditto.
13. Ditto.
14. Fine, but cloudy. Mild.
15. Fine. More sunshine.

1845.

Jan.

16. Fine.
17. Ditto. Heavy rain at night.
18. Rain until 10 A.M. Fine day afterwards.
19. Splendid day.
20. Fine day. A little cloudy.
21. Mist in the morning. Fine forenoon. Damp evening.
22. A little rain. Fine afterwards.
23. A fine day. Mild.
24. Ditto ditto.
25. Beautiful day. Very warm.
26. Damp. Very mild.
27. Wonderfully fine day. Balmy air.
28. Ditto ditto. Colder.
29. Very fine. A few clouds.
30. Beautiful day from 12. (Tramontana.)
31. Splendid day. Cool.

Feb.

1. Bright morning. Cloudy evening.
2. Thick fog in the morning. Fine bright day.
3. Splendid day. Quite mild.
4. Ditto ditto.
5. Fine, but cloudy. Very mild.
6. Ditto, ditto.
7. Splendid day. (Tramontana.)
8. Very fine.
9. Clouds, with sunshine.
10. Very fine day. (Tramontana.)
11. Dull, cold morning. Mid-day, sunny. Rain at night.
12. Beautiful day.
13. Splendid day—fresh.
14. Ditto.
15. Ditto.
16. Fine until 2 P.M. Damp afterwards.
17. A little drizzling rain. Fine evening.
18. Fine morning. Cloudy afternoon.
19. Splendid day. (Tramontana.)
20. Splendid day.
21. Ditto.
22. Ditto.
23. Ditto.
24. Ditto.
25. Ditto. (Sirocco.)
26. Morning cloudy. Lovely afternoon and evening. New moon.
27. Very fine day.
28. Ditto.

1846.

March

1. Splendid day.
2. Ditto.
3. Ditto.
4. Ditto.
5. Ditto.
6. Rain until 2 P.M. Fine afternoon.
7. Fine day.
8. Rain great part of the day and night.
9. Rain all day.
10. Rain great part of the day.
11. Splendid day—fresh.
12. Ditto, ditto.
13. Ditto, ditto.
14. Splendid day. Much milder.
15. Dull day. Mild.
16. Splendid day. Quite warm.
17. Cloudy day, but fine.
18. Ditto, Thunder-storm in the evening.
19. Fine, but cloudy.
20. Dull day.
21. Ditto.
22. Fine day.
23. Dull sirocco day. Very calm.
24. Splendid day.
25. Magnificent day. Beautiful starlight night.
26. Morning cloudy. Rain from 2 P.M.
27. Dull day. Fine evening.
28. Dull, heavy day. Bright afternoon.
29. Dull, heavy day.
30. Splendid day.
31. Dull day.

April

1. Beautiful day.
2. Splendid day, and warm.
3. Very fine.
4. Ditto (Sirocco).
5. Ditto ditto.
6. Ditto ditto.
7. Dull, with little sunshine.
8. Ditto. (Sirocco.)
9. Ditto. Strong wind and showers in the evening.
10. Splendid day—fresh.
11. Ditto. Full moon.
12. Ditto.
13. Ditto.
14. Ditto.
15. Dull. (Sirocco).
16. Fine day—rather dull,
17. Beautiful day.

1846.
April
18. Cloudy morning. Rain all day afterwards.
19. Rain from mid-day.
20. Splendid day. Fresh air.
21. Fine, but cloudy. Heavy rain for an hour.
22. Wet morning. Sunny and fine afterwards.
23. Fine, but cloudy day.
24. Beautiful day. A little rain in the evening.
25. Fine day. Clouds, with wind.
26. Splendid day, and warm.
27. Heavy sirocco day.
28. Splendid day.
29. Ditto.
30. Ditto.

May
1. Splendid day.
2. Ditto.

Nov.
1. Very fine day.
2. Ditto.
3. Ditto. Very warm.
4. Ditto. Ditto.
5. Fine day.
6. Rain all day.
7. Fine day.
8. Ditto. One shower.
9. Ditto.
10. Rain all day.
11. Beautiful day.
12. Very bright day.
13. Ditto.
14. Ditto.
15. Ditto.
16. A lovely day, but cold.
17. Ditto, ditto.
18. Ditto, ditto.
19. Fine day, and soft.
20. Lovely soft day.
21. Fine, but gloomy.
22. Rain all day.
23. Fine day.
24. Ditto and fresh.
25. Soft fine day.
26. Rain all day.
27. Fine day. Rain during night.
28. Dry and stormy.
29. Fine day.
30. Ditto.

1846.
Dec.
1. Beautiful warm day.
2. Ditto.
3. Mild day. A little rain.
4. A fine day.
5. Ditto.
6. Ditto.
7. Thunder, and great rain.
8. Much rain all day.
9. Fine. Rome inundated. Boats in the Corso, Piazza del Popolo, four feet under water.
10. Much rain. Streets still flooded.
11. Dry. Ditto ditto.
12. Heavy rain all day.
13. Snow.
14. Ditto.
15. Hard frost.
16. A dull dry day. Much snow in the night.
17. Fine. Houses covered with snow. Night, freezing.
18. Ditto. Much rain.
19. Fine, but thawing.
20. Very cold and fine. Frost.
21. Much rain.
22. Rain all day.
23. Not very fine.
24. Soft day. A little rain.
25. A fine day.
26. Gloomy day.
27. Rain all day.
28. Fine day. Cold.
29. A lovely day.
30. Rain all day.
31. Rain.

1847.
Jan.
1. Rain all day.
2. A fine day. Rain in the night.
3. Rain early. Dry but gloomy day.
4. A very fine day.
5. Ditto.
6. Ditto.
7. Much rain during the day.
8. A fine but dull day.
9. A bright lovely day.
10. Fine but cold.
11. Ditto.
12. Ditto.
13. Ditto.
14. Very dull day, but dry.
15. A fine day.
16. Ditto.
17. Ditto.

1847.

Jan.

18. A fine day. Air soft.
19. Ditto, ditto.
20. Ditto.
21. Ditto.
22. Ditto.
23. A lovely day.
24. Ditto.
25. Much rain.
26. A very dull day. A little rain in the evening.
27. A lovely bright day.
28. Dry, but gloomy.
29. Dry day. Wind. Rain at night.
30. A cheerless day.
31. Rain.

Feb.

1. Much rain. Very cold.
2. Rain all day.
3. Ditto.
4. Very fine day.
5. Rain all day and night.
6. Much rain.
7. A changeable day. A little rain.
8. A fine day. Rain at night.
9. Stormy and cloudy. Ditto.
10. Very stormy and dry. Severe night.
11. A very fine day.
12. Changeable day. Very cold.
13. A bitter cold day, but very fine and bright.
14. Ditto, ditto.
15. Heavy rain all day.
16. A very fine day. THER. AT 2 P.M.
17. Ditto. 61.
18. Ditto, warm.
19. A lovely summer day.
20. Ditto.
21. Ditto.
22. A fine day. 58.
23. A little rain.
24. A fine but cold day.
25. A tolerable day, with a little snow. 48.
26. A dull day, with rain.
27. A very fine day, but intensely cold. 43.
28. A continued and heavy fall of snow.

1847. THER. AT 2 P.M.

March

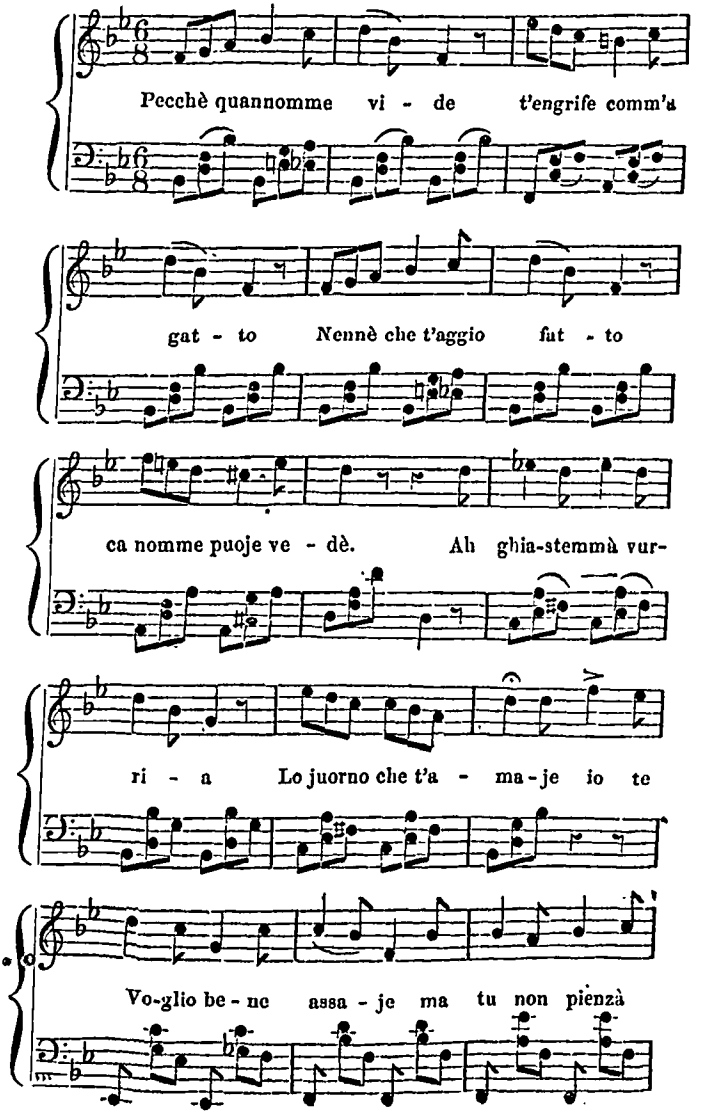
1. A disagreeable wet day.
2. A fine dry cold day.
3. A bitter day. A little rain.
4. A very cold day. Dry and cloudy. 48.
5. Continued rain all day.
6. Ditto.
7. A heavy fall of rain. 49.
8. Ditto. 47.
9. A rainy day. 48.
10. A fine day. 53.
11. Rain. 50.
12. Very fine day. 50.
13. A lovely day. 50.
14. Bright, but cold. 50.
15. Very cold and dry. 49.
16. A very fine day. 54.
17. A lovely day. 54.
18. Ditto. Warm.
19. A very lovely day, like summer. 62.
20. Ditto. ditto. 62.
21. Ditto. ditto. 63.
22. Rain all day. 61.
23. A fine day. 62.
24. A most lovely day. 64.
25. A bright summer day. 65.
26. Ditto ditto. 67.
27. Ditto ditto. 67.
28. Ditto ditto. 66.
29. A fine day. Splendid night. 68.
30. Dry, but very windy. 66.
31. A fine day. 72.

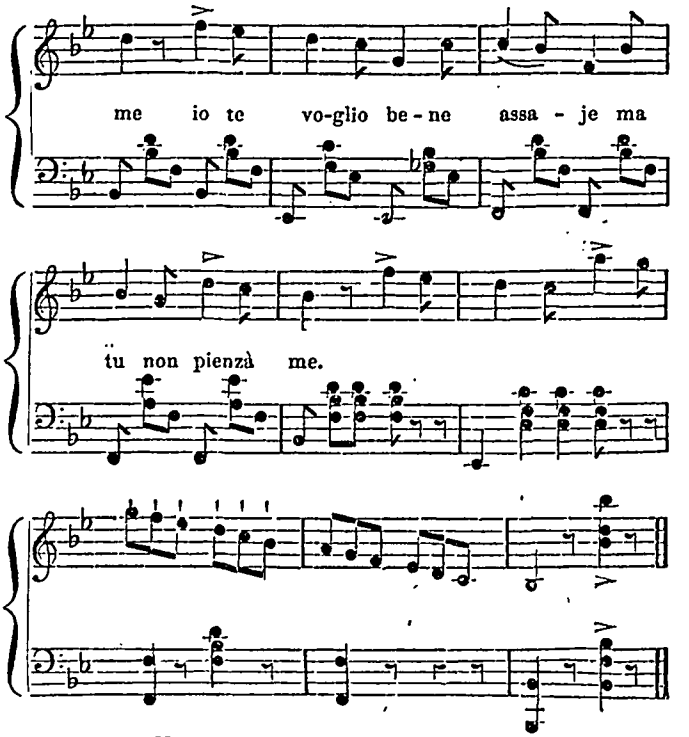
April

1. A lovely day. 73.
2. A warm fine day. 72.
3. Very stormy and dry. 68.
4. A bitter cold day. Shower of hail. 59.
5. A cold dry day. 59.
6. A fine day. 62.
7. Ditto.
8. Ditto.
9. Dry, but a dull day.
10. A very hot sultry day.
11. A lovely day.
12. A very fine day.
13. Ditto.
14. Ditto. Some wind.
15. Some rain and wind.
16. Rain all day.
17. A violent storm.

LA NUOVA CANZONE POPOLARE,

"IO TE VOGLIO BENE ASSAJE."

Ridotta per Pianoforte solo. Colle parole in dialetto Napoletano.

Pecchè quannomme vi - de t'engrife comm'a
gat - to Nennè che t'aggio fat - to
ca nomme puoje ve - dè. Ah ghia-stemmà vur-
ri - a Lo juorno che t'a - ma - je io te
Vo-glio be - ne assa - je ma tu non pienzà



II.

La notte tutte dormono
E io che buo dormì?
Penzanno a Nenna mia
Me sento ascevoli.
Li quarte d'ora sonano
A uno a doje a tre . . .
Io te voglio bene assaje
Ma tu non pienzà me.

III.

Tieneme mente 'nfaccia
Comme mme so arreddutto.
Sicco pellente e strutto
Semper penzanno a te.
Mannaggia chillo juorno
Che 'nfaccia te guarda je! . .
Io te voglio bene assaje
Ma tu non pienzà me.

IV.

Donca pe mme è fenuto
La morte se ne vene
Pecchè no mme vuò bene
Si spasemo pe te?
Quanno so fatto cennere
Tanno mme chiagnarraje;
N'auto maje non asciarraje
'Nnamorato commà me.

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

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